

ONE WORD MORE

By RALPH MCGILL.

NOTES ON HATS, SLAVERY, MR. LINCOLN

The Constitution
On cleaning out the pockets of a suit preparatory to its going to the cleaners, I came across an article torn from an Austin newspaper concerning Mrs. Martha Jordan Mullen, of that city, who was 100 years old on December 8. On her birthday she sat primly in a wheel chair, wearing a gay silk dress to which was pinned an orchid, the gift of her nurse. Her hair was crimped by her own hands, as it always has been. The dress was of her own making. The orchid was described as entirely unnecessary luster. Mrs. Mullen possessed her own luster.

Six weeks before her birthday, Mrs. Mullen broke her hip. She walks again now but uses the wheel chair a part of the time. At 98 she remained for three weeks under an oxygen tent defeating a severe case of pneumonia.

Mrs. Mullen owned 15 slaves when she was 12, saw Abraham Lincoln when she was 21, and has seen a rather large slice of life move on toward its ultimate goal.

She isn't exactly concerned about wars and rumors of war, except to believe they all are bad. She likes to recall that, when the slaves were willed to her, this was at her family home in Maryland, there was a proviso they each be freed within one year and given some furniture and other goods on being freed.

"So you see," she confides, "it wasn't just Mr. Lincoln who freed the slaves. I remember when I saw him, when his train was routed around Baltimore because they thought he might be assassinated, I couldn't for the life of me understand how he'd make a good president. He was the homeliest man I ever saw."

A great many persons thought that about the tall, gaunt man who was railroaded around Baltimore on his way to his inauguration. There was a plot to kill him and it might have succeeded had not such elaborate plans been made to thwart it.

THE MATTER OF A HAT

Mrs. Mullen's grandchildren believe their grandmother has one distinction which is unmatched. Throughout all her 100 years she has worn bonnets, never a hat.

"Once I put a hat on," she recalls, "and Will (her husband who died at 85) said to me, 'Where did you get that thing?' I said, 'I made it.' And he told me, 'Well, you can unmake it.' And I did."

Hats do not concern me. I rather like them. What does concern me is that husbands and their wishes meant something in the days gone by. Here is a husband who does not like a hat which his wife has made with her own hands. He does not dally or mince words. He does not go at the question in a diplomatic manner. What does he do? He says, "Unmake it." What does she do? She unmakes it.

The modern husband does not like feminine hats. He hoots at them. He laughs at them. He complains about them. He does not like the price. Nor does he like the shape, color or size.

This gets him nothing except hostile glares and short words. It gets him sarcasm and, on occasion, the hat is flung in his face literally or figuratively.

Then he gets the bill. He pays it.

The modern breed of husband has softened up.

Mr. Will Mullen could say, "Well, you can unmake it." That was enough. If the modern husband, whose wife does not make her hats, says, "Well, you can take it back!", it gets him nothing. Unless it be the horse laugh.

At any rate, I enjoyed reading about Mrs. Mullen. She obeyed her husband, and she has lived to be 100 years old and still is a charming, delightful and energetic person who can survive pneumonia and broken hips at the age of 98 and 99. One may wish her many more years of happiness and life. There might be an object lesson in her story. When Will commanded, she obeyed. Even in so serious a matter as hats.

MISS MITCHELL'S FAULT

It so happens I like the present-day hats which women wear. I do not think they are cute or pretty. They are amazing. And anything amazing is interesting. They are much more fascinating than pretty or attractive hats.

It is my idea that Miss Margaret Mitchell and her "Gone With

the Wind" are responsible for the current pleasant insanity in hats. The hats are just exactly like those which Katie Scarlett O'Hara wore back in those lush days when all was well at Tara and the barbecue (not Bar-B-Q, mind you) was cooking at the Wilkes' plantation of Twelve Oaks.

The hats looked very well, indeed, on Miss Vivian Leigh, and especially well on Miss Olivia de Havilland. The other members of the cast wore them becomingly.

This started it. I am glad for Miss Mitchell's sake. Her magnificent book was more than a book. It was a phenomenon. It took the play in fashions away from Paris and wrought all sorts of influences on various persons. Some of them began to write furiously. If all the books "better than 'Gone With the Wind'" were placed end to end, publishers would be glad of it. They have received thousands. Others began to annoy Miss Mitchell in various ways and manners, mostly seeking to learn, through a 15-minute interview, how to write another such book.

But most of them paid the greater tribute of wearing clothes which were influenced in design by the book. This is especially true of the hats.

Most every day I see young ladies with hats perched, stuck, pinned or hanging on their heads which are designed right out of "Gone With the Wind."

It is all right with me. I like to look at them.

But, and I do not mean this unkindly, a very, very few of them manage to look like Miss Leigh or Miss De Havilland.

And that is a pity.

RAMBLIN' 'ROUND

By J. B. Parham

We sat down to our first real meal on December 28 during the holidays. Oh yes, we had turkey, cranberries and giblet gravy and after taking on a copious supply we were sick three days. Not until we got a mess of collards, corn bread and buttermilk did we recover. And we didn't have the traditional hog jowl and black eyed peas on Jan. 1. It don't work.

We are reproducing a clipping from The Call, a newspaper published in Vernon, Texas. This story was printed forty years ago. The writer, probably the editor of The Call, tells of seeing a negro hanged in Canton in 1863, 77 years ago. This negro, together with 50 or 60 others, was a slave belonging to James Steele, Mack Steele's grandfather. Mr. Steele lived at the Steele place down on the two rivers.

The gallows was built on or near the Scott place on Water Works Hill. The negro was buried on Copper Mine Hill and Walt Kennett says he has seen the grave many times, but not in recent years. Mr. T. J. Carpenter told us this week that he remembers the hanging and witnessed it. He was 13 years old. He said he suspected that Crawford Smith, of Canton, also witnessed the hanging. We are indebted to Mackie Steele for this clipping, which he found in his mother's trunk. Here is the story:

REMINISCENCE

In the year 1863, we witnessed the trial of a negro named Sam Steele, at Canton, Ga., charged with poisoning the family of his master, James Steele, by the use of Jimson weed seed, administered in coffee the family drank at the morning meal.

They recovered from the effect of the poisoning, but the negro, then a slave, was tried in the circuit court under the laws then existing in the Confederate States and we later on in that year saw him hung for this offense near the town of Canton, Ga.

Substitutes were then in general use for coffee and it was not very difficult to place ground Jimson weed seed in the coffee to be drank. Parched wheat, rye, ochra, goobers and many other things were used as a substitute for coffee, as real coffee could not be had during those war times.

Under the laws of Georgia prior to 1866 negroes were chattels and the property of slave owners and

the courts did not try them for any offense save where the criminal statutes provided for the infliction of death for the punishment of the offense committed, consequently there were no negroes in the jails or penitentiary of Georgia prior to 1866. The administering of poison with the intent to kill a white person or persons by a negro was one of the offenses that called for capital punishment of a negro upon conviction.

We, as a very small boy, witnessed the trial of this negro, Sam Steele, and heard the evidence in the case. As the parties recovered from the effects of the poisoning with Jimson weed seed, the question to be decided by the court and jury, was Jimson weed a deadly poison if administered and drank as coffee. The State proved without any difficulty by the negro cook and others that Sam Steele placed ground Jimson weed seed in the coffee which was drank by the Steele family that morning which produced blindness and drunkenness and redereed the victims to craziness for about twenty-four hours after drinking the coffee that contained the Jimson weed seed.

Judge Rice, an eminent lawyer presided at the trial and the question of Jimson weed seed being fatally poison, if drank or eaten by any person, was fully gone into in this trial of this negro, Sam Steele. He was found guilty by a white jury and hanged for the offense.

This was the second legal hanging we had ever witnessed. The first, as we have told in a previous article, was the legal hanging of Lingo, near Kennesaw.

Jimson weed, we learned from listening at this trial, gets its name from Jamestown, the first English settlement in Virginia. The settlers cooked some of the seed and those that ate them were temporarily blind and crazy drunk for some time afterwards. The weed was afterwards called Jimson, the short pronunciation for Jamestown, its place of first discovery as poisonous.

Now there are lots of people here in Wilbarger county that don't know the poisonous effect of Jimson weed seed. Few years ago we noticed a fine patch of them growing in the rear of the old Mayfield lumber yard in Vernon. Now some one may rise and want to know how it is we recollect so much about a court proceeding as far back as 1863.

Well, a few years afterwards,

we had saved up some money and had made arrangements to attend school at Pine Log, Ga. We had just began the term when my room mate and myself accepted an invitation to spend the night with some of our classmates and next morning we drank some coffee for breakfast, but as it did not taste good, only drank about a half of a cupfull. My roommate did not drink any coffee that morning from the neighbor boarding place in the country. We remarked to our classmate as we walked on the way to school that we were going blind and he had to lead us to our boarding place at Pine Log. We could not see nor never knew anything until that night. The old gentleman of the place we spent the night drank a cup full of the coffee and had become rigid with spasms. The Jimson seed got into the coffee that morning through mistake; the old lady who made the coffee that morning had set the cup with the ground coffee by the side of a cup of Jimson seed, which she had gathered to use for poultices for rheumatism and got this cup and emptied into the coffee pot.

We have never heard of a death from taking Jimson seed, but we believe if taken in a large quantity would produce death; at

least that was the decision of the court and jury in the trial of the case of Sam Steele as a slave in 1863 at Canton, Ga.

There are many native plants that grow here in Vernon that the people in general don't know about. Polk root is considered by some people as poisonous, yet in the spring of the year many families mix it with turnip greens and cook it for table use. We know of a large stalk growing beside of Sink's Studio here in Vernon. The Mexican buskeye, we consider poisonous, if eaten, yet back in the old states it used to be used by moonshiners in giving their liquor a sparkling appearance. The liquor is dripped through beaten buckeye balls as it comes from the moonshine distillery.

Here is another clipping from the same paper, the year 1900, forty years ago:

Died last Thursday evening near Vernon, May 17, 1900, John Pepper, who was in his 66-year of age. He had been a sufferer for some time with a tumor in his stomach that gradually wasted his life away. He leaves a wife and four sons living near Vernon to mourn his demise. He was buried in East View cemetery last Friday, John Pepper was born and lived in Georgia until he came to Texas about ten years ago. He was a man without education but possessed a good native ability, honest and true to a friend and would

risk his life for one he liked. For instance to show his bravery and what he would do for a friend, at the battle of Missionary Ridge in 1863, when the federals were driving back the confederates, Joseph McConnell, his colonel of the 39th Ga. regiment, was shot down mortally wounded and several attempts were made to go to him and take him back from the battlefield, but every time they were driven back, when at last John Pepper remarked that he would get him and bring him back or lose his life in the attempt. He got down on knees and crawled to him through a shower of bullets, but as soon as he gathered him and started back they ceased firing on him and yells from both lines cheering him for his bravery. He carried him that night to Ringgold, Ga., where he died next day watched over to the last by his true friend, John Pepper.

We believe there is a crown of righteousness laid up in Heaven for a man of noble character like John Pepper. He was without deceit and honest with all men.—Vernon Call, May 23, 1900.

Montezuma, Ga., Georgian
March 7, 1940

SLAVES OF THE INDIANS

By Violet Moore

Indian every-day life.

Slavery in Georgia. The phrase brings only one picture to the mind of the Southerner today, that of black men and women working in the fields or serving in the homes of a white master.

Yet, before the first shipload of bewildered, seasick Africans were landed on the Eastern Coast of the United States, there were slaves in Georgia. And those first slaves were white!

I do not mean some mysterious tribe of albino Indians conquered by the Creeks or Cherokees. Those things are fantasy, and this is real I mean Anglo-Saxons — English Scotch and Irish settlers who were taken in raids on scattered coast-line settlements.

Later, as the braver souls pushed farther and farther into the fertile free, inland country, more were taken. A cabin would go up in a clearing, a little apart from the knot of houses that formed the settlement proper. Months would go by, perhaps a year. The clearing enlarged, the corn is high, the pumpkins sound and yellow. Vigilance has gradually relaxed.

The pioneer husband hunts farther and farther from home, the children scamper around unguarded, the mother begins to plan a more ambitious form of housekeeping. One day a band of marauding Creeks appears in the clearing. That night the husband returns to find his home in ashes and every portable thing of value taken. Far away from the clearing, prodded by red captors, his wife and children are on the march, hopelessly stumbling toward an Indian town on the banks of one of the many Georgia rivers. Sometimes, but seldom, men were taken. To the Indian mind, men were warriors, to kill and be killed, to hunt and fish and make laws. Slaves were only wanted for woman's work—the drudgery of the

As the new slaves learned the ways of the nation they found themselves living a life not so different in its essentials from that which they had left. The Creeks and Chesokees had many villages of well built log houses. They were not only hunters but farmers, raising large crops of corn, beans, and squash. Bread made from the corn meal was supplemented by a constant supply of game and fish, and berries in season.

The mother would cling to old ways in her mind, but her children would grow up Indian in everything but complexion, and as their skin became weathered with year after year of outdoor life, washed only by a sudden shower or a swim across a river, it soon was only the strange light hair and pale eyes that distinguished them from the full-blooded native youngsters.

Mrs. J. E. Hays, director of the Department of Archives and History, in examining old records filed in Rhodes Memorial Hall found and called to my attention recently a reference to these slaves in the account of a gathering of leaders at Vigitookaubachee, a Creek town, in 1804.

At this conference of government officials and Indians, called by Benjamin Hawkins, who was in command of the four great tribes of Indians east of the Ohio, there was present General Clark, whose mission it was to remind the Creeks of the several treaties they had entered into with the whites since the great truce meeting held in New York immediately following the Revolution. The Creeks and the Cherokees, on the march, hopelessly stumbling toward an Indian town on the banks of one of the many Georgia rivers. British ammunition, had terrorized settlements and taken many prisoners during the war period. The written account of General Clark's speech included this reminder: "By the Second Article of the Treaty at Shoulderbone—

"That all Negroes, horses, cattle and other property now in the nation, which were taken from the inhabitants of Georgia, shall be restored to such person or persons as His Honor the Governor or the Commissioners shall direct. All white or other free persons in the nation who are held as prisoners shall also be delivered up to the aforesaid person." By the Third Article — "That the Creek nation shall deliver as soon as practicable to the Commanding Officers of the Troops of the United States stationed at Rock Landing on the Oconee River all Citizens of the United States, white inhabitants or negroes who are now prisoners in any part of said nation, and if such prisoners or negroes should not be so delivered, military measures will be taken."

Following the speech by General Clark, Hopole Micco (Micco meaning chief in the Creek tongue) answered through an interpreter for the Creek nation, stating that in his memory they had returned fifteen white slaves women, boys and girls and two negroes.

He was an old chief and recalled the days following the Revolution when the headmen traveled to New York to make their peace with the new Colonial government. Mrs. Hays has lately received from the Historical society of the state of New York, photographs of the original pencil sketches of the Indian chief Oglethorpe and married into the Creek tribe, owned many hundred slaves. When he died they were to be free, but he had left no funds for their removal to a free state and his executor, a relative by marriage, moved them to his own plantations. His halfbreed sons owned vast farms and many negroes.

It must be admitted that it was not only the prisoners who eventually lightened the skins and softened the aquiline features of the Creeks and the Cherokees. Many Tories, particularly the Scotch, left the coast settlements after the close of the Revolution and struck inland to

live with the Indians rather than submit to the new colonial rule. Within a generation there were Rosses, McDonalds, Adairs, McLeods, McIntoshs, McGillivrays and many other Scotch names among the nations. Many of the halfbreeds were the sons of Creeks and Cherokee princesses and became chiefs. Some used their mixed blood to aid their darker brothers, but several used their influence to help unscrupulous whites defraud the Indians out of great territories.

But returning to Hopole's statement, he told the council: "At the great city it was told us—if there are any white people among you raised from being young who know your ways and want to live with you, give them up, let them go and see their relations and, after they return, let them live with you and be of your people."

"There are two prisoners brought into our country who are living. They have both married papers to reside here and they are here alive now. This is all we have, these two now, in the upper towns, that we know of."

"Washington said to our fathers—if they want to remain with the red people, let them remain. If they want to return to the white people, let them return."

"There were also eight more returned of our own blood (Half-breeds), one woman and seven children. We were sorry for it but we know it was a treaty and we must stand to it."

After this time those who went to live with the Indians went voluntarily. In later years when more and more negroes were being brought into Georgia, prosperous Indians who had taken over the ways of the white planters, bought and sold slaves as did other landholders.

Timothy Barnard, Hawkins' ablest assistant, who settled at what is now Oglethorpe and married into the Creek tribe, owned many hundred slaves. When he died they were to be free, but he had left no funds for their removal to a free state and his executor, a relative by marriage, moved them to his own plantations. His halfbreed sons owned vast farms and many negroes.

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That these chose the Indian life in preference to any other does not alter the fact that forced labor among the Indians was a tragic ending to the high hopes of many pioneers in the early days of Georgia.

And the next time an adventurous feature writer tells of some edge of the earth where he saw white men in chains, or huddled in the huts of a dark master, think of your own Georgia, lush and warm and kindly, and remember that, a little over a hundred years ago, white women squatted before mud-plastered loghouses and pounded corn into meal for the squaw of a Creek chief, and white children toiled up these same red hills with bundles of wood for the council fire of a band of savages.

She's Back On The Job 108 Years Young



Daily World
Last year when she passed her 108th milestone, Mrs. Mary Ann Galloway of Southport, N. C., suffered a paralytic stroke and neighbors thought her long race was run at last. This spring, Mrs. Galloway astounded everyone by leaving her bed

and resuming her household work, washing and ironing. She is shown outside her home. Mrs. Galloway, who was born in October, 1830, was a grown woman before the Civil War. "I'd sure like to stay around here for quite a spell yet," she said when

congratulated on her recovery.

him and also was "guaranteed" to be a "slave" for life.

The bill of sale, which was set with the seal of the seller, was issued February 3, 1847 by John L. Ford. Dr. Aven who is intensely interested in the genealogy of his family, found the document when going through papers in an old trunk of his grandfather.

Slave Document Found In Atlanta

Daily World
ATLANTA—The bill of sale of "Ady" who was sold as a slave back in 1847 was found recently by Dr. C. C. Aven, whose grandfather, James S. Aven, bought the 14-year-old slave boy for \$620. According to the bill of sale, Ady was warranted to be of sound mind and body, was guaranteed against any claim anyone else might make for

FORMER SLAVE, NOW 85, LEARNS LETTER WRITING

Attends Classes Twice Weekly at Center.

Chicago Tribune
Chicago Ill.
Rain or shine, cold or heat, the one student who can be depended upon to appear twice a week for the WPA adult education classes at the Women's Civic league, 6632 Champlain avenue, is 85 year old Mrs. Anna Hayes. Mrs. Hayes, born a slave, is taking lessons in how to write 75 years after she learned to read on a plantation in Mississippi.



"I guess I'm doing pretty good," she says, Mrs. Anna Hayes, with quiet earnestness. "I write letters to friends in the south and I think they can read 'em because I get answers back. You know, after I started to learn a little, I just craved to be able to write a letter. "It's a real pleasure to me, too. I'll go to school as long as I'm able or as long as it lasts. Some days, when there are lots of people there, we have a right good class!"

Practices Each Day.

Mrs. Hayes, who has two daughters, 20 grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren, lives with one daughter, Mrs. Laura Chatman, at 6532 Champlain avenue. When she isn't sleeping, eating, or reading, Mrs. Hayes is usually found at the dining room table carefully practicing her exercises with paper and pencil.

"I could read when I was 10 years old," she explains. "I lived on a plantation called 'Walnut Grove,' owned by Mrs. Jane Sanders, a widow. The madame, as we called her, was teaching her five year old son to read. But he wouldn't learn his alphabet unless I was standing next to him. So I stood over him and learned it all, too. After that I read all the primers I came across, and I read the Bible and Sunday school books, tho

I didn't learn any more. I was the only slave of about 100 on the plantation who could read."

Today Mrs. Hayes reads the newspapers "right smart" because she wants to keep up with current events, but she always passes up the war news because it's so barbarous. "I takes it so hard," she says in reference to this. She also reads everything she can get her hands on, particularly grade school readers.

Reluctant at First.

She began going to the WPA school a few years ago after a friend encouraged her to attend one of the classes. It was very difficult for her at first, she confesses, but after a month she loved the sessions.

She has resided with her daughter since 1930. In 1871 she had married Dave Jackson, who died seven years later. She later was married to Buck Hayes, a farmer and blacksmith, with whom she moved to Louisiana in 1887. Reluctantly she came north when her health failed under the rigors of farming.

Church on Sundays.

Mrs. Hayes went to church for the first time in 1886 and has been attending once or twice on Sundays ever since. Currently she attends services at the Trinity Baptist church, which requires a street car ride, just as punctually as she shows up for her writing classes.

Santa Claus Pays Daily World City's Ex-Slaves His Annual Visit

Daily World
ATLANTA, Ga.
Ex-slaves and aged people of Atlanta were paid a visit by Santa Claus Tuesday morning when the Ex-Slave Association in its 23rd anniversary gave out a large number of packages of clothing, groceries, shoes and other materials in the chapel of Holmes Institute, according to reports.

The Rev. B. R. Holmes, master of ceremonies, said in the opening address that the association was thankful to the citizens of Atlanta who made contributions to the fund which made it possible for fore ex-slaves to be helped than at any other time in the history of the association. More than fifty baskets were given to twenty-seven ex-slaves and twenty-three aged persons who came hobbling to the altar for gifts, it was stated.

The Rev. J. T. Wilkerson, retired AME minister, delivered the anniversary sermon for the occasion, speaking on "The Ex-Slaves Are Remembered." The Rev. A. M. Threat, pastor of St. Peters AME Church, made the closing remarks and paid high tribute to the association and Rev. Mr. Holmes, its founder.

Half-Century Club Honors Aged Negro; 'Uncle' Thad Rankin Reaches Age 91

Free
Ex-Slave 'Protector'
Of Grandmother of
Shepherd 'Boys'

One of Hamilton County's best citizens was the honoree of a unique birthday party this morning when members of the Half-Century Club gathered at Will Shepherd's country home, to pay tribute to Thad Rankin, 91-year-old Negro.

Thad Rankin, originally a slave and property of the Rankin family of Pikeville, was employed by the Pope family soon after the War between the States. He drove the hack which brought the grandmother of the Shepherd boys, Mrs. Sarah Pope, from Mt. Airy, Tenn., in Sequatchie County, to Chattanooga to occupy the estate which has been in the Shepherd family ever since.

Mrs. Pope's daughter was Mrs. Louis Shepherd, mother of Pope, Will, Louis and Quintus Shepherd.

PLAYED WITH BOYS

Pope Shepherd, in telling of the old Negro's record, said Thad was the protector of Mrs. Pope for many years and "could whip any six men in these parts." He said old Thad would often leave his plow to go with the four Shepherd boys (Pope, Louise, Fred and Will), and "could swim across Chickamauga Creek with all four of us on his shoulders."

Will Shepherd also told many instances of Thad's loyalty to the family and the remarkable strength of his honest character.

Col. Milton B. Ochs, club president, supplied a touch of humor when he said old Thad, in his younger days, was "a great sinner," particularly when he actually went fishing and rabbit hunting on Sunday to the great horror of Mrs. Pope. Thad, Col. Ochs said, got so full of liquor one night that he couldn't tell the difference between the family and the hogs—spending the night in the hog pen.

BOARDS WATER WAGON

After that, Col. Ochs said, nothing stronger than water ever passed Thad's lips. The old Negro laughed heartily while the story was being



Principals at celebration of Thad Rankin's ninety-first birthday party today at Willswood are shown. Front row, left to right, Will Shepherd, Thad himself and Pope Shepherd. Back row, Charles Weigel, Col. M. B. Ochs, Dr. J. McClure Richard, Jess Gahagan, W. G. Foster and Herbert Spencer.

—Photo by John F. Goforth.

told. Col. Ochs declared Thad raised a family of nine children, all clean and honest and of the best reputation. The Negro replied he had raised nine children to be grown, married and care for their families.

A large number of gifts were presented to the honor guest, among them a bottle of liquor. Col. Ochs said that Thad was now old enough to drink without hurting himself. Mrs. Will Shepherd prepared the birthday cake.

Participating in the party, besides those mentioned, were Herbert Spencer, club secretary, Dr. McClure Richards, Charles Weigel and Jess Gahagan. Clifford Curry and Jere Tipton, members of Pope Shepherd's law firm, looked in on the ceremonies.

Slave Who Had Eleven Masters Was Revolutionary War Patriot

Enlisted to Fight British Each Time He Got a Chance—
Daughters of American Revolution Ignore
Such Sturdy Patriots.

By LOUIS LAUTIER

WASHINGTON, April 25—The condition excluding colored artists from appearing at Constitution Hall, to which the Daughters of the American Revolution subject all individuals and organizations renting its auditorium, appears all the more ironic in the light of the services of freedmen and slaves in the Continental Army in the Revolutionary War.

Massachusetts law reports reveal one of such cases. It was that of Edom London who was regarded as a Revolutionary patriot.

PASSED THROUGH
NINE SEPARATE OWNERS

Notwithstanding publications of the Massachusetts Historical Society that Massachusetts was hostile to slavery as an institution, London was a slave as early as 1757, and passed through the hands of nine separate owners before 1775.

From his ninth owner London absconded and enlisted in the Massachusetts Army among the eight-months men, at Cambridge, in the beginning of the Revolutionary war.

His term of service had not expired when he was again sold in July, 1776, to another citizen of Massachusetts, with whom he lived for about five weeks, and then enlisted in the three-years service.

LAST OWNER
RECEIVED BOUNTY

His last owner received the whole of his bounty and part of his wages.

London became a pauper and in 1806 had become chargeable to the town of Winchendon, in which he resided. That town sought to shift the responsibility for the maintenance and support of the old soldier from itself to the town of Hatfield, one of the numerous towns in which he had sojourned from time to time as the slave of his eleven masters. The attempt was unsuccessful.

Membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution is supposedly based upon lineage from patriots of the Revolutionary War. Descendants of black patriots of that war not only are not members of the DAR, but Marian Anderson, Roland Hayes, Dorothy Manor, Paul Robeson, and other artists of color cannot appear in

his next month's check from the welfare office. He always promptly repaid the loan. Jim died suddenly, and in his passing a link between the old South and the new was broken. He loved his "white folks" and was true and loyal to the traditions of those who before the Civil War, made this section the garden spot of the world. It is with sorrow that we note the departure of these old Negroes. Only a few are left.—Greensboro Watchman.

Daughter, 72, Entertains Her Mother, 115, At Birthday Fete

OCT 3 1940

By LENA M. WYSINGER

ALAMEDA, Cal.—(A N P)—Mrs. Sylvia Hoover, an ex-slave born

in Tennessee September 28, 1825,

was honored Saturday at the home of her son and daughter-in-law

Mr. and Mrs. William Hoover. It

was her 115th birthday anniversary.

Miss Rose Ella Hoover, 72,

a daughter, who is robust and al-

ways carries a gentle and happy

face, is her mother's constant com-

panion and nurse assisted by all

the kindred and friends who know

her, as the emergencies arise.

Mrs. Hoover is the wife of the

late Benjamin Hoover, native of

Virginia, who died in 1902. He was

his wife's senior by 20 years.

They were the parents of 12 chil-

dren nine who are living. There

are 35 grand children and 79 great

grand children.

George Hoover, a son, who lives

in Lexington, Miss., has nine

children and 25 grand children.

Mrs. Mary Bacon, also of Lexing-

ton, is the mother of five children

and 25 grand children, the remain-

ing heirs of the aged mother have

given her the remainder of her

inherited with pride. When a slave,

Mrs. Hoover spun all the fabric

used in the home of her mistress.

she did all the sewing, even mak-

ing shirts for the six sons of the

family. Hunter Buck was the

name of their slave owners.

Mrs. Hoover was born in the year

that John Quincy Adams was in

the presidential chair. When Wil-

liam Henry Harrison was on the

ticket for President, Mrs. Hoover

was then a young woman. She re-

members vividly the time when the

citizens had a great barbecue. A

large parade was the highlight for

the occasion and Mrs. Hoover was

one of the young women in the

line of march, walking behind a

large American flag.

When Mrs. Hoover was asked

what was the secret of her long

life, she replied: "I trust in God

for all things. I eat natural foods

and I always have. I always loved

gardening, growing vegetables and

flowers, which are among my

hobbies, plenty of eggs, butter and

milk. I believe in a sober, clean

life and applying of the golden

rule to my neighbor."

Grandchildren And Great Grand- Children Attend

OCT 3 1940

great grand children other than

DeWitt Hoover and Miss Rose Ella

Mrs. Hoover looks upon her chil-

dren, grand children and great

grand children with much pride.

Aside from the children afore-

mentioned they are Walter Hoover,

the oldest son, 82; Mrs. Emma H.

Lopez, DeWitt Hoover and Mrs.

Martha Kimbrough, all residents

of Alameda. Mrs. Hoover's oldest

grand child is 52 and her youngest

12 years.

Aside from being almost entirely

blind, Mrs. Hoover is in fair

health. A few weeks ago she con-

tracted a severe cold, which caus-

ed much concern but she has now

fully recovered.

Her eyes became impaired three

years ago, preventing her sew-

ing. The last quilt blocks that

Mrs. Hoover made are often ex-

Says Lafayette Sought Freedom Of U. S. Slaves

WASHINGTON, D. C.—(ANP)—a
current appreciation of the generous
heart and splendid attitude of Mar-

quis Marie-Joseph, de Lafayette,

the famous French general who

volunteered his services in behalf

of the independence of the

Colonies is revealed in the little

volume LeMoire written by Mercer

Cook, head of the Department of

French at Atlanta University.

Mr. Cook's research has revealed

correspondence between Lafayette

and his good friend General George

Washington, first president of these

United States.

Lafayette has been credited with

the statement: "I never would

have drawn my sword in the cause

of America if I could have conceiv-

ed that thereby I was helping to

found a nation of slaves."

QUOTES LETTER

From "Lafayette's Memories" a
fragment is quoted from a letter
which he wrote to George Washing-

ton from Spain after the revolu-

tion. OCT 6 1940

"At present my dear general, let

me propose something to you, per-

mit me to propose a plan to you

which should prove greatly useful

to a portion of the black human

race. Let us unite ourselves and buy

a little property where we can place

the free Negroes and employ them

only as tillers of the soil. If you

would set the example it would be

History does not reveal what
happened to the proposal.

Washington replied: "The plan which you
propose, my dear Marquis, by en-

generally done, and if we reunite
ourselves in America. I shall set
aside with pleasure, a part of my
time to put this idea in form in
the rules. If it is a bizzare pro-

ject, I enjoy

Scenes to Figure in Historic Natchitoches' Festival



Fine Prudhomme
 "The Good Darky," statue at the left, is said to be the only one erected to the old Negroes of ante-bellum days. It is perhaps the most photographed of all the sights in Natchitoches. At the right is a spiral staircase of "iron lace" on the rear of a building in Natchitoches, built in 1853 by Gabriel Prudhomme.

Sparta, Ga., Ishmael
 May 9, 1940

ANTE-BELLUM NEGRO EULOGIZED FOR WORK

The following tribute to an old negro mammy is contributed by Miss Ruth Stone of Demorest, a native of Linton:

"Aunt Lou Spikes of the Negro Darien Baptist Church died recently at her home at Linton, Hancock County, Georgia. Children and grandchildren from Georgia and distant northern states attended the funeral.

"Aunt Lou was about eighty-five years of age. She was born and reared in Hancock County. Her mother was well known to the Linton community as Aunt Silla. Her father and mother owned their home and a small piece of land.

"She married in her early teens and became the mother of ten children, seven of whom are living. Her husband, George Spikes, joined the church and was baptized at Pyron's Mill. When his first two children grew up and went to school George studied with them and learned to read and write. He then served the negro Sunday School for fifteen years as superintendent. One of the white children of the Linton community earned a prize in spelling, a book of simple Bible stories called "In His Steps"; this little book was read and re-read by Uncle George and its stories told and re-told by him.

"Aunt Lou never learned to read and write but she "worked willingly with her hands and ate not the bread of idleness". Like Longfellow's Blacksmith,

"Her brow was wet with honest sweat
 "She earned what'er she could.

"She was an expert cook and was sought special days in the kitchens in the homes of her "white folks": marriages, birthdays, Christmas and Thanksgiving celebrations. She was well known for her ability during "hog-killing" season; her sausages flavored with sage and red pepper, her smoke-house hams, her pure white lard, her crocks of cracklings . . . all attested her energy and willingness and industry.

"In her declining years Aunt Lou earned her living by washing and ironing and gardening. She took the talent that God gave her and gained yet other talents and thereby provided for her household and served her day and generation. "Well done, good and faithful servant she hath done what she could".

"Aunt Lou was calm and patient. Her philosophy of life was simple . . . few were her words of complaint, few were her words of gossip, few were the times when she meddled in other people's affairs."

Negro Owner Of 18 Slaves Amassed Fortune In N.C.

Ted Poston Digs Up a 'Stranger Than Fiction' True Story of Tom Day, Who Obtained Special Permission from Legislators of State to Wed Portuguese Woman—Widely Known as Cabinet Maker.

By TED POSTON
(Staff Correspondent)

DURHAM, N. C., April 18—With the historical novel now the vogue, some talented Negro novelist may someday give America the story of Thomas Day, the mulatto cabinet-maker who once owned 18 slaves in North Carolina and was master of a young white boy who was bound to him for life.

Tom Day was the grandfather of Mrs. Anna Day Shepard, wife

of the president of the North Carolina College for Negroes here, and his story is more bizarre than anything you might read in fiction.

TOM DAY AND MOTHER BOTH FREED AT HIS BIRTH

Son of an unmarried white planter and his slave housekeeper, Tom Day, was freed at birth, along with his mother. Revealing an early aptitude for wood work, the youth was financed by his white father until he learned the trade of cabinet maker.

His father is believed to have financed the purchase of an old inn—once visited by Washington and Lafayette at Milton, N. C., which the young cabinet-maker turned into a factory and began an astounding career.

Hiring slaves from nearby planters as apprentices, Tom Day became famous throughout the State for his delicate woodwork and began to amass a substantial fortune. From his own pocket he purchased solid mahogany and built the pews of the white Presbyterian Church in Milton and presented them as a gift. The Day family pew was near the pulpit. These pews, two inches thick, are still in the historic church.

PURCHASED HIS SLAVES; TAUGHT THEM HIS TRADE

Startled at the cabinet-maker's success, the white planters started recalling their hired slaves as soon as they were proficient and sending them out as cabinet-makers for their masters.

Faced with the competition of his own apprentices, Tom Day purchased eighteen slaves of his own and taught them the trade. At the same time, an eight-year-old white boy was bound to him for life.

FORMER SLAVE, 108, DIES

FORT WAYNE, Ind. —(ANP)—Henrietta Jackson, former slave, who gave her age as 108, died Sunday at the home of a son here. Dr. Wayne Glock treated the aged woman for a broken thigh recently, and said she was the oldest person ever to undergo a bone-setting operation.

160-YEAR-OLD WOMAN DESIRES TO DIE IN LOG CABIN

RALEIGH, N. C.—(ANP)—Living in a cabin built by her father in 1850, Mrs. Betty Byrd, known to the community as Aunt Betty Byrd, knows that she is over 100 years of age and this week expressed the thought that she is ready to die. "All I do now is have misery," she confided to a reporter, "I have lived long enough and I guess I just as well go along, up to the Lord."

This attitude is understandable on the part of Aunt Betty, for the cabin which her father built 90 years ago now is dilapidated and cheerless. It is located on a dirt road to Leesville off the new Durham highway, 70-A about 13 miles from here. One of Aunt Betty's two sons lives with her, but must leave her alone a great deal in an effort to earn a living. Refusing to leave the cabin where she has lived for so many years, the aged woman said: "I have lived here all my life, and here I am going to stay; I don't want to live any longer, but while I do live I want to stay here."

Showing remarkable strength for a woman of her years, Aunt Betty told of days when her father and mother were alive. She asserted proudly that her daddy and mammy were free issue persons and that she had never been a slave. The free issue was an act of Congress passed in 1834, which guaranteed the rights of Negroes who had been freed by their masters. The act, according to the court clerk here, was passed after Thomas Jefferson liberated his slaves.

Aid from a Raleigh charity for Aunt Betty was dropped when the organization learned that her son lived with her, but the kindness of Robert Lee Sorrell, who held the mortgage to the cabin, enables her to live in the cabin her father built. "She may live there as long as she lives," Sorrell said.

Eufaula, Ala. Tribune
September 21, 1940

Ex-Slave, 93, Pledges

Vote To Willkie

ELWOOD, Ind. —(ANP)—The Rev. Barney Stone of Noblesville, Ind., 93-year old former slave in Kentucky, visited Wendell Willkie notification headquarters and pledged to vote for the Republican presidential candidate.

Born in Kentucky, Rev. Stone ran away from slavery to join the Union army in 1864 after seeing his mother sold. He served until the war ended, then entered the Baptist ministry and still preaches an occasional sermon.

Two years ago he was taken to Gettysburg for the first Union-Conferate reunion and as he stood on the spot where Lincoln made his famous address Rev. Stone was moved to deliver a

combination oration and sermon which lasted an hour and brought him hundreds of listeners.

Died. William A. Barns, 113, ex-slave reputed to be the Civil War's oldest veteran; in San Francisco. Negro Barns, whose age was corroborated by Army records, claimed that he ran away to join the Union forces, attributed his longevity to "gin and pork chops."

NEGRO BRIDGE BUILDER

In a recent issue, the Industrial Index of Columbus mentioned Horace King, a negro slave before the War Between the States and later a noted bridge builder. King was born in LaGrange, Ga., and was known by Mayor J. D. Schaub of Eufaula.

Older persons of Eufaula say the negro designed and built the old wooden bridge which spanned the Chattahoochee where the McDowell bridge now stands. Modern bridge builders have praised whoever built it because of the method used in confining the sand foundation. Sand, properly confined, makes an excellent foundation for a structure but there are few men who know the secret. When the contractor on the McDowell bridge went down for a foundation he found that King had used native longleaf timbers to pen up the sand. For more than a half century the timbers held and were in sound condition when removed for the new structure about fifteen years ago.

After John Godwin, King's master, died the negro erected a monument in Phenix City to his honor. Referring to the monument, the Index says:

"John Godwin, bridge builder, has been dead these 81 years, and Horace King, his faithful and devoted negro slave, has long since crumbled to the

same common dust, but as a reminder of both lives, and of their friendship and affection, the sturdy monument still stands, steadfastly pointing toward heaven.

"The inscription on the shaft reads:

"John Godwin, born Oct. 17, 1798, died Feb. 26, 1859. This stone was placed here by Horace King in lasting remembrance of the love and gratitude he felt for his lost friend and former master."

"Horace King, a slave, was raised in the early decades of local history for his skill as a bridge builder."



Birmingham, Ala. News
April 28, 1940

Gosport Negro Who Claimed To Be 121 Has Gone To Reward

Roanoke Attorney Finds
Old War Buddy While
Talking In Drugstore

BY JACK HOUSE

Alabama has a new and oldest citizen, but, off hand, nobody knows just who he or she is. Poor old Aunt Scilla Foreman, who claimed to be 121-years old, has gone on to her chilluns.

Aunt Scilla died last Wednesday at the home of her granddaughter near Gosport, and Alabama Oddities lost one of its favorite characters. Aunt Scilla, who saw the stars fall on Alabama, was responsible for 210 persons born in Alabama. She had three daughters, all of whom she outlived, 18 grandchildren (one 63 years old now,) 77 great grandchildren and 112 great-great grandchildren.

If anybody else can claim as many chilluns as Aunt Scilla, they'd better step forward. Also if anybody is entitled to the state's oldest citizen, they should step forward, too. But unless you're well over 100, don't apply, because there are several persons beyond the century mark in Alabama.

Death also removed two more aged persons in the state this past week, and both soon would be 100. Joel P. (Scrap) Thompson, 98, the last Confederate veteran in Choc-taw County, died at Butler, and Abraham Whites, 95, a former slave known as "The Mayor of Douglas-

ville", a Negro suburb of Bay Min-ette, also passed on. In contrast to Aunt Scilla, "Uncle Abe" had only one child and had no other closer relatives than a second cousin. He once was Baldwin County Republican Committee chairman.

The deaths of Aunt Scilla and Uncle Abe are mourned by Negroes all over the state, and another death of interest in Alabama Negro circles was that of the Negro band leader, Walter Barnes, in the Natchez dance hall fire. Barnes played engagements at Dothan and at Brewton, Ala., less than a week before he was burned to death with other members of his orchestra at Natchez.

'A SOUTHERN WEDDING' AT OLD-AND-NEW FASHION SHOW HERE

Group presentation at the exhibition held for the benefit of the Generosity Thrift Shop at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel yesterday. The bride's dress is of glazed chintz on organza with flowers. The bridesmaid wears a dress of dotted swiss with blue sash and headdress of gardenias.

Find Man 130 Years Old In New Orleans; Active

NEW ORLEANS—It was revealed here this week that census takers have found a man who is believed to be the oldest person in the country. He is Charles Parcans, who says he was born in 1810 or 15 years ago. He is spry and doesn't look a day over 90.

Man Who Heard Lincoln Deliver His Gettysburg Address Honored "Boon" To Negroes

Aged Omaha Woman Tells Of Early Life as Slave In Missouri Territory

MONTCLAIR, N. J.—Sunday, May 12, was a memorable day for 100-year-old James Henry Willis, born into slavery in a poorly equipped slave cabin in Virginia.

In an attempt to gain his freedom he joined the Union army and was fully recompensed when he heard Lincoln deliver his "Gettysburg Address" 10 months after the Proclamation of Emancipation. He departed thankful for the 'new birth of freedom' of which his race and fellow countrymen had been assured by the tall man with the squeaky voice speaking above the graves at the newly decorated cemetery.

Willis is the oldest surviving member of the Grand Army of the Republic in Essex county. He lives with his niece, Miss Eva Clay, who is a school nurse at the Morton street school in Newark, N. J.

Hundreds of friends, relatives and well wishers attended a birthday celebration at his home on Lincoln street, last week. Friends came from as far as Washington, Chicago, Baltimore as well as from over the entire state of New Jersey, to pay him tribute.

Among the most outstanding activities of the afternoon were numerous presentations which included a letter of congratulations from President Roosevelt, flowers and letter of congratulations from ex-Governor Harold G. Hoffman which were presented by his daughter, Ada and a presentation of flowers and resolution of congratulations from Emmitt Guyton Post, No. 152 American Legion, by Counsellor J. Mercer Burrell, commander. The day will be another for James Henry Willis to store away in his book of memories during the remaining chapters of his life.

Call
OMAHA, Neb.—More than 90 years old, Mrs. Ella Courtwright, 2535 Hamilton, ex-slave, in an interview with newspapermen recently said that for her race as a whole she believes freedom is infinitely preferable to slavery. For herself Mrs. Courtland who has lived in Omaha since the time of the Trans-Mississippi exposition says, "I used to run a whole house just the way I wanted to and was treated wonderfully, without any worries at all. Now..."

On Memorial day when Mrs. Courtwright as interviewed she recalled her early life in Knox county, Mo., as the slave of Capt. and Mrs. William McDaniel. Capt. McDaniel died during the war and Mrs. McDaniel was impoverished following his death and was able to live only by having Mrs. Courtwright employed. According to Mrs. Courtwright, "She hired me out to her aunt, and the money she got for me workin' was the only money she had to live on."

Sees Slave Pen

Born in Louisville, Ky., Mrs. Courtwright as a girl of 12 or 13 was a "wedding present" to the young captain from his father, was taken by the couple to Missouri shortly before the war. Uncertain now of her age, she thinks she is about 90.

Recalling a slave pen where she went with Capt. and Mrs. McDaniel shortly before the war, she described it as a big stockade, higher than you could see. She said that hundreds of men, women and children, all unclothed, were in the pen. Disgusted with the sight, according to Mrs. Courtwright, her young master never again bought a slave, he hired men to do the work.

Following her release from servitude, Mrs. Courtwright continued to work for Mrs. McDaniel's aunt for several years, leaving Missouri going to Quincy, Ill., and from here to her present home in Omaha.

Ex-Slave Unable To Aid Griffin Fete

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., June 12.—(P)—Mark Thrash, who says he helped clear ground for the site of Griffin, Ga., more than 100 years ago as a young negro slave, will not take part in the Griffin centennial as planned.

Raleigh Crumbliss, associate director of the Chattanooga Chamber of Commerce, said today the celebration committee notified him that it would be unable to arrange Thrash's transportation from Tennessee to Griffin. Crumbliss said there was no other explanation and that previous arrangements had been made at the committee's request.

Thrash, a ward of the government, resides in Chickamauga national park.

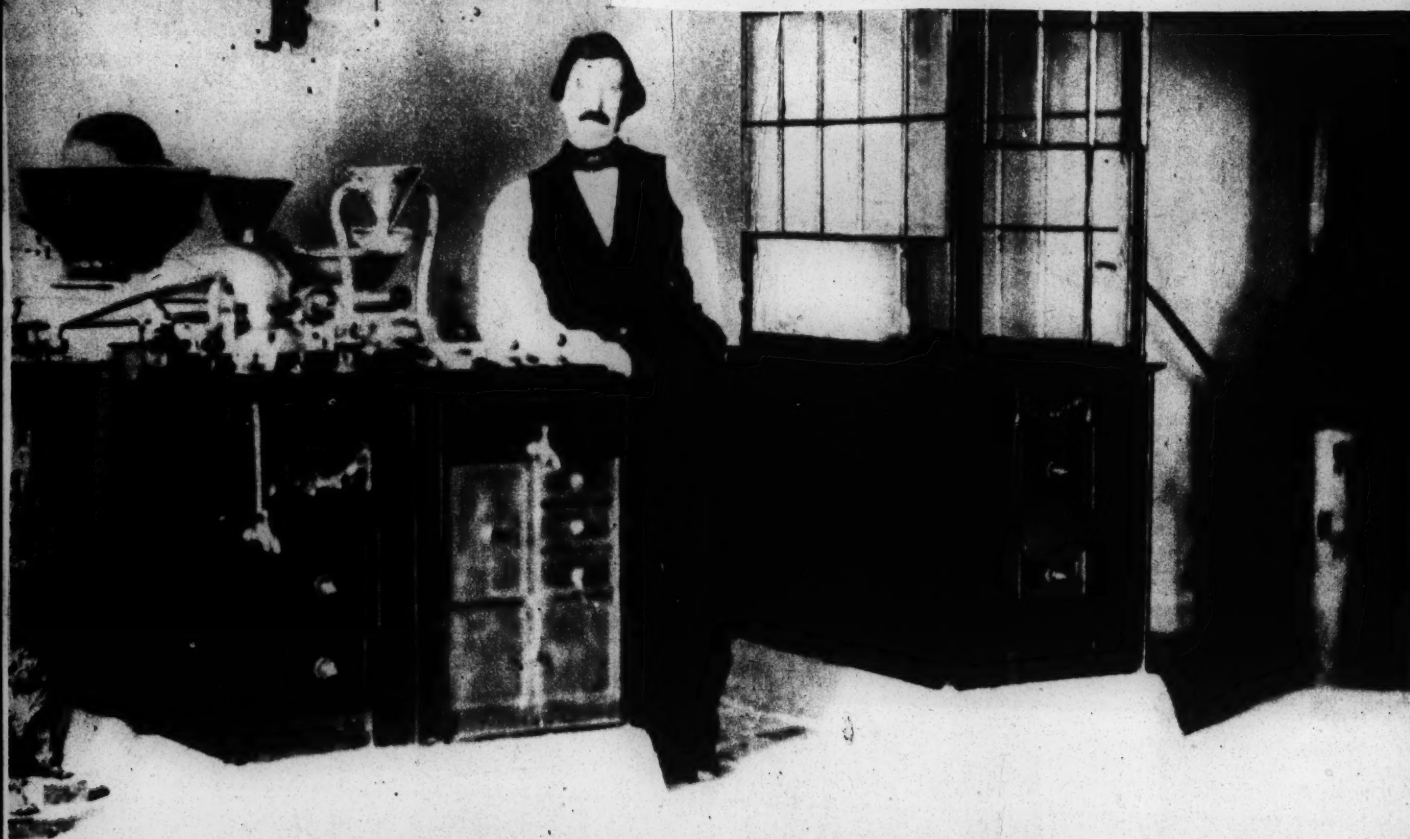
COLUMBIA, S. C.—(ANP)—Edward Elliott DuRant, pastor of Harlem's largest episcopal church, St. Ambrose, visiting here last week-end, praised "slavery" as a blessing to the Negro race in America.

"Because of slavery our people have been able to pass into and through a fine civilization and regain the culture we once boasted in the days of Egyptian art and science which formed definite part of the record of Egyptian civilization," the speaker said in an address to the literary societies of Allen university.

Deploring the present world catastrophe which he said statesmanship, diplomacy and even science have failed to forestall, Dr. DuRant declared that "we are now standing on the brink of a crumbling civilization."

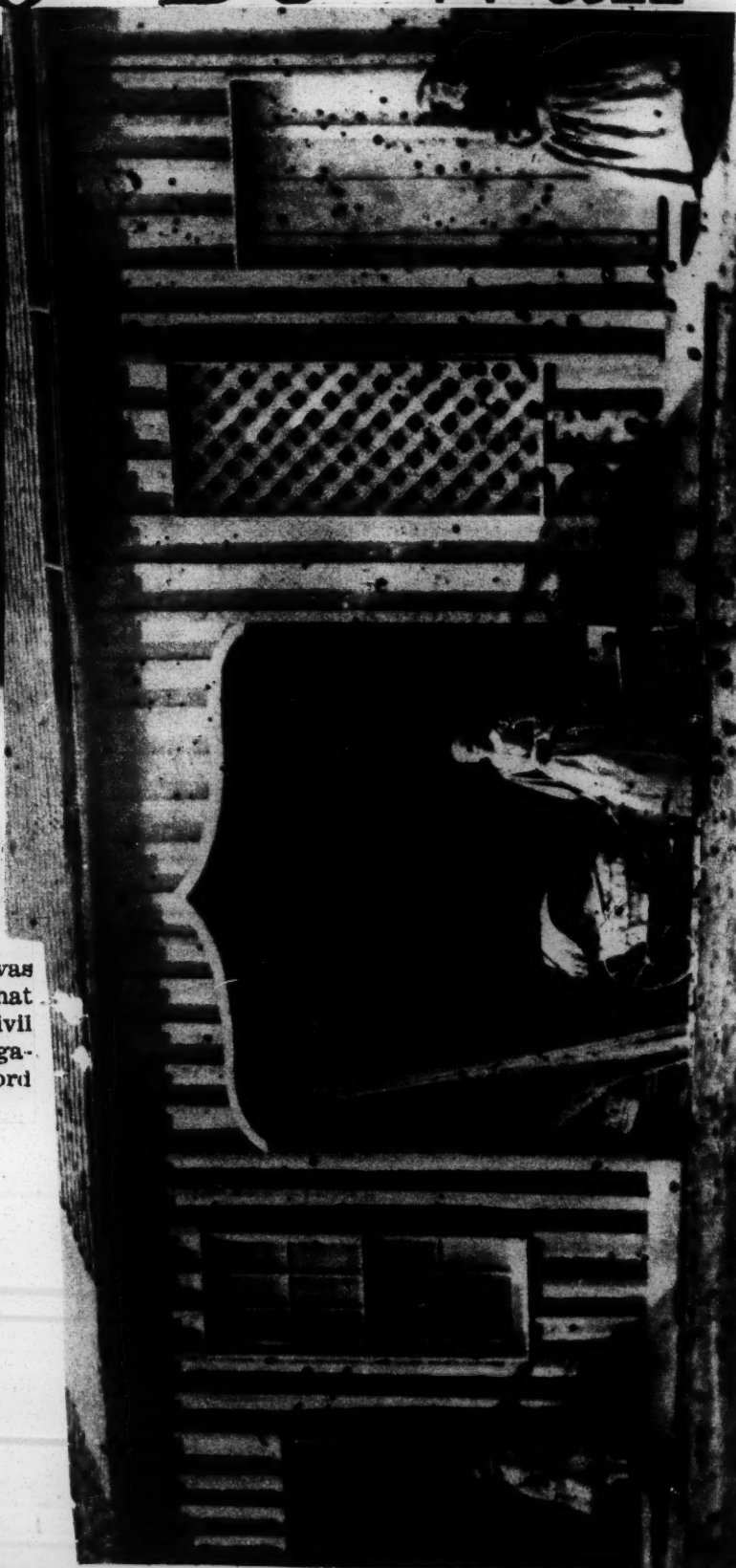
Dr. DuRant, a native of South America, received his Bachelor's degree from the University of London his M. A. and B. D. degrees from the University of Pennsylvania. The membership of St. Ambrose Episcopal church, New York, has been built to 2,000 during his pastorate.

OLE MISS—'Befo' De Wah'



Commercial Appeal 3-17-40 Memphis, Tenn

BACK IN THE LATE 1850s, Capt. E. C. Boynton, professor of chemistry at the University of Mississippi, was experimenting with the marvelous new science of photography. He coated his glass plates with an emulsion that he prepared himself, exposed the wet plates for long minutes in a bellows camera with huge lens. When the Civil War came in 1861 and Ole Miss fell into the hands of the Yankees, Capt. Boynton fled, leaving his precious negatives behind—and now, after 80 years, they have been made available to The Commercial Appeal by Prof. Sanford C. Gladden, assistant professor of physics. Above, a picture Capt. Boynton took of himself in the chemistry laboratory about 1860.



Commercial Appeal 3-17-40 Memphis, Tenn

A NEGRO SLAVE "MAMMY" (center) beside a baby carriage, a woman in hoopskirts (right) and a little girl wearing pantalets (left) are shown in this old picture that Capt. Boynton made of a carriage house on Ole Miss' campus. No record exists, but the woman in hoopskirts may be Capt. Boynton's wife, the child his daughter and the negro "mammy" the child's nurse.

Clarke County Negro Woman, Age 121, Would Marry Again

By KATHRYN TUCKER

THOMASVILLE, ALA., March 20—

Aunt Scilla Foreman claims that soft foods are for old sick folks, and so, not wishing to be put in that category, she scorns them. Just because she is 121 years old is no reason why she should spend the rest of her life eating soft and milk toast, Aunt Scilla reasons.

Of course there are skeptics who don't believe that Aunt Scilla is 121 but that's really her age so far as members of her family and the white people who have known her a long time can figure. One of her favorite stories used to be of sitting on a bench behind the cabin with her lover and watching the stars fall, an event which occurred in 1833. She acted as midwife at the birth of people who, if they still lived, would be in their nineties. One of her daughters was old enough to set the table at the Boroughs home when the War Between the States ended in 1865.

Aunt Scilla used to be able to tell wonderful tales of events in her life, of being brought from South Carolina to Alabama on mule back, of being sold to the Boroughs family as a seamstress, of the war and carpetbag rule, but now her mind is tired and cloudy and she speaks very little.

Until she dislocated her hip in 1933 Aunt Scilla was very active. She walked where she wanted to go, stopping all along the way to speak to her many friends, both white and colored. Her eyesight has failed only within the last few years; four years ago she had to thread all the needles so her 83-year-old daughter could sew. Now her hearing is almost entirely gone, and she can be made to hear only by the most insistent shouting.

Not Entirely Bed-Ridden

But Aunt Scilla is not entirely bed-ridden. On pretty days she is always up and about in the Gosport home of her granddaughter, Leila Bass, who takes care of her now that her three daughters are all dead. Aunt Scilla is childishly happy to have company come to see her. If she recognizes the callers, she gives them affectionate embraces, and, to avoid showing partiality, she usually embraces the strangers too. If she feels real well she'll sing what she calls a love song to her guests.

"Go back, go back, go back to Kentucky.

Go back to yo' own wife
And work for yo' little chillun

Ali yo' life.

Go 'way. Go 'way."

And when her guests reward her for this performance with a coin, she rubs it carefully between her palms and shouts gleefully, "Five Cents!" or "Ten Cents!" depending on the generosity of the donor.

This money is usually used to buy snuff, chewing tobacco or whisky for Aunt Scilla who enjoys nothing more than a good toddy.

Aunt Scilla doesn't seem to think she's old: she wants to get married again. Leila incurs her wrath frequently by telling her she's too old to marry again and tucking her firmly in bed under the "Save It All" quilt to dream not of the days to come but of the long years which have passed.

N.C. Man Has 105th Birthday

Woman Who Saw U.S. History In The Making, Dies

WINDSOR, N.C. — Turner Brewer, 105, who lays claim to the title of "Oldest Bertie County citizen," and who is believed to be one of the oldest men in the State, recently visited this city to watch proceedings in Superior Court.

According to Mr. Turner's figures, he was 105 on March 17 and his claim of being more than 100 years of age is substantiated by E. R. Tyler, Superior Court solicitor, who declares that Mr. Turner can give the names and family relationships of many of the solicitor's ancestors who died before the Civil War.

Second Wife Is 69

Mr. Turner now lives at Powellsville with his second wife who is 69, the same age of Mr. Turner's youngest child. He says he has eleven children scattered throughout the country.

After the Civil War, Mr. Turner attended Hampton Institute and a northern university. Some of his white friends have succeeded in inducing him to write a book of reminiscences of his century of collections, in which task he is now engaged.

FORT WORTH, Texas, Feb. 23—

If there ever was a "Scarlet O'Hara,"

Mrs. Gertrude Flowers Davis, who

is known to her many friends as

Aunt Gert, would have remembered

her. Aunt Gert could have been

picking cotton at Tara the day Scar-

lett was born and she, Aunt Gert,

would have been an old woman

when Scarlett left for the

last time. You see, Aunt Gert was

127 years old when she was buried

here Monday, February 12.

Mrs. Davis even recalled "when

the stars fell" in 1834. She was

born in Natchez, Miss., and was a

slave there for many years before

the Civil war. She was almost 40

when the soldiers fired on Fort

Sumter to start the Civil war. Mrs.

Davis' grandchildren were born be-

fore Lee surrendered to Grant. She

was the oldest woman in Fort

Worth and maybe in the world.

Mrs. Davis came to Fort Worth

in 1916 and lived here until her

death, Saturday, Feb. 10. She was

member of the Church of God

in Christ. Elder R. E. Ranger, pas-

tor, officiated at the last rites.

EX-SLAVE, AGE 105 AND GRADUATE OF HAMPTON, HONORED

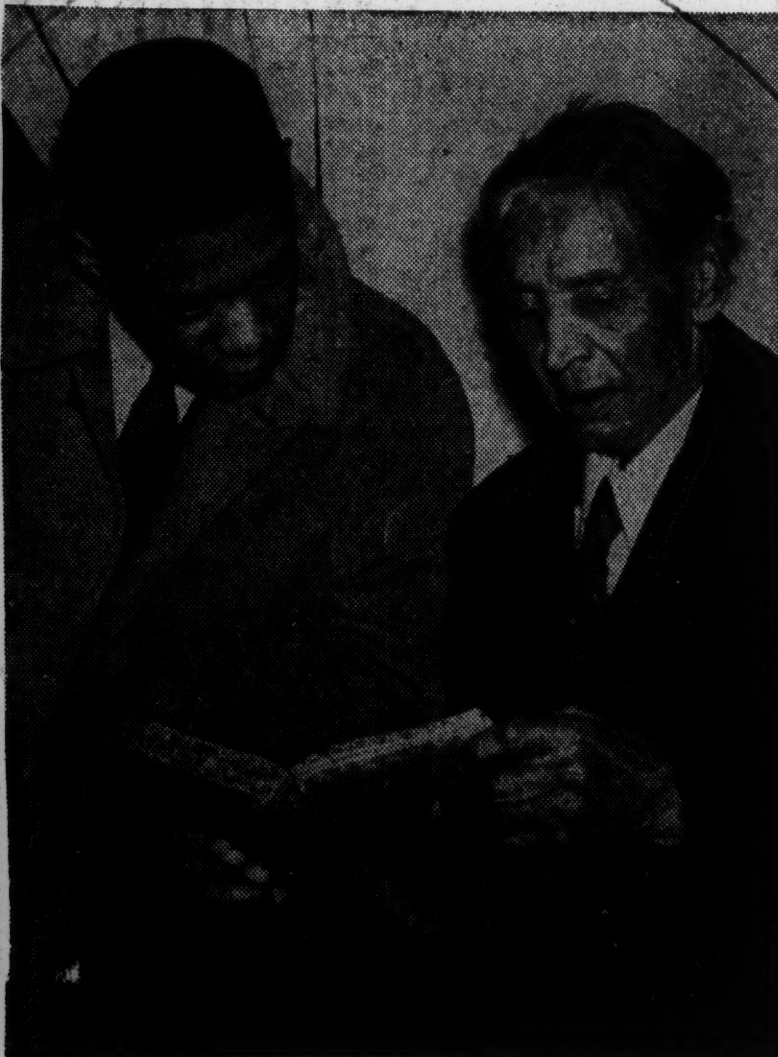
Global 3-29-40

WINDSOR, N. C., March 27 (ANP)

—Last Monday was a red-letter day in the life of "Uncle Turner" Brewer for it marked his 105th birthday and still further strengthened his claim to being the oldest man in Bertie County and the oldest ex-slave in N. C.

Walking erect, and hale and hearty despite his great age, Uncle Turner celebrated by coming to Windsor to visit his old friends of both races. E. R. Tyler, white, Superior Court solicitor, says Brewer can give the names and family relations of many of Tyler's ancestors who died before the Civil War. Brewer was 26 years old when the war started. Brewer is a graduate of Hampton Institute and of a Northern college, is now engaged in writing his autobiography, narrating reminiscences of his colorful life. He lives in Powellsville with his second wife 69 years old, the same age as his youngest child by his first wife, and has 11 children living.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY ... JUST 100!



Carrier 1-13-40 Pittsburgh
 Frank U. Whitted of Washington celebrated his 100th birthday January 1. He is seen talking with Jolly Forsythe, Courier representative in Washington.

EX-SLAVE, 100, FEELS FINE ON BIRTHDAY

Carrier 1-13-40 Pittsburgh, Pa.
 200 White Missourians

By WILLIAM FORSYTHE, Jr.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 11.—Frank U. Whitted, ex-slave, celebrated his 100th birthday on New Year's Day, and claims "except for a slight cold I feel pretty fit." The ex-slave, who is the oldest person on the retirement rolls of the Civil Service Commission, was born January 1, 1840, at Hillsboro, N.C. He was the property of Dr. Osborne Long, of Hillsboro, and relates an incident that happened during the Civil War when Dr. Long's son was seriously injured in the fighting around Petersburg. Dr. Long went to Virginia to render aid to his son, and while he was gone the report was circulated that the Yankees had broken through and were headed for Hillsboro. Whitted piled all the family silverware and valuables into a wheelbarrow and buried them in the fields to keep the invaders from confiscating them. He also had heard of the penchant of the Yankees for hams, so he buried them too.

He is living now at his modest home at 1753 Eighth street, northwest, with his wife, who is 78 years old. She was at one time the housekeeper for Mrs. Herbert Hoover, but suffered an injury that crippled her for life. Mr. Whitted came to Washington when Benjamin Harrison was elected President of the United States in 1889, at which time he entered the employ of the Treasury Department. He left the Treasury and began working in the Government Printing Office, where he worked until 1922. Whitted is a trustee of Berean Church, and up until recently did the housework and cooking for himself and his wife. Reading without glasses is one of the pet boasts of the centenarian, who claims a full-rounded life as teacher, labor organizer, county commissioner, justice of the peace and religious leader.

Attend Funeral of Ex-Slave

g him the next year, 1905.

She was the mother of three children, two of them dying while young, and her "baby," Joe Israel, died a short time ago. Her husband died in 1913 and her son came to live with her. Friends wondered at the difference in their last names—hers being Rice and her son's Israel. "Aunt Paul" laughingly explained that Joe was born during slave days when it was the custom to name the children after the white master, their master at that time being named Israel.

"Aunt Paul" never wore glasses, yet did a great deal of sewing. She enjoyed fishing and even last Summer made regular trips over the vicinity near her home with her pole and bait can.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo.—(ANP)—More than 200 white persons, all friends of 89-year-old Merit Young Williams, crowded into the little Methodist church at Wallace, Mo., on Monday to pay their last tribute at the bier of the former Buchanan County slave.

In recent years Williams had made his home with H. R. Williams, a patrolman, whose family name he adopted. Burial was in the Williams family lot in Turner cemetery and all the pallbearers were white. Born in slavery in 1850, on the farm of Henry Williams, Williams refused to leave when the Emancipation Proclamation abolished slavery and remained as an employe of the household.

AUNT PAUL IS DEAD AT HOME IN MISSOURI

Former Slave Was 111, Born In Lake County, Tenn.

Special to The Commercial Appeal.

DEERING, Mo., Jan. 16—Pauline

Rice, former negro slave, known as

"Aunt Paul," is dead here at the

age of 111 years. Her death was

attributed to her over the death

of her son who was 80.

Born in Lake County, Tenn., the

year Andrew Jackson was elected,

"Aunt Paul" frequently appeared

on programs in the Deering High

School to tell of her early life as a

slave. She was an unusually strong

and stately woman, standing well

over 5 feet and weighing more

than 100 pounds at the time. She

was sold as a slave four times and

talked much of President Abraham

Lincoln and her years during

the Civil War.

After gaining her freedom, she

and her family moved to Hickman

Ky., where her husband, Frank

Rice, worked in a quarry. In

1904, when a large land company

was clearing the low lands of West

Pemiscot County, Frank came to

Missouri to work, "Aunt Paul" join

WHITE MISSOURIANS ATTEND FUNERAL OF EX-SLAVE, AGE 89

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Jan. 11 (ANP)

—More than 200 white persons, all

friends of 89-year-old Merit Young

Williams, crowded into the little

Methodist church at Wallace, Mo.,

on Monday to pay their last tribute

at the bier of the former Buchanan

County slave.

In recent years Williams had made

his home with H. R. Williams, a

patrolman, whose family name he

adopted. Burial was in the Wil-

liams family lot in Turner ceme-

tery and all the pallbearers were

white. Born in slavery in 1850, on

the farm of Henry Williams, Wil-

liams refused to leave when the

Emancipation Proclamation abol-

ished slavery and remained as an

employe of the household.

Rites Held For Former Slave In Novelist Faulkner's Home

EX-SLAVE LAUDED

BY NOTED WRITER

Mammy Callie', For Many Years Servant Of Faulkner Family, Dies At 100

OXFORD, Miss., Feb. 4. — The body of "Mammy Callie," 100-year-old former slave, lay in state in the "Big House" today as William Faulkner, the novelist, paid tribute to the old woman who had been in the family for nearly 60 years. White friends of "Mammy" attended the private rites held in the drawing room of Mr. Faulkner's ante-bellum residence this morning.

In his tribute, Mr. Faulkner said: "As oldest of my father's family, I might be called here master. That situation never existed between 'Mammy' and me. She reared all of us from childhood. She stood as a fount not only of authority and information, but of affection, respect and security. She was one of my first associates. I have known her all my life and have been privileged to see her out of hers.

"She was a character of devotion and fidelity. Mammy made no demands on any one. She had the handicap to be born without money and with a black skin and at a bad time in this country. She asked no odds and accepted the handicaps of her lot, making the best of her few advantages. She surrendered her destiny to a family. That family accepted and made some appreciation of it. She was paid for the devotion she gave but still that is only money. As surely as there is a heaven, Mammy will be in it."

Following the tribute by Mr. Faulkner, a group of negroes sang spirituals while "Mammy Callie's" white friends stood in respect to the century old exslave who exerted unquestioned authority over most children in her neighborhood. Immediately after the rites at the Faulkner residence, the body was taken to the negro Baptist Church for funeral services.

"Mammy Callie" was buried this afternoon in St. Peter's Cemetery. Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner attended the church services and were present at the burial.

Born in 1840 in Pontotoc County, she was christened Caroline Barr. She remained on the Barr plantation until after the Confederate surrender when she moved to Oxford in the employ of the late Colonel Barr. One day she came to the residence of the late Murray C. Faulkner. She "adopted" the family and had lived with them since. She was in good health until last week when she suffered a stroke. She died in her cabin on the William Faulkner place.

OXFORD, Mass., Feb. 4 (AP)—"Mammy Callie," 100-year-old ex-slave, died yesterday and was buried today from the home of Novelist William Faulkner, who acknowledged her as "a fount not only of authority and information but of affection, respect and security."

Born in 1840 in Pontotoc county, she was christened Caroline Barr. She remained on the Barr plantation until "after the surrender" in the War Between the States, and then moved to Oxford in the employ of late Colonel Barr.

One day nearly 50 years ago she came to the residence of the late Murray C. Faulkner. "Mammy Callie" adopted the family and lived with it until her death.

She lay in state today in the drawing room of the ante-bellum residence. White friends mourned her while Negroes sang spirituals.

Faulkner, author of many turbulent novels of the South, said in his tribute, "as oldest of my late father's family, I might be called her master, but that situation never existed between 'Mammy' and me. She reared all of us from childhood. She stood as a fount not only of authority and information but of affection, respect and security. She was one of my first associates.

"She was a character of devotion and fidelity. She asked no odds and accepted the handicaps of her lot, making the best of her few advantages.

"She surrendered her destiny to a family. That family accepted and made some appreciation of it. She was paid for the devotion she gave but that is only money. As surely as there is a heaven, Mammy will be in it."

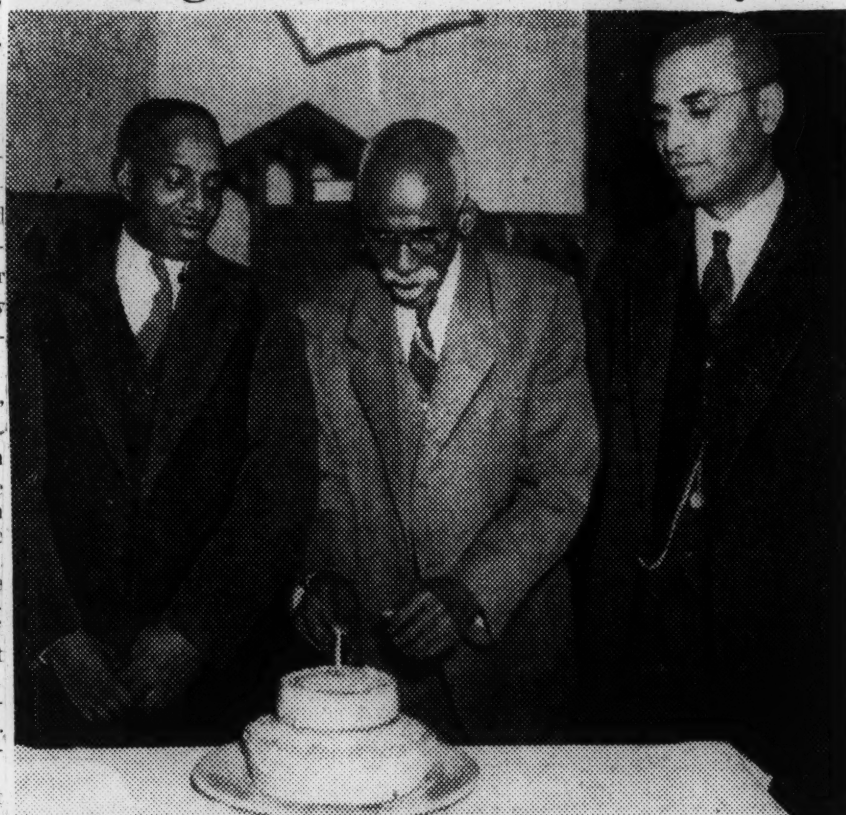
Former Slave Dies In Banks Community

At The Age Of 113

TROY, ALA., Jan. 31.—The oldest person in Pike County died Saturday at her home in Banks community near Troy, and was buried Sunday at Antioch colored cemetery. She was Josephine Lawrence, reputed to have been 113 years old. A native of Chambers County, the for-

mer slave had lived in Pike for 85 years. Neighbors had often heard her profess she had grown children when the slaves were freed. Friend of white and colored alike, the old negro had lived near Banks with her son, Robert, and until a short while ago had enjoyed excellent health.

'Spirit' Still Moves Ex-Slave Starting His Second Century



Post 3-7-40
Alexander Willis cuts the cake as Vermont Avenue Baptist Church honors him on his 100th birthday. A former slave, his son was a pastor of the church. On the left is Amsteard Willis, another son, and the Rev. Chastine T. Murray, pastor

Vermont Avenue Baptists Pay Tribute to Alexander Willis, Father Of 25, on His 100th Birthday

"Everytime I feel the spirit moving . . ."

A chorus of pre-Civil War spirituals, sung with characteristic Negro religious fervor, launched a former colored slave on his second century of life.

"But I ain't willing to go yet," Alexander Willis told several hundred fellow members of the Vermont Avenue Baptist Church, gathered Tuesday night to honor his hundredth birthday anniversary, which fell on last Sunday.

Occupying a front seat of the meeting room following the regular weekly prayer session, Willis listened as the Rev. Chastine T. Murray, pastor, led a congregational tribute to him and his son, the late

Rev. J. E. Willis, pastor there for 17 years.

Questioned by the clergyman about his family life, Willis recalled that he had been married thrice, was the father of 25 children by the first two wives, and none by the third. The hall rocked with laughter. Seven children are still alive among them Amsteard Willis, who was present with his wife.

Later in the program, after receiving a check on behalf of the church from James E. Porter, chairman of the board of trustees, Willis arose to cut his birthday cake—adorned with one tiny candle. The cake was a gift of Mrs. Amanda Chase.

Willis' first quarter of life was spent on a plantation in Orange County, Va. He recalls having run

away on many occasions, living in the woods for days on a diet of berries and nuts. He still bears scars on his back from beatings.

While his service at the Vermont Avenue Church has been brief, Willis has spent 62 years in the service of various congregations, serving every official position but pastor. "But I did preach once," he said last night.

Frequent attacks of hiccoughs have been the only despoiling factor in what he says have been 36,500 days of perfect health. To demonstrate his agility he flops on the floor of his home at 947 Q street northwest, and jumps quickly up again. He came to last night's meeting without any assistance.

Lincoln Day Speakers Turn Guns on New Deal

Lincoln Day speeches echoed on Monday (Lincoln's birthday) throughout the nation as an offensive to meet the third term challenge if and when it comes with explosive charges that the Roosevelt administration has failed and the New Deal has undermined American traditions.



At approximately 700 Lincoln Day dinners, preliminary to Friday's meeting of the Republican National Committee at which time the place and date of the party's nominating convention will be determined. The strategy demonstrated Republican eagerness to bid strongly for votes of women, Negroes, and independents.

Top billing was given to Aaron Payne, Howard University graduate and Chicago lawyer and Mrs. Robert Taft who with John D. M. Hamilton, chairman National Republican Committee, addressed the principal party gathering sponsored by the National Republican Club in New York. Their addresses were carried over a national radio network.

Other speakers were Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, speaking in Baltimore; Senator H. Styles Bridges of New Hampshire speaking in Oklahoma City; District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey of New York, speaking in Portland, Ore.; former President Herbert Hoover, speaking in Grand Rapids, Mich.; and Representative Bruce Barton of New York, speaking in Buffalo, N.Y.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS

It is a curious coincidence that the anniversaries of three great Americans, whose lives were devoted to liberty, Lincoln, Douglass, and Washington, should occur in the month of February. Essentially the same struggle engaged the energies of both Lincoln and Douglass—the effort to prevent the slaveholding Southern oligarchy from preserving and extending its domain. The Civil War (1861-1865) began as a war of aggression waged by the Confederacy

for the preservation of the crumbling slave empire. As a colored man, Douglass realized earlier and more clearly than Lincoln what were the inevitable war aims of the Union. Therefore, he urged the President to enlist colored troops at the very outset, for the war was primarily a conflict fought for their liberation from chattel slavery; while Lincoln, in the First Inaugural Address, was preoccupied with the task of keeping the Union together.

The Civil War years marked the climax of the career of Frederick Douglass, though it was singularly long and distinguished. He had begun as an abolitionist, under the guidance of William Lloyd Garrison, with whom he broke off relations when Garrison embraced a programme of impractical policies, detrimental to the colored people in the long run, as Douglass saw. During the Reconstruction Period Douglass agitated for the full democratic rights guaranteed his people by the 13th, 14th, and 15th Amendments to the Constitution. It is imperative that parents and teachers instruct the young in the lives of our eminent men and women like Frederick Douglass. Their biographies should be in every public library. Here in Boston we have a memorial of the great Douglass in the square which bears his name.

Lincoln-Douglass

The celebration of the birthdays of Lincoln and Douglass this week causes us to recall that fine expression of Harold F. Ickes last year, when in introducing Marian Anderson underneath the Lincoln Memorial in Washington he said

"Genius like justice knows no color."

And so in this nation during the week, all real Americans offered tribute and praise to two noble sons of our democracy, Abraham Lincoln and Frederick Douglass.

Lincoln was born in economic subjection, Douglass was vassal of a slave system. Lincoln was born in the wilds of America's frontier life, Douglass was born in a wilderness of ignorance. Both of these sublime characters were woven out of the woof and pattern that God seldom uses. Their impress upon their time and nation is well high immortal. They offer inspiration to all who would gather faith, hope and courage.

We stood some time ago in the nation's capital and gazed upon that impressive picture of Lincoln as the artist depicts him signing the Emancipation Proclamation, and

we wondered as we stood on the stairway of the nation's capitol, how any man, who stood and looked into that noble face, could go back through those swinging doors of the House or Senate giving vent to narrowness, bigotry and hate.

Douglass shouted from the platform with Wendell Phillips and with William Lloyd Garrison "No chain is stronger than its weakest link" while Lincoln echoed the same thought when he said "This nation cannot remain half slave and half free".

Both of these sons of toil and champions of freedom fought for a type of democracy that is inclusive. Douglass could see that the test of democracy is vested in attitude towards its humblest citizen, and Lincoln knew that patterns of virtue could not be woven out of human bondage.

Lincoln's ideal was of "a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal," Douglass proved that his ideas of human justice transcended race sex or creed when he became the early champion of woman's suffrage, in a day when black men themselves had not been elevated to citizenship.

Think of the sublimity of Lincoln who could stand amid national chaos and carnage, and during his second Inaugural address say:

"Fondly do we hope and fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war will speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all of the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said 'the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous all together.'"

Turn then to the philosophy of the slave boy Douglass. See him in the full stature of manhood and the period of Reconstruction, as he turned to offer leadership to the men and women freed by Lincoln. See him as he stands in the forum crying:

"Men have in their own hands the peaceful means by which they

may put all of their moral, political and economic enemies to flight, if they will but faithfully, courageously and valiantly use them."

In that message of the yester years Douglass offers vision to black men in America who today stumble forwards towards democracy and representative government. Slavery had not cankered and tarnished the soul of Douglass for he offers to black men the thought that all of the problems here in America can be solved by "peaceful means".

It was the voice of Douglass crying out in the wilderness of Reconstruction defining the type and character of freedom that black men should have. It was this Son of Jethro who touched the conscience of the Republican party and caused the leaders of that day to write into the Constitution of the United States the 13th, 14th, and 15th Amendments.

Lincoln and Douglass hitched their wagons to the stars. They were instrumentalities through whom God blessed humanity. They offer proof to the utterance of Harold Ickes when he said "Genius like justice knows no color".

A Fresh Study Of Abraham Lincoln

Last Monday was celebrated as the birthday of Abraham Lincoln and each recurring birthday of the great emancipator is always calculated to tell afresh the admiration of the people for the man and invite a new study of the wonderful personality that has absorbed the attention of the people through generations. Orators, political leaders and statesmen of national and international fame spoke on the life and work of Lincoln. In many parts of the nation large and enthusiastic audiences listened with rapt attention to the beautiful word pictures that brought back to their minds the rugged character that gave his name to the ages. Many of them surveyed eloquently and pointedly the deep moving currents of philosophical thought embodied in the brief but often homely expressions of Abraham Lincoln. It is not unusual to have a large and varied group of talent gathered in the ancient stories and new insights concerning the achievements of one of the world's greatest men.

It is observed, however, with some rather searching significance that the celebrations this year, the kind of addresses, the high level upon which these orations and deliverances have been made indicate something of the deep yearning search for something to bring back into our national life that will give balance and purpose to the endeavors of those trying to lead us out of the wilderness of chaos and oppression. This is a rather interesting observation. So white and black leaders of all areas of our nation efforts without regard even to political affiliation have vied with each other in turning the pages of history and age-colored documents, not for something new, but for a rediscovery of that which has been lost out of our political thinking and planning for the last few years. They have stood together at the tomb of this great man and waited in silence with their intelligence and culture paying homage to the very spirit of the man from whose fundamental principles of Government too many have wandered only to be humiliated, confused and confounded.

Abraham Lincoln's name is associated with human freedom because of the part he played in setting up the framework in which our racial group was to work out the problems of freedom. Any notion, however, that Lincoln brought freedom by his service to our people has been misleading. The tremendous task of freeing a race of people from ignorance, superstition, injustice, discrimination of all kinds was too big a job to be accomplished by one stroke of the pen or adequately performed even through one generation by any single individual or group of individuals. That has been one of the handicaps of our race. We have expected too much to be done for us. Others have made that mistake in attempting to do for us what can only be done with us and through us. There are some things we must do for ourselves or they will never be done. Lincoln did initiate and set in motion certain forces and influences that have gone far toward freeing not only the Negro population of the country but all the people who have allowed the ideal of Lincoln to dominate their thinking and motivate their action in relation to each other. In the thinking of Abraham Lincoln no part of the nation's citizenry could well enjoy freedom while another was being denied theirs. Actuated as he was by such high ideals and noble principles he gave the best he had toward the realization of that which has immortalized his name. His was a vision of race relations based upon justice. And his was the courage to follow that vision outside the boundaries of mere words and platitudes. Translating his

vision and courage into deeds was not an easy task and neither was it a deserted task by him. It may well be said that the unusual interest manifested in the celebration of his birthday this year is indicative of the deep repentance that has seized the people in this day of their great need for something they have lost. But it must be found before the nation will be restored to a state of normalcy and permanent progress.

Points to Anti-Slavery Sentiment Early in Our History

Chicago, Ill.

Editor, Daily Worker:

My admiration for Tom Paine is not diminished by the fact that I have to challenge Harrison George's assertion that he was the first one in America to attack Negro slavery.

German immigrants to Germantown Pa., in 1688 passed a resolution against "the traffic in men-body." They had suffered persecution for their (Quaker) religion in Germany. So they said, "In Europe there are many oppressed for conscience-sake; and here there are those oppressed which are of a black color." They sent their resolution to the next higher Quaker body, which found it "so weighty that we think it not expedient for us to meddle with it," and sent it to the next higher Quaker body, which said the same thing, and passed it on to the highest body, which refused "to give a Positive Judgment in the Case, it having so general a Relation" to other affairs and interests. (George H. Moore, "History of Slavery in Massachusetts", p. 74ff. The whole of the resolution passed by these immigrants and aliens makes wonderful reading.)

The higher-ups regularly refused to condemn slavery—but with one very fine and brilliantly written exception, by Judge Samuel Sewall of Massachusetts, in 1700. He was answered by another judge, whose pro-slavery pamphlet was more widely read and far more widely approved by the Massachusetts aristocracy (Moore, p. 83; reply to Sewall, p. 251, both short and interesting to read.)

Not until the approach of the Revolution was beginning to stir men's hearts did Otis say, "The colonists are by the law of nature free born, as indeed all men are white or black..." (1764).

Tired Of Lincoln, Says Tennessean

'Never Read Anything About Jim Worth Repeating'

To The Commercial Appeal:
I so often wonder why we have to read and re-read about Abraham Lincoln. I have read all I can find about him and have never found anything worth repeating.

He was a very unpopular man and the South despised him, yet his picture is always hanging in the pages of our Southern papers. It was Abraham Lincoln who caused more destruction, poverty and sufferings than did the San Francisco earthquake, Kaiser Bill or Hitler. If he had given the South time, they would have freed

their own slaves at a time when the South and slaves would have been well off.

Why do we have to pat him on the back, call him noble and great because he feebly tried to undo some of the sufferings he caused? He freed the slaves in the South and the North has never been satisfied — they have been trying to place the negro back on the South ever since.

Anyway, old Abe Lincoln is dead — why not let him stay dead?

A READER.

Brownsville, Tenn.

Ads In 1849 Directory Offered Slaves for Sale

Livery Stable Service. Powder Horns. Flintlocks

IT was a day when the recently-completed Gayoso House, nestling amid its grove of trees far in the south end of town, proudly advertised that the Nashville stage-coach came directly to its door—

It was a day when R. W. Thompson's livery stable at Main and Poplar offered "Hacks, buggies and fine saddle horses to hire," and announced "Horses bought and sold at all times."

It was a day when Mrs. S. Crossland, milliner and dressmaker on Main Street between Adams and Washington, boasted proudly of "a new line of capes, cardinals, ladies' slippers, dresses and bonnets."

It was the year 1849.

Clearly indicative of what life was like in Memphis in that dim and distant era when the War Between the States was still more than a decade in the future are the advertisements found in the 1849 Memphis City Directory, the first ever issued, which reposes in the archives of Cossitt Library.

THE Gayoso House's advertisement was outstanding. A full-page ad carried a picture of the new three-story hostelry with its tall white colonial columns, which then faced on Front Street and was operated by William Houston, a brother of General Sam Houston, the hero of Texas' war for independence from Mexico.

It read:

"This extensive establishment has just undergone thorough repairs and for comfort and convenience as a Hotel is not surpassed by any in the South or West.

"Faithful porters are always in readiness to convey baggage to and from steamboats, at any hour of the day or night, and hacks furnished to order.

"The Nashville stage stops here.

"Strict attention to the wants of visitors will always be given by
"THE PROPRIETORS."

THE Green Tree House at the foot of Beale Street, which was torn down only a few years ago, boasted of its convenient location near the steamboat landing and advertised "Boarding by the day, week or month on moderate terms."

The City Hotel, on Winchester Street between Main and Front Row and managed by George R. Redford, announced that "This old established house being removed

from the dust and bustle of business, located in a healthy part of the city, is a most desirable position for persons desiring a quieted home."

O'Hanlon's Exchange Hotel, on Main Street near Adams, boasted of its "A No. 1 cooks" and its finery of "liquors, wines and beer." On the other hand, the Richmond House at No. 23 Front row, operated by Mrs. A. F. Pickett, recently of New Orleans, modestly gave a list of references that included the Rev. J. H. Gray and the Rev. Samuel Dennis.

H. E. Hezekiah's Belvidere House, on Washington Street, under the theater, offered "such delicacies as Oysters, fresh Fish, Venison, Ham and Eggs—Birds, etc., served up in any style required."

WILLIAM PARK, produce dealer and commission merchant at No. 92 Front Row, advertised that his establishment would be easily recognized "by the sign of the elk's head and horns." Moreover, he announced that he was agent for all kinds of printing paper, coupons and Kentucky rifle powder, white lead, turpentine and Virginia and Missouri tobacco.

G. B. Locke, dealer in dry goods at No. 13 Front Row, explained "My stock is now complete and will be replenished from time to time, as the trade may demand. Purchasers will remember I sell for CASH ONLY, and may therefore expect bargains. P. S.: Orders for lumber received at the store."

VARIED was the stock of goods announced by R. T. Lamb & Co., hardware merchants at Jefferson and Front Row, which included:

"Powder, shot, shot belts, powder flasks, Elie's patented cartridges and game bags, percussion caps, patent wadding, gun locks, gunsmith's tools, etc.

"Anvils, vises, bellows, stocks and dies, hand and screw drivers, hammers, rasps, files, &c.

"Iron, steel, nails, hoes, axes, shovels, spades, chains, cotton cards, corn mills, ploughs, corn shellers cutting knives, &c.

"Fine coffee and tea sets of Plate Britannia Ware, waiters, knives, forks, spoons, enameled ware, castings, &c.

"R. Hemming & Sons fish hooks (warranted genuine), fishing rods, reels, hemp, sea grass and silk fish lines, nets, netting, twine, &c. &c."

Likewise, powder horns and flintlock guns (not to mention accoutrements as well!) were offered by A. Linda & Co. No. 26 Front Row.

SLAVES were advertised for sale by Byrd Hill, who operated a "Negro Depot" on Adams, between Main and Second streets. Mr. Hill's advertisement read: "A general supply of Negroes always on hand, for sale."

He also offers his services to the public generally as an agent in the sale of Negroes, brought to his market for that purpose. He is prepared to board gentlemen and their Negroes and render them comfortable, having a new and convenient building constructed for the purpose.

He has also attached to his Mart a stable for the accommodation of those who have horses. He pledges his personal attention to all business and Eggs—Birds, etc., served up in confidence to him, in his line.

"Persons having Negroes for sale will find it to their interest to give him a call, as well as on the ground of economy, as other considerations. For references, apply to his acquaintances 'en masse'."

THE numerous livery stable advertisements are interesting.

"Come one, come all! Try me and prove me! I feed and rub well at 50 cents per day," advertised M. C. Cayce, whose sales stable was on "Main street near the Market House." He added: "Hacks buggies and horses to hire at all hours of the day and night."

An excellent location, apparently, was that of W. M. Maddox, who operated a livery stable "at the northeast corner of the Exchange building." He advertised "Horses, carriages and buggies to hire at all times, and horses kept at livery on the following terms: Horse feed (single) 25c; horses kept by day, @ 50c; by week @ \$2.50; by month @ \$10."

D. Cockrell, operator of a livery stable near Main and Monroe, proudly stated: "I can furnish the visitor to the city, or the resident public, with as fine a BUGGY AND HORSE AND COACH AND PAIR kets, as can be found in any city in the Union."

DARK and cloudy days offered no obstacles for the enterprising photographers of those times.

For the musically inclined, H. M. Grosvenor, at 10 Merchants' Exchange advertised tuneful, melodeons, as well as "pianos in rosewood and mahogany cases."

Brand new, Mr. Grosvenor's ad explained, was "the Cottage Piano, Cahart's improved Melodeon, which makes it a much more valuable instrument than ever before, and can only be appreciated by being heard."

"Dobyn's Daguerrean Gallery" a fashionable style. Sofas, Sofa Beds, No. 60 Front Row, proudly announced itself as a place "Where you can get the best of pictures taken in any kind of weather. Children's likenesses taken in from one to three seconds."

A fine line of candles was offered by Prescott & Ford, manufacturers of soap and candles, whose agents were I. N. and A. D. Hinkle at No. 5 Exchange Buildings and No. 72 Front Row. The factory was operated by Oscar F. Prescott and James Ford.

C. Borner, boot and shoe maker at No. 26 Jefferson Street, announced that he "Keeps on hand the best quality of French and Philadelphia calfskins, Morocco, patent leather and goat skins, which he manufactures to order, in the most fashionable and durable manner."

THE tombstone makers seemed to be doing a land-office business, for many of them advertised. John White's Marble Yard on Adams Street, between Main and Front Row, offered: "All kinds of Stone Work, Monuments, Tombs, Head and Foot Stones. A large supply of WHITE MARBLE kept constantly on hand. All orders for anything in this line will be promptly attended to."

William Vaughn's Marble Yards, on Main street, opposite the Gayoso House, advertised "Tombs, monuments, Head and Foot Stones and all kinds of Stone Work furnished on the shortest notice."

George Flaherty, "undertaker and coffin maker," on Second near Union, proudly announced that "He has a Cenotaph in the City Cemetery, for the accommodation of his customers; his personal attention is given to all orders."

Undertaker's service also was supplied by C. K. Holst, who operated a cabinet and upholstery shop on Main between Monroe and Union, manufacturing his own cases.

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Among other articles for the up-to-date 1849 home, he advertised: "Cabinet furniture of the most

a fashionable style. Sofas, Sofa Beds, No. 60 Front Row, proudly announced itself as a place "Where you can get the best of pictures taken in any kind of weather. Children's likenesses taken in from one to three seconds."

Likewise, the ad of L. W. Cook, general dealer in Piano Fortes, Melodeons and Furniture" on Main street between Adams and Jefferson, offered:

"Sofas, Ottomans, Hair, Cloth and Cane Seat Rocking Chairs; Looking Glasses and Picture Frames suitable for parlors; Marble Top Center and Dressing Tables, Bureaus, etc. In short, everything of the kind—all of which we will sell cheap for CASH."

ODDEST ad in the old 1849 City Directory is that of George W. Saffrans, of No. 96 Front Row, a wholesale dealer in stoves, copper and sheet metal goods. It pictures an old-fashioned, four-legged iron cook stove, several utensils—and a fine copper whisky still, complete with copper "worm" and boiler!

NEGRO WOMAN, 127, EXPIRES IN DALLAS
The Associated Press
Dallas, Jan. 11.—Rebecca Solomon, said by relatives to have been 127 years old, died today. She was born in Mississippi in 1812, the daughter of a negro slave and an Indian woman.

WAGON MAKING, BLACKSMITHING &c., &c.

I. H. ALEXANDER,

MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE GAYOSO LIVERY STABLE.



Is carrying on the above business, in all its various branches, and is prepared to fill any orders in his line with promptness. His work of every kind is executed in the best and most durable manner, being manufactured of the very best material.

Wagons or other vehicles in his line made or repaired at the shortest notice. He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

BLACKSMITHING AND FENCE

Railing Manufactory.

MEANS & STEWART.

Have taken the shop at the corner of Main and Washington, (formerly occupied by J. Allen,) where they are carrying on the



GEORGE W. SAFFARANS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Stoves,

GRATES,

CASTINGS,

Holloware,

Sheet Iron,



Manufacturer

of

PLAIN AND

JAPANNED

TIN WARE.

Copper and Sheet Iron ware, &c. &c.

NO. 96, FRONT ROW,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

These advertisements from the Memphis City Directory of 1849, the first ever issued, are typical of many others. Note the wagon shop opposite the Gayoso Hotel's livery stable, also that George W. Saffarans pictures a genuine copper whisky still in his advertisement. There was no Federal liquor law then

The New Year Is His 100th



Post Staff Photo

"UNCLE FRANK" WHITTED, born into Southern slavery in 1840, celebrated his 100th birthday anniversary there yesterday with a big cake that was topped by 100 candles. "Uncle Frank" seems more interested in the cutting than the counting

Former Slave Dies, Body Lies In State

OXFORD, Miss., (AP)—"Mammy Callie," born Carolina Barr in slavery just 100 years ago, died Saturday at the Faulkner estate where she had lived since shortly after the end of the Civil War. Sunday she lay in state in the drawing room of William Faulkner, noted southern novelist, who described her as "a fount not only of authority and information but of affection, respect and security."

The Weekly Watchtower

By L. D. WRIGHT

Daily used
William Faulkner, A Southern Writer, Pays Tribute To Ex-Slave Who Had Served His Family For Many Years.

OXFORD, Miss.—"Mammy" Callie, 100-year-old former slave, lay in state today in the drawing room of the ante-bellum home of William Faulkner, novelist, who described her as "a fount not only of authority and information but of affection, respect and security."

Prior to the burial services Mr. Faulkner, author of many novels of the South, praised her "devotion and fidelity."

"She surrendered her destiny to a family," he said in part. "That family accepted and made some appreciation of it. As surely as there is a heaven, Mammy will be in it."

Born in 1840 and christened Carolina Barr, "Mammy Callie" came to the Faulkners a few years after the Civil War. There she remained until her death yesterday.

Sulligent, Ala., News
February 8, 1940

100-YEAR-OLD FORMER SLAVE, BURIED FROM NOVELIST'S HOME

"Mammy Callie," 100-year-old ex-slave, died Saturday and was buried Sunday from the home of Novelist William Faulkner, who acknowledged her as "a fount not only of authority and information, but of affection, respect and security."

Born in 1840 in Pontotoc County, he was christened Caroline Barr. he remained on the Barr plantation until "after the surrender" in the War Between the States, and then moved to Oxford in the employ of the late Col. Barr.

One day nearly 50 years ago she came to the residence of the late Murray G. Faulkner. "Mammy Callie" adopted the family and lived with it until her death.

She lay in state Sunday in the drawing room of the ante-bellum residence. White friends mourned her while Negroes sang spirituals.

Faulkner, author of many turbulent novels of the South, said in his tribute, "as oldest of my late father's family, I might be called her master, but that situation never

existed between "Mammy" and me. She reared all of us from childhood. She stood as a fount not only of authority and information but of affection, respect and security. She was one of my first associates.

"She was a character of devotion and fidelity. She asked no odds and accepted the handicaps of her lot, making the best of her few advantages."

"She surrendered her destiny to a family. That family accepted and made some appreciation of it. She was paid for the devotion she gave but that is only money. As surely as there is a heaven, Mammy will be in it."

Next to fishing Mammy Callie liked best to talk, and talk.

Mrs. Lawrence Whitson and her friend, Miss Nancy Crowder, of Birmingham, were the recent guests of Mrs. Whitson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom S. Dorroh.

Negro, 106, Obtains Car Tags, Returns To Stump Pulling

INDIANAPOLIS—(AP)—A 1926 sedan halted in front of an automobile license office today, a Negro alighted and entered the building.

"Your name?" inquired Lawrence J. Section, office manager. "Jerry Patterson," the applicant replied.

"Age?"
"106."
That was too much for Section, but Patterson was prepared. He produced previous driver's licenses, hunting and fishing permits and other credentials attesting that his age is 106. He obtained his first driver's license when he was 95.

After Patterson departed with his 1940 tags a reporter went to the place where the elderly Negro lives alone. A neighbor explained Patterson's absence:

"Oh, he's at work. He helping a man pull up tree stumps."

SLAVERY- 1940

SLAVE AUCTIONS COMMON

Ad In 1844 Tells of Sale of Negroes

In Memphis, Tenn. Slave auctions were common in Memphis in the days before the Civil War, as indicated by this typical advertisement from The Memphis Appeal of Jan. 5, 1844:

NEGROES AT AUCTION!

We will sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder, CASH, on Friday, the 5th inst. at 12 o'clock, in front of the Exchange, several likely negro BOYS AND GIRLS, from 12 to 22 years of age; among whom are good house servants—all of which are warranted to be sound and healthy. Title indisputable and fully guaranteed.

W. F. HUGHES & CO.

Atlanta, Ga. Journal

December 22, 1940

Ex-Slave Group To Meet Tuesday

The ExSlave Association, which seeks to help former slaves and aged colored people of Atlanta and Fulton County, will stage its twenty-third anniversary meeting in the chapel of the Holmes Institute Tuesday at 11 a. m.

At this time Christmas gifts will be presented to those aged persons who are too feeble to earn their livelihood. The Rev. J. T. Wilkerson, retired A. M. E. minister, will preach the anniversary sermon, and the Rev. B. R. Holmes, founder of the association, will review the history of the organization. Songs by the ex-slaves and a prayer service will close the program.

Donations for the aged members are being received at 376 Bedford Place, N. E. Not only cash gifts but clothing, shoes, blankets and groceries will be welcomed.

White Wives Resented Slave Girls If They Were Pretty

The fact that President Thomas Jefferson's white wife died when he was but 39 years old made impossible for her the jealousy of pretty slave girls that marred the marital happiness of many white women of that day.

True stories of marital disturbances prevalent in Jefferson's period follow:

A white Congressman who had a child by a colored woman not belonging to him would have bought the child were it not for his wife.

Patted Girl's Chin

In another instance, a white planter came home and patted a beautiful colored slave woman under the chin. His wife rushed down, caught the woman by the hair and pummeled her face. Then the slaveholder was summoned and the husband had to sell the woman.

Mistress vs. Fiancee

In New Orleans, a lawyer, a native of New York, had as mistress for seven years a beautiful colored girl while courting an accomplished white woman. When he married his new white mistress required him to discard her black colleague and the colored girl became a maniac.

Slave Girl Had Servants

A man, who for many years, slave-traded from Virginia to Mississippi and Louisiana, had made enough money for good social standing and decided to marry.

He had, for years, kept a beautiful colored woman in a richly furnished home with servants to wait on her, and her babies were rocked in a mahogany cradle, she believing that they were all free and would inherit their father's wealth.

One dark night they were surprised in their slumbers, gagged, put on board a steamboat and carried to New Orleans and sold. The bride knew all of this.

Why White Women Endured

Why did Southern white wom-

en endure all of this? One English gentleman in Charleston, S.C., put it this way:

"Few white girls would refuse a white man who possessed a goodly number of slaves, even though they were sure that his affections would be shared by the best looking of the colored females, and his conduct towards the remainder that of a very demon."

Another traveler remarked:

"The Southern white woman, if she is prodigally furnished with dollars to go shopping, apparently considers it no drawback to her happiness if some brilliant colored girl ensnares her husband."

"Of course, there are exceptions, but the usage is so engrained in society that it elicits little or no comment."

Pilgrims Visit Martyr's Grave For 18th Time

150 Visit John Brown's Grave; Phila. Doctor Composes Poem

LAKE PLACID, N. Y.—A special feature of the observance of the 140th anniversary of the birth of John Brown, famous Abolitionist martyr, here on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week, was an address given by Lomar Epps, local colored citizen, who is in his hundredth year and who not only knew John Brown, but ate with him and sang at his funeral in 1859.

Dr. John W. Shirley, of Philadelphia, read a poem of his own composition entitled, "The Pilgrims March," which elicited much applause. "Pilgrims" from Philadelphia and Norristown, Pa.; Baltimore, Md.; and Lake Placid, all members of the John Brown Memorial Association, were present at the celebration.

On Wednesday evening the Cham-

ber of Commerce banqueted the visitors. Mayor Dr. George C. Owens presented them with the keys to the city.

The ceremonies of laying the wreaths on the graves of John Brown, and those who died with him during the Harper's Ferry episode took place on the John Brown Farm on Thursday afternoon, with the Mayor of Lake Placid delivering the welcoming address.

The ceremonies were climaxed by a concert in which was featured "The Progress of the Negro Since Emancipation," at which time papers were read on: (1) "The Negro Woman's Contribution to Race Progress," by Mrs. Grace Barbage of Norristown; (2) "The Negro's Progress in Medicine and Allied Sciences," by Dr. W. Harcine and (3) "The Negro's Progress in Art and Music," by Clarence Monroe. Addresses were also given on "The Negro's Progress in Education" by Dr. G. Lake Imes; "The Negro's Progress in Morals and Religion," by Rev. William J. Harvey, 3rd; "The Negro's Progress in Law and Politics," by Irving T. Nutt, attorney. The Lake Placid Glee Club (white), directed by Rev. Malcolm F. Kelley supplied the music, including the spirituals. Dr. Robert W. Henry presided.

Among others who participated on the programs were: Dr. J. Max Barber, president of the John Brown Memorial Association; John C. Temple, H. L. Garren, and H. W. Hicks, executive secretary of the Lake Placid Club.

EX-SLAVES PRAY WE STAY AT PEACE
Group Ranging in Age From 90 to 107 Holds 23d Christmas Reunion

SING SONGS OF THE '60'S
Descendants of Their Old Masters Send Them Home With Sacks of Provender

DEC 25 1940
Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.
ATLANTA, Dec. 24—Men whom war freed from bondage prayed here today that this country shall remain at peace. Old, bent and shaking, twenty-seven former Negro slaves, ranging in years from 90 to 107, met as they have for twenty-

three years on Christmas Eve for their annual reunion.

With croaking voices they sang the melodies they had heard in the cotton fields when they were pickanninies, and in quavering notes they prayed to the only "old Marster" that is left to them to keep their land free from strife.

The group represented the Ex-Slave Association of Atlanta and Fulton County, Georgia. Most of them are still being supported by the descendants of their masters of three-quarters of a century ago.

They met at Holmes Institute a Negro school, and many of them were taken there by the grandchildren and the great-grandchildren of the men and women who owned them long ago.

At first they just sat and talked of how, on Christmas mornings in the long ago, they went with their parents from the slave cabins to the big house on the hill. And how they bobbed a knee and called "Christmus gif, massa," "Christmus gif, missis" and how there was always a bolt of red calico and a pair of shoes for the older ones; an orange and a stick of candy for the pickanninies and a dram of "old marster's" best for the aged ones whose bones were beginning to feel the cold.

Aunt Matilda Moore told how "the rory bory alice" blazed in the sky and the slaves saw it and were afraid, though some among them read it as a sign that their freedom was at hand.

Alec Camp told how "de daylight was skeered outen him" when he heard the first far-off boom of cannon shelling Atlanta, and how he crept into a fence corner and hid when the first foraging party in dust-stained blue came jingling up to the big house seeking food.

After they had talked a while, peering with dim eyes at the sacks of food and clothing around a twinkling Christmas tree, they fell silent as the Rev. G. T. Wilkenson, himself born in bondage, preached the reunion sermon.

"The young may die," he said, "but the old is got to die and for most of us it won't be long," he told them.

After they had sung "Swing Low, Sweet Charity"; "Down by the Riverside" and other old-time songs the group, led by the Rev. B. R. Holmes, president of Holmes Institute, prayed that now and forever this country will know peace, and that never again will its men march off to fight.

Then they shouldered the Christmas sacks that had been prepared for them by the white folks, big sacks of corn meal and flour and side meat, with a little salt and sugar and coffee and an apple and orange or two.

They sang one more song, "That Good Old Time Religion," and went home.

Ex-Slave At 102 Still Remembers Joy Of Slaves When Freedom Came

By JOSEPH WOODS

That oh—I—feel—so—unnecessary idea sort of gets the best of Mrs. Cheyney Chestnut Brown when she sits in her green plush-backed chair at 1332 Lombard street.

But Mrs. Brown (she's an ex-slave from Darlington, S. C.) doesn't spend her entire sedentary life in this green plush chair; so, perhaps, the old mahogany critter might not be at fault—perhaps. And then again—well . . .

You see, Mrs. Brown's chair has one of those heckling moveable seats, covered with green plush also, and provokingly hard to keep from sliding around, if you don't sit squarely on it. Can Mrs. Brown? But that later; the seat now.

Chair Baffles Interviewer

The smooth wood of its underside next to the smooth wood of the chair—well, it's just like the pond in the winter when the ice is hardest and smoothest; impossible, if you can't skate.

And so far as Mrs. Brown's chair and sliding seat are concerned, NOBODY can skate, except, of course, Mrs. Brown. Accordingly, while you waited for her (and she's young in this respect), you mindfully and shamefacedly put on a free show for her son-in-law, Genton Sinva.

Genton, she told you later, is the husband of her youngest daughter—"the last button off Abraham's jacket"—with whom she lives in a second-floor apartment.

But now, Genton was smiling at your efforts to sit on the front edge of the push seat—failure; on the side—failure; on the back edge—failure; in the middle—failure. . . .

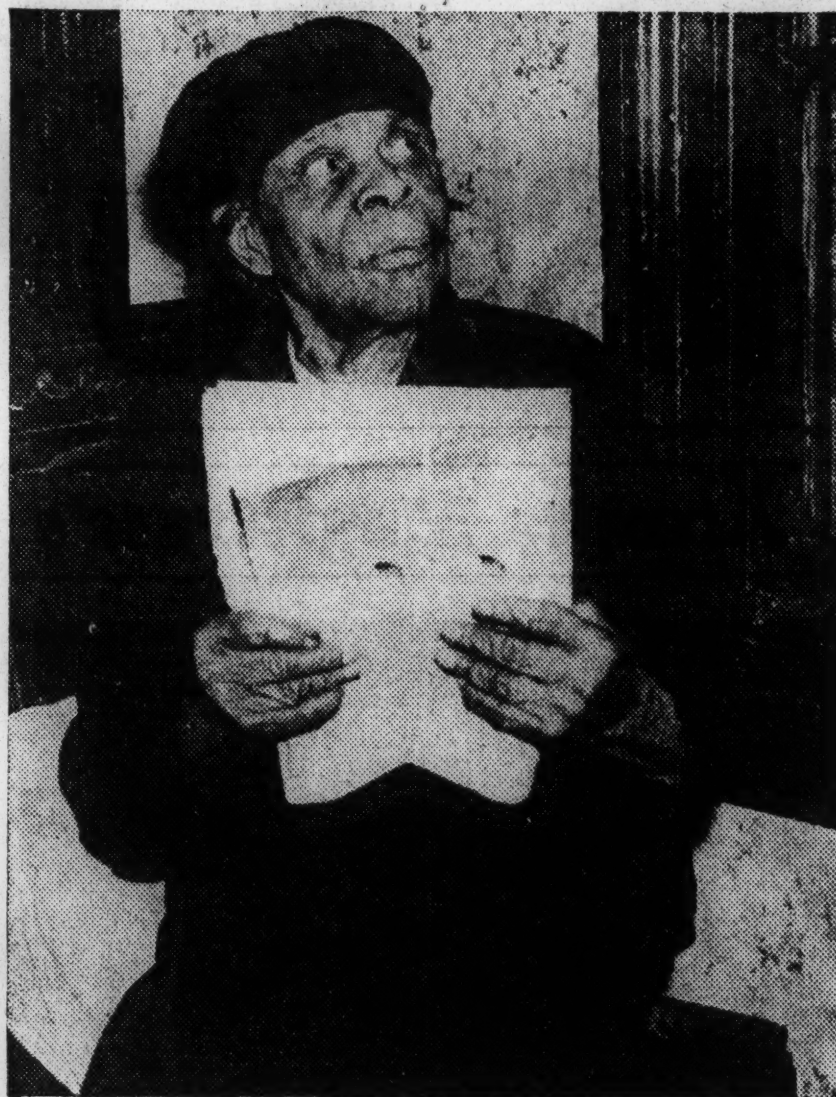
Perhaps he knew something about this—er—temper tester—no? His theory: Sit down squarely on the cushioned bottom, if you can, and— But here was Mrs. Brown, ready to take her favorite seat. Why, certainly, madame; it's all yours and no fooling, really.

She took it with shaming ease, without anything like exasperation, and no sliding around. That's what 102 years and a little patience will do for you; perhaps, you'd better throw in a little practice, too.

25 at Emancipation

Consequently, even if it is irreverent, there is reason to doubt her when she summarizes her usefulness (or uselessness) to society, and Genton and the "last button . . ." in:

"Oh, I ain't nothin'. Just here in



MRS. CHEYNEY CHESTNUT BROWN, 102, and threads her own needles.

good folks' way."

But, at 102, what is one expected to do? Split rails? Oh, no; but before the rheumatism last year she used to attend regularly the Rising Sun Baptist Church. And it was no riding the trolley for her, although car 40 passes right by her door. She walked back, too. . . .

And then, ladylike, she became glib; but she is an old-timer, because no one (female) tells her age now—days, except, maybe, those who are 16 or 28 (the unchangeable). However, she has a system of mathematics and a way of associating events

that bring her right up to date.

"I was 25 when 'Mancipation' came. But before that old man John Witherspoon (the plantation owner) died. His wife was named Betsy, you know. Well, when he died, that was one time I cried over white folks. I'd never done that before, and I haven't done it since.

"All of us cried, he was such a nice old man. His wife was just as nice, and we liked her, too; but not as much as the old man."

Nine "Head" of Children

Now, what female born at the beginning of, during the middle of, or

at the end of the first World War would have done as much for you? Don't answer; it's not necessary.

Maybe, Mrs. Brown told her age because she thought the way she had handled her green-cushioned chair would have exposed her, anyway. Certainly, at least three score years would be necessary to master that thing—or go crazy.

There was a sure indication that son-in-law Genton had not been trying to master it, because he was very sane in helping her over such rough spots as: how many children did she have? How many grand and great-grand children? How long had she been in Philadelphia?

"I had a dozen head," she had ventured, but, falling back on her system of infallible mathematics, she found that there had been only nine, including "Henry's mother" and the "last button off Abraham's jacket." There had been two girls and seven boys.

"Math" failed on the grandchildren count, however; and the nearest she could get to the actual figure was "so many I can't count them." She has two great grandchildren. And so back to "Mancipation."

"When news came that we were free, we just jump up and down. Didn't know what it was all about, but we jumped anyway. After that, the war ended. I think it was in March, if I don't make a mistake."

But she had, however, it was excusable because she had missed it only by one month. Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox Courthouse April 9, 1865.

Takes Life Philosophically

She married at the age of 27, came to Philadelphia in 1928, lived at 314 Kater street with Genton and Mary, and moved with them to the Lombard street house.

Although she hadn't exactly been fond of her work before "Mancipation"—plowing, hoeing, and "picking garden"—she later to be entirely inactive, not even taking her customary short walks and going to church, but the rheumatism. . . .

She contended that she still does "a little patching and something like that," while Genton shook his head affirmatively. "And I thread my own needle, too."

Then, waving her hand toward the sky, "I ain't got no right to grumble. Big Pop up there looking out for me."

Courtin', The Colored Way

Memoirs Of ExSlave Tell How He Took Course In

High Language, *Memphis, Tenn*
By T. H. ALEXANDER

(Note: The following is one chapter from a manuscript written by Rev. Spencer C. Moore Of Nashville, an aged negro who was born a slave in 1855 or 1856 on the Alabama plantation of the famed Bankhead family, one of whose sons is now speaker of the National House of Representatives and another is in the United States Senate. He was told about Uncle Spencer last fall by a case worker, the old man being in relief. I was so interested in his voluminous manuscripts that recently I called at Speaker Bankhead's office in Washington and attempted to find more about the old negro who had represented himself as a close friend of the Bankhead family. Upon my return to Tennessee, I was grieved to learn that Uncle Spencer had died suddenly of heart disease on the day after Christmas.—T. H. A.)

THE place is near Macon, Miss. The time about 1870. This chapter is titled "The First Going Out in the Social Circle." The words from now on are from the pen of Spencer C. Moore:



Mr. Alexander

Having by this time been styled as a smart boy, a champion singer and a songster, and the speller, the young men of the neighborhood began to beg my parents to let me go down in Alabama to sing bass and drone, so that their choir could get the prize at the big singing.

My father, who knew the quality folks because he had been coachman during slavery for Master John Bankhead*, knew the value of such sings and was proud of my reputation. So he said, "Spencer, if you will chop out this cut of two acres of cotton today, I will go to Macon and buy you some nice clothes so you can go to the camp meeting." So I chopped out the task given and my father went to town and bought me what he called a nice suit. It was one of the relics of the Civil War—the coat a navy blue with eagle buttons and frock-tailed. Mr. John Bankhead gave him a tall beaver hat for me.

My father bore this bundle proudly home. I did not know how to put on a coat, but he helped me. All the family stood around and admired my getup. My father said "Mother, he looks like a dirt dauber. don't

tracted to the great pie of meat in the smokehouse, seven tiers high—hams, shoulders, dried beef and other meats produced on the plantation. I asked Frank for a piece of meat to carry to my mother. He said all right if I could hide it until I got out of the yard. So I stuffed it in the front of my shirt as a possum carries her young.

When I got home my mother was afraid I had stolen it from the white folks and she began to scold me. But I explained how I got the meat and my father said, "Son, daddy's gwine give you a harp and a box of fire crackers if he live," and my mammy said, "Mose, dat boy is jist like you."

I went on to Uncle Green's and when he saw the tobacco he drew back and said, "Boy, whar did you get this manafack?" I told him Doctor Frank gave it to me for blacking his brass-toed boots.

Uncle Green was delighted. He called Aunt Caroline to "come see what Renia's boy brought me—de best tobacco ever made in Mobile."

He took his pipe of brown clay having smoked it so long it favored him and then he called me out in the orchard and asked me if I had good 'membrence? I told him he'd only have to tell me things once. So he began:

"When yo' gits to de gal's house say good morning or good evening as de case might be and den ask de old folks would you low me de privilege to have a talk wid de gal wid good manners and good behavior?" Good manners and good behavior was the pass word in those days—they would pass you in any colored family.

"Den," continued Uncle Green, "having entered into de room amongst de gals, find if de gal you wishes to converse wid is single or married. You must do dat in dis way: You say, 'Lord, Lord, dear kind miss, is you a flying lark or is you a settin' dove?' Should she say she is a flying lark, dat means she aint married. So you says, 'Thank you, dear kind miss' and you den begins yo' conversation wid a rebus, saying:

"Lord, Lord, dear kind miss—Jes' iike de vine grow around de stump,

I choose you fer my sugar lump." "Den de gal will thank you for your admiration. And den yo' say: 'Lord, Lord, dear kind miss, if you would see only three apples on dis beautiful apple tree, two green ones at de bottom and a fine red one at de top, which one would you choose? Den de lady would say, 'Oh, I reckon I'd choose de red one at de top.' And den you say, 'Oh,

I see you is looking for a higher bush and a sweeter berry.' And she say, 'Oh, no mister, I would not slight you for anything.' And den you be sho' to say, 'Thank you, ma'am'."

"Den you must say to de young lady, 'Behold, I come like a hickory stick bent double leaving not a bit of trouble; that I come more ways than any common negro and that behold I am like a lonesome dove way down in lonesome valley—stretchers for lame ducks and spectacles for blind spiders.'"

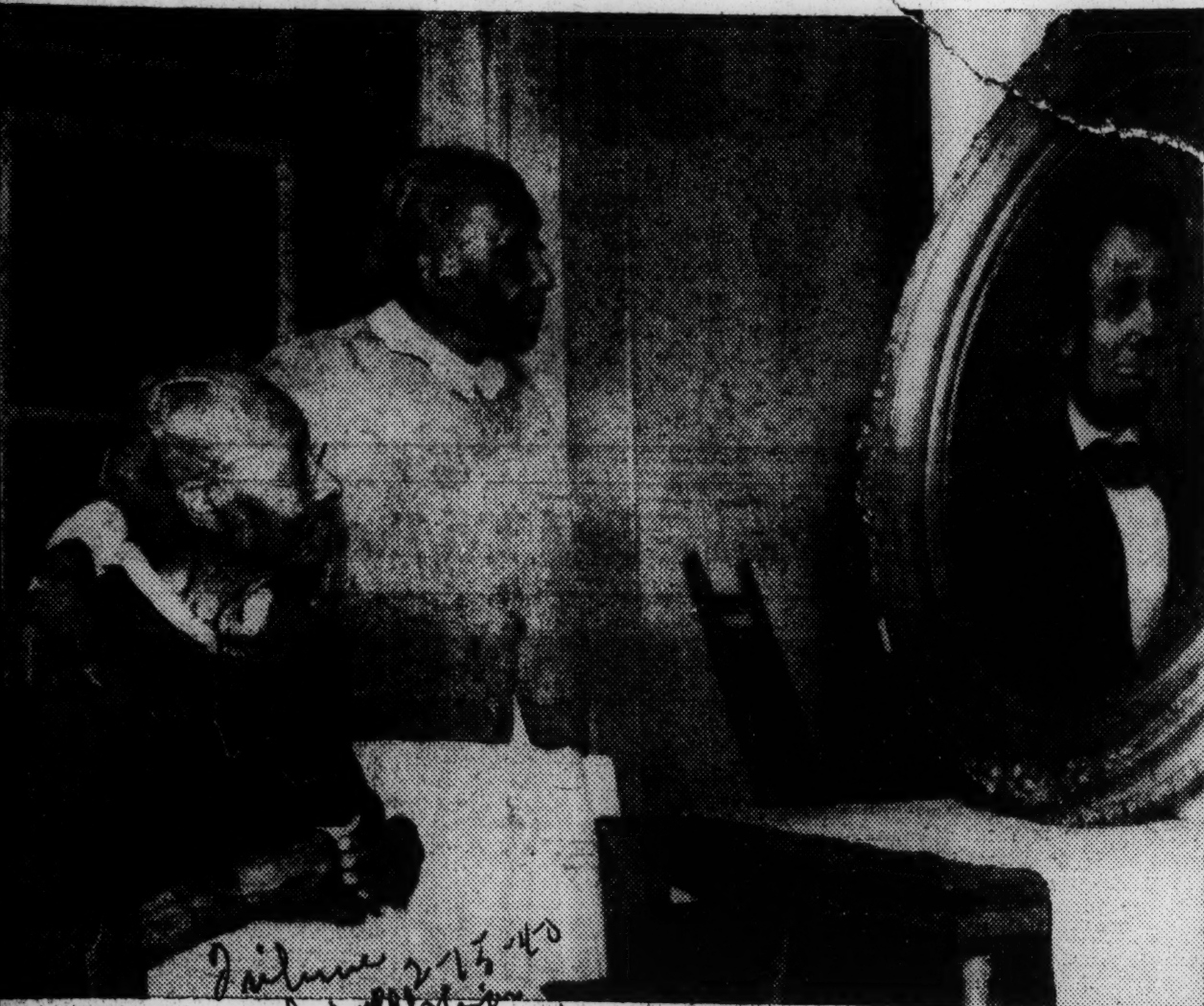
Uncle Green then pronounced me graduated and gave me a luck bag telling me no young lady could conquer me. So at last I was ready to go with the Bethel choir to the great meeting 15 miles away. (Uncle Spencer got to the meeting where he was a seven-day wonder, being proclaimed variously as a "black Yankee" or perhaps one who "bore a message from Abraham Lincoln." His blue coat won special admiration and caused him to meet a young woman whom he poetically described as "the bright angel of Tombigbee River.")

Former Slave, 100,

Dies In Mississippi

OXFORD, Miss., Feb. (ANP)—"Mammy Callie," born Caroline Barr in slavery just 10 years ago, died Saturday at the Faulkner estate where she had lived since shortly after the end of the Civil War. Sunday she lay in state in the drawing room of William Faulkner, noted southern novelist, who described as "a fount not only of authority and information but of affection, respect and security."

Former Slaves, They Pay Homage



Failure 2-23-40
Phyllis Pollitt
Par
 Mrs. Jennie Jacobs (left), 90, and Mrs. Phyllis Pollitt, 99, inmates of the Colored Old Folks' Home, 44th street and Girard avenue, as they prepared to celebrate the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. Both are former slaves. Mrs. Pollitt is a native of North Carolina, where she was born in slavery; Mrs. Jacobs was freed from the state of Delaware.

JUDGE TANEY SAID DRED SCOTT WAS NO CITIZEN; WAS PIECE OF PROPERTY

In 1857, in the state of Missouri, through the United States Supreme court, was handed down one of the greatest decisions in history, pertaining particularly to the Negro. Some historians have felt that it was of sufficient "dynamiting power" to have started the Civil War. Others felt that it was just another incident in the life of an oppressed minority.

That was the famous DRED SCOTT CASE.

It seems that there was a cer-

brother-in-law. Mrs. Emerson, because no provision was left in the will, could not liberate the slaves. Neither could she sell them to any one who might go to another territory.

Naturally Dred Scott's predicament came to the attention of those who did not believe in slavery. Somebody planned a test case. Suit was brought in the state circuit court of St. Louis, and judgment was given in favor of Scott. Then on writ of error, indicating that some mistake had been made, the case was returned to the state circuit court and ordered for retrial.

Scott contended that he, his wife and Eliza and Lizzie had been assaulted by Sanford.

The Supreme Court received the case. Sanford, as was expected, denied the allegations. Five of the nine justices were southerners, the decision was seven for Supreme Justice Taney and two against.

Taney ruled that: the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution do not include or refer to Negroes other than as property; that Negroes cannot become American citizens nor sue for freedom in Federal courts; that the case was one for Missouri's justice to decide; that the Missouri Compromise act of 1820 and like prohibitory laws are unconstitutional; that the circuit court had no jurisdiction in the case, could give no judgment there-to, and must dismiss the case.

PLAINLY JUSTICE TANEY FELT THAT THE supreme court had no case to consider, since Scott was comparable to chattel. Scott was liberated, with his family, by the family of Taylor Blow, in 1857. Scott's case was not as great as the "shot heard around the world," but it did have a certain repercussion. It gave reason for certain arguments. First, the Negroes were doomed to a life of degradation if the decision should be followed. It meant that the more progressive states, where Negroes were even voting, would change their points-of-view. Rumors were heard that slavery would become widespread.

It remained, then, for Lincoln, in 1856, to give the final and deciding blow against this dread institution.

—Photos by courtesy Star-Times.



Dred Scott



Justice Taney

tain Dr. John Emerson, a surgeon in the United States army, who was the owner of Dred Scott. Scott, like thousands of other slaves, could neither read nor write. This was in 1834.

Dr. Scott, in 1836, came to Rock Island, Ill., and later to a point in Wisconsin, where he kept Scott still as a slave. Illinois was free territory, as well as Wisconsin.

Romance entered the life of Scott and his wife, Harriet, was purchased from a Major Taliaferro, who belonged to the army at Fort Snelling. This was in 1838. Their marriage was agreed to and, later, two children were born. Eliza was born on free territory and Lizzie in Missouri. In 1838 the physician moved his family and the slaves to Missouri. In 1844 he died.

The slaves were left to John F. A. Sanford. New Yorker, Emerson's

Uncle Bras Knows About War--Fought On Both Sides

By KATHRYN TUCKER

THOMASVILLE, ALA., Aug. 25.—

Uncle Bras Jackson knows all about the War Between the States—he fought on both sides. Of course, he admits reluctantly, he wasn't in any battles; he was conscripted to throw up breastworks in Mobile, later made his way north where he cooked and shined boots for the Yankee soldiers, and before the war closed was south of the Mason-Dixon line again lending his services to the Confederates.

Uncle Bras doesn't have much to do these days except sit in the shade of his cabin and entertain visitors with tales of those days, tales of slavery, the war and reconstruction.

"Yessir," he'll say, "they sold me for \$1,000. And look at me now—I ain't worth a quarter. Then he launch into an account of the day he was placed on the block for sale. He recalls all the details vividly: the feel of the wooden block under his bare feet, the suspense of not knowing who would buy him, the heat, the drone of the auctioneer's voice, the bids of the planters. He was young, 16 or 17, and the price he brought pleased him.

His new master, Bob Jackson, put him to work in the field. He worked hard in the daytime, but at night he went courting on the adjoining Pate plantation.

In those days a slave had to have a written permit to leave his master's plantation at night, and on one occasion Bras failed to observe this formality. He dressed up in brand new pants, slicked his hair and went sauntering off to see his lady love. He hadn't gone far when a member of the patrol ("pattyroll" to him) stopped him and asked to see his pass.

Headed For Swamp

Bas jumped into the nearest thicket and headed for the swamp. Before he had gone a mile he heard the "nigger hounds" on his trail.

"Seemed like they was saying:

'How old is he?

Eighteen or 19.

We'll catch him.'

"And I shore run. But they kept gaining on me so finally I just clumb the tallest tree I could find. Time I got to the top them dogs was baying at the foot. I set real still and thought they'd go away, but they didn't and pretty soon the pattyroll come. They throwed their guns on me and hollered, 'Come on down!' I came. When

I got near 'bout to the ground, the catch hounds got me. They tore them new plants plumb off me. Tore me, too. I thought they'd eat me up before the pattyroll called 'em off.

"So that gal didn't get to see me all dolled up. Fact is she didn't never see me again; the war broke out."

Young Bras was conscripted and carried down the Alabama on a steamboat to Mobile. He was a member of the labor brigade which hauled sand in wheelbarrows to cover the powder magazines. The buildings had plank runways from the ground to the roof on both sides, and the negroes would push the full wheelbarrow up one side, empty it and go down the other side.

When this task was completed, Bras made his way north to sample the life of the Union army. He wasn't overly pleased with the Yankees and soon returned South.

In 1865 the army aide was mustered out at Montgomery, a free man but penniless. Lower Peach Tree was a long way off. Steamboats needed help though, and Bras made arrangements to work his way back home.

"Lord, I don't never want to work on a steamboat again. I'd put a sack of salt on my shoulder and start up the gangplank and that thing would just bounce up and down, up and down. Looked like it was just trying to throw me in that river. When I got to Peach Tree, I tore out up them steps and ain't never wanted to see a steamboat again."

Then Bras began his career as a farmer and as a husband, marrying Charlotte Phillips whom he wooed with miraculous tales of his life in the armies.

Yankee carpet baggers didn't fool Bras. "I didn't trust 'em," he says. "They sold other niggers them 'land stakes,' but I was too smart."

Gypsy Fooled Him

"Tell you who did near 'bout fool me though was a Gypsy woman. I was riding along on my horse one day, and I met a buggy with two men and a woman in it. The woman got out and says, 'Is you got a dime?' And I says, 'Maybe.' And she says, 'Put it in my hand, and I'll give you good luck. I'll give it back to you.'

"So I give her the dime, and she held it in her hand and said some words over it and handed it back. Then she say, 'Give me \$2 and I'll give you some more luck. I'll give it back.' So I give it to her, and she closed her hand over it and got in the buggy.

"I hollered for her to give me back

my money, and she just laughed. Then I got so mad and hollered so loud I must have scared 'em 'cause she threw it down in the road and shouted, 'You'll have bad luck all your life!' I bet I've had better luck than she is. Sho' do."

And that's the end of another of Uncle Bras' favorite tales.

The 97-year-old negro lives by himself now in a cabin on the Tom Williams place, near Lower Peach Tree. His three wives are all dead, and he's looking for another one. Not that he's scared to stay by himself (he doesn't believe in ghosts or spirits or spells), he just wants somebody to wait on him and cook for him. "Reason I've lived so long is my wives was such good cooks. If I don't find me another one soon I might not live many more years."

Still Goes Courtin'

Uncle Bras is spry enough to do a lot of courting. He spends nearly every Saturday afternoon in Thomasville walking about talking to people on the streets and joking with the colored belles.

In fact he's spry enough to go 'possum hunting. He went several times last Winter, and he expects to go more this year.

He attends church regularly too. "I've been in and out of the church all my life. They turns me out and takes me back in and turns me out and takes me back in. But I'm in to stay now. Mount Maria Baptist is my church. I'll be there Sunday to hear the choir sing 'Amazing Grace.' It's my favorite song."

Uncle Bras' grandparents were brought over on a slave ship from Africa. He remembers hearing that they were lured aboard with pieces of bright red ribbon.

Sitting and remembering occupy most of Uncle Bras' time now. It's no trouble at all for him to look out for the chickens he raises. He feeds the chickens out of the Williams' crib and then sells the fowls to them, a perfect set-up as far as Uncle Bras is concerned—especially since fried chicken is his favorite food.

But he would like to have a woman to cook it good for him.



BROUGHT A THOUSAND DOLLARS once but not worth a quarter now is what ex-slave, now almost a hundred years old, says about himself.

Ex-Slave, Now Preacher, Says He's For Willkie

ELWOOD, Ind. — (ANP) Rev. Barney Stone of Noblesville, Ind., who is 93 years old was a former slave in Kentucky, visited Wendell L. Willkie notification headquarters Thursday and made a pledge to vote for the Republican presidential candidate in the name of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Born in Kentucky, Rev. Stone

ran away from slavery to join the Union army in 1864 after seeing his mother sold. He served until the war ended, then entered the Baptist ministry and still preaches an occasional sermon.

Two years ago he was taken to Gettysburg for the first Union-Confederate reunion and as he stood on the spot where Lincoln made his famous address, Rev. Stone was moved to deliver a combination oration and sermon which lasted an hour and brought him hundreds of listeners.

On his visit here Thursday he wore his brass buttoned uniform with a score of badges above his heart. He feels pretty well, he said, "but not what you'd call good."

THADDEUS STEVENS — COMMONER AND FOE OF SLAVERY

By ANGELO HERNDON (CNA)

Thaddeus Stevens, great American emancipation, 'suffrage,' 'amnesty,' patriot and sworn enemy of slavery and reconstruction had supplemented was regarded by the men of wealth all men are created equal' with "all and influence as the hated "Commoner men continue equal," that the world of Vermont." The title "Commoner" fairly awoke. In that great awakening is a fitting tribute to a man whoing there was one who more than any even in the halls of Congress, never other . . . was mastering spirit and forgot his origin, and who was agenius. I doubt . . . if history will stalwart fighter for emancipation. find more hostile to slavery, more de-

Thaddeus Stevens was born in pov-voted to freedom, more desirous of erty April 4, 1792, in Danville, Ver-happiness and equality for all men, mont. The support and education of than Thaddeus Stevens, surnamed the his family depended almost entirely Great Commoner'." upon his mother whose deep feeling As Speaker of the House, in his first and concern for poor people made address delivered Feb. 20, 1850, lasting impression upon him. With Stevens struck a blow which left the heart-rending struggle of his Southern Senators and Congressmen mother to keep the family going and in a state of bitter anger.

to provide him with an education. When even some of the Northern Stevens was eventually graduated Abolitionists were trying to hold on from Dartmouth College in 1815. to both ends and, at the same time,

The knowledge which he had gain-remain in the middle of the conflict ed through formal education and his over slavery, Stevens minced no strong desire to assist in the cause words in denouncing the Southern for liberation for the oppressed, led states as guilty of conspiring and him into politics 16 years later when plotting insurrection. He called for a he attended the first national Anti-firm and vigorous fight against the Masonic convention at Baltimore, Civils of slavery, and declared: "The September, 1831, which met in oppo-slate is in a state of war with his sition to the rich landowners and cap-master. Why not employ the enemy italists, all of whom were masons. He of our enemy to weaken his power? accepted their nomination and was. . . There is no sound connecting link elected to the State Legislature in the between the aristocrat and the slave. fall of 1833.

True, there is a class of human be- Member of the State Legislature of ings between them; but they are the Pennsylvania, he won the fight formost miserable of mankind. The poor free education for the children of the white laborer is the scorn of the poor as provided in the Pennsylvania slave himself. For slavery always de- Constitution of 1790. But it was ngrades labor. The white people who easy victorly. Everyone in the state work with their hands are ranked of any social standing and influence with the other laborers—the slaves. was in formidable opposition to de-They are ex'uded from the society feat the measure which came up in of the rich. Their associations, if the Legislature in 1834. anywhere, are with the Colored popu-

But when he appeared before the elation." Legislature in support of free educa- From his early yo th down through tion, his logical arguments had at the rise and development of the Anti- sledge hammer effect on the legisla-Masonic Party, the Pennsylvania tors and they were forced to throw Buckshot War, the period of anti- out a petition for repeal. For his un-slavery agitation, the Christian Riots, relenting fight against privilege and Secession, Civil War and Emancipa- wealth, he was called "traitor," "in-tion, Thaddeus Stevens was a tireless surrectionist," and "destroyer" of his warrior for freedom and human lib- country's peace. erty.

He went to Congress in 1850 and He belongs to the stalwart giants later became Speaker of the House of humanity. Even unto his death he and head of the Senate Ways and an-carried high the torch of freedom. He Means Committee. Whatever the crit-wrote his epitaph a short while before ics may say of his life as a Congress-he was buried in a poor man's cem- man, it can never be said that Stevens-tery in Lancaster, which reads:

ever gave up the fight for human "I repose in this quiet and secluded freedom, because all of his life he had spot, not from any natural preference been part of the common people and for solitude, but finding other came- always close to the earth. About histeries limited by charter rules as to services to the nation during his time-ace, I have chosen to illustrate in my in Congress, E. B. Callendor in his death the principles which I have ad- "Life of Thaddeus Stevens," says: vocated through a long life—equality

"Reform bill in England, abolition of man before his of the slave trade, and the like, were

GUEST EDITORIAL

This guest editorial feature is open to all readers, regardless of station or training. The only requisites are clear, concise English and an important message of not more than 250 words.

William Pickens, this week's guest editor, is the field secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. An honor graduate of Yale, Pickens is famous as an educator, orator, lecturer and author.

FORGOTTEN NEGRO HISTORY

The English people of Great Britain, the masses of Englishmen, Welsh and Scotchmen are as much to be credited with the Emancipation of Negro slaves in America as is Abraham Lincoln: Lincoln wrote the Proclamation of Emancipation, but English workingmen prevented the leaders of the British government from siding with the southern states of America and making Emancipation impossible,—perhaps for the next several generations. Because Britain was a democracy and its people could speak out in mass meeting in publication in protest, the government leaders could not ignore the voice of its people. They saved the day for the freedom of the black. —Is there any body or organization or individual in all Germany today that could speak out and prevent the enslavement of African blacks by a victorious Nazidom? You may answer that question yourself.

Lord Palmerston, then at the head of the British government, was about to declare war against the Northern States, which would have won the rebellion of the South. But the great meetings of the British trade-unions and the general attitude of the working class prevented Palmerston from carrying out his intentions. And remember: Theh British people had every material interest in helping the South: If they could have lifted the Northern blockade and received cotton from Georgia and South Carolina for their British mills, those workingmen would have had jobs and money instead of starvation and joblessness. And yet they struck to it that Lincoln was right, after he had announced his Emancipation Proclamation, and that they would CONTINUE TO STARVE if that would help Lincoln to free the blacks. Here was working class idealism at its best,—and it was British.

Many Negroes have forgotten that. Most Negroes have never found it out.

Just a word or two from the message which British workingmen sent from Manchester, England, to Abraham Lincoln, nearly 80 years ago:

"You have procured the liberation of the slaves in the district around Washington . . . You have enforced the laws against the slave trade and kept up your fleet against it . . . You have nobly decided to receive ambassadors from the Negro republics of Haiti and Liberia, thus forever removing that unwor-y prejudice which refuses the rights of humanity to men and women on account of their color . . . Your Congress has decreed freedom as the law forever in Emancipation of Negro slaves in America as is Abraham Lincoln: the vast unoccupied or half-settled territories. It has offered pecuniary aid to all the states which will enact Emancipation locally, and has forbidden your generals to restore fugitive slaves . . . Heartily do we congratulate you and you country on this humane and righteous course.

"We assume that you cannot stop short of a complete un-rooting of slavery."

And so on went the logic out of the hearts of British people.—It is my fervent wish that such a people, such a people's descendants, will win this devilish war against that German monstrosity.

Aunt Scilla Coming Near The End Of Road She Has Trod For 121 Years

Bass Community Negro, Believed To Be Oldest Person In State, Leads Oddities Of Week

BY JACK HOUSE

"Jes' sit down, chilluns! Yo ole mammy is gwine to speak.

"De jedgment day, 'tis mighty nigh. De Lord is a-comin' soon. But y' ole, ole grammy has sumpun t'say.

"All y' chilluns gather 'round, 'cause Aunt Scilla, yo good ole Aunt Scilla, won't be a-speakin' long.

"What you say, Honey child? Come closer, Honey, yo ole aunt kin hardly hear a word, is a-sayin'.

"Things is mighty dark in dis dingy ole room, ain't they, chilluns? Yo ole mammy kin hardly see yo pearly white teeth. Smile for yo ole mammy, chilluns. Now, that's better. Bless De Lord.

"Sum'budy bring yo mammy's blanket. 'Tis a-gettin' cold. I feels de bones astiff'nin. Sing me a song, chilluns. 'Fore long yo ole mammy'll be a-jining de rest of her chilluns."

Aunt Scilla Foreman, who lives in the Bass community near Gosport, Ala., can hardly see or hear her remaining "chilluns," part of her 18 grandchildren, 77 great-grandchildren and 112 great-great-grandchildren, and her voice is getting mighty low. She's been a cripple for seven years.

But if there's an older person in the state than folks believe Aunt Scilla is, they'll have to convince everybody around Grove Hill. From what neighbors can gather, Aunt Scilla Foreman is 121 years old, perhaps the oldest person in Alabama, and certainly old enough for no other living person to dispute her claim on a life's span.

Aunt Scilla can't recall when Alabama was admitted to the union, because she was an infant then, but she can remember when the stars fell on Alabama in 1833. Scilla was 14 then and she and her lover were sitting on a bench behind her cabin when the stars fell. If Scilla was 14 then, she's 121 now. She has outlived all of her three children, her daughter, Jane Wilson, 87, being buried in January this year. Leila Bass, her oldest living grandchild, is 63, and her oldest living great-grandchild, Ed Borough, is 48. She has a great-great-grandchild who is 30.

The old darkie, an ex-slave, nursed Dr. Bryan Borough, of Jackson, Ala., who, if living, would be 94 today. When the war ended in 1865, she had a grown daughter who set the table for the Boroughs.

Practically all of those who fought for the Blue and Gray have passed on by now, but Scilla Foreman, almost a grandmother when the war ended, still lives with "her chilluns" down in Clarke County.

Cut 100 years off Aunt Scilla Foreman's age, and she still could vote.

YOUNGEST * * * DEMOCRAT—Candidate for title of Alabama's No. 1 Democrat is Tommy Yarbrough, 8 son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Yarbrough, of Ashland. Young Tommy says he's a Democrat first, last and always and longs for the time when he can vote. Asked if he knew what a "Pollywog" was, Tommy said he thought they catch chickens. His father, he said, threatened to shoot the first one caught snooping around the house.

BALLADS FOR BALLOTS—In Harlan, Ky., they say: "Ballots with bullets," but Mrs. Lennard Thomas, pretty Montgomery candidate for Democratic committeewoman, well

with his parents, by Ben Jones, of North Carolina, and later Col. Baker sold Chan and his parents to Okley Byrum, of Courtland. He lived there until the slaves were freed and then returned to near Town Creek where he worked for D. M. Brook. Chan later bought himself 80 acres of land and raised a family of 21 children. Now past the century mark, Chan Jones has never been arrested and has never been in a law suit.

known throughout the state for her singing, says "Ballads for ballots." Mrs. Thomas, formerly Mrs. Richard Emmet, of Albertville, has adopted this as her slogan, and if a voter wants her to render a ballad, he'll have to give her a ballot. . . . Emory Smith, of Sheffield, isn't carrying any ballots around with him, but he's taking a bullet with him everywhere he goes. Smith accidentally shot himself at Lake Wilson last Sunday, and physicians have decided not to remove the bullet, lodged under his right shoulder blade, at the present. . . . Bullets caused a fellow near Athens some trouble. Bob Thomas, who lives on the north side of Elk River, says one of his neighbors decided to do something about his fat hens disappearing at night. After two sleepless evenings, he heard a rumble in his chicken house. Clad only in his nightgown, with shotgun in hand and pet dog at his side, the neighbor slipped up to the chicken house door. Convinced something was amiss, he blasted away. Result: Ten dead fatted hens; no chicken thief; a disgusted neighbor and a scared dog.

Former Slave Succumbs In Canton, Illinois

By SARAH HALEY WRIGHT

CANTON, Ill., Feb. 1—Jerry Cutright, 96 years old, a former slave and one of Canton's oldest citizens, died shortly before 11 a. m., Saturday at his home, 258 North Avenue D. He had been ill one week with pneumonia.

He was born in Granville, Mo., in July, 1843, a son of Bone and Ana James Cutright. He was born in slavery. Despite his advanced age, he could tell many interesting facts concerning slavery and the Civil war. His mother

was born in Virginia and his father was born in Kentucky. They were owned by Sam Cutright, near Paris, Mo., who had a plantation of 200 acres but owned only eight slaves. 2-4-40

Voted for Lincoln

Mr. Cutright cast his first vote for Abraham Lincoln. He was offered \$1,000 during the Civil war to take the place of his master's son but was not quite old enough at that time.

He brought his wife and family to the North after the slaves were freed, for he wanted them to have a good education and that was impossible in the South. He worked at the Parlin and Orenborff shop for 21 years and 10 months, before that plant was purchased by the International Harvester company. He worked for two years after the factory was sold and then he went on a pension. During that time he lost only about three months of work.

Mr. Cutright was healthy and active. He was one of the 11 charter members of the Mt. Carmel Baptist church, which was organized 35 years ago.

Survivors Listed

Surviving are nine children, Clay and Fred Cutright, Mrs. Bert Williams, Mrs. P. W. Maubin, Mrs. Willie Ann Barton and Mrs. William Lucas, all of Canton; Lee Cutright of Peoria; Mrs. Ernest Brown of Burlington, Iowa; and Mrs. Dollie Rhodes of Chicago. His three children preceded him in death. Also surviving are 15 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren. Seventy-three years ago he married Miss Nancy Kipper who died on September 22, 1913.

Funeral services were conducted at the Mt. Carmel Baptist church at 2:30 p. m., Tuesday. Burial was in the Greenwood cemetery.

NEGRO SERVANT DIES

Camp Marshall Worked For Edrington, Boyle Families

Funeral services for Camp Marshall, 86, faithful and respected negro servant of prominent Memphis families for three generations, will be held Sunday at 3 p. m. at the Lewis Funeral Home, followed by burial in Mt. Carmel Cemetery.

Marshall died Tuesday night at his home, 1867 Heistah. For many years he was in the service of the late Bethel Edrington and J. P. Ed-

used as a measure of punishment for violating laws in Lee county, superior court records reveal.

A negro slave listed only as "Jack," was charged with the murder of a fellow slave, and was convicted of manslaughter. For the crime, the negro was sentenced to "40 lashes, save one," by Presiding Judge Alex Allen. In addition to the lashing, the negro was branded with a letter "M," evidently a symbol for murderer. Following the whipping, the slave was ordered returned to his white master.

Defines "Uncle Tom"

Editor The New York Age: You asked: "What is an Uncle Tom?" I would say that he is, and should be, a noble, earnest, true Christian gentleman. Such as the man Josiah Henson, the man whom Harriet Beecher Stowe chose to be the hero of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." If you have ever read his life I advise you to get the true story of Father Henson published in Boston, Mass., by John P. Jewett & Co. in 1858 or Henry P. Jewett & Co. in 1858, Ohio, the same year, 1858. If you have any doubt that this is the man she used for the character you can consult her grandson or any of her people who are alive this time. I am sure after you have read the book you will know him to be brave and true and honorable to the last degree.

(Mrs.) MARY E. WINSTON, Malden, Mass.



AUNT SCILLA'S RIVAL—Chan Jones (above), an ex-slave, has passed the 100-year-mark and is still going strong, but, he's still 21 years shy Aunt Scilla Foreman's age of 121. Jones was born Feb. 15, 1840, on the Col. Baker place near Town Creek, now owned by E. S. Balentine. Chan was sold to Col. Baker, along

Edrington, having once accompanied the former on a trip to China as his valet. More recently he had been in the service of E. L. Boyle Sr. and of Mr. and Mrs. Snowden Boyle, 1725 Central.

Though born of slave parents prior to the Civil War, Marshall was never a slave himself as his parents were freed by their master prior to the conflict, his brother said yesterday. His parents were owned by the Marshall family of Kemper County, Miss., where he was born.

He leaves a brother, Jim Marshall, porter at the Boyle Investment Co.; two sisters, Mattie Barr of Lufkin, Texas, and Ellen Crawford of Shreveport, La.; a sister-in-law, Mary Marshall of Memphis, and a nephew, James Marshall Jr., also of Memphis.

HE'LL GET JUSTICE.

Wilson Lyon, Durham ex-slave, 85, nearly blind and none too literate, is suing for five acres of land which he says he thought to have leased for \$20, whereas it has turned out that he signed a deed to the property.

One would think offhand that this would be an item which Duke university's legal clinic might well afford to take up, look into and, if it be found there is evidence of fraud, relieve Lyon of the necessity of hiring a lawyer to go to court.

Not many negroes of this one's age sell land of which they are possessed unless they are forced to, and \$20, if that were all, would seem a terribly small price for land in the vicinity of Durham.

But we think it will hardly prove necessary for folks outside of Durham to become exercised over the matter. North Carolina courts, even in jury trials, have a fashion of protecting just such people as Wilson Lyon. His life might not be held so sacred as that of a white man of his years, but there are few communities in which he would not be as secure in his property rights.

Late Mayor Key's Maid, Known to Leaders, Dies

Death yesterday claimed one of Atlanta's old and respected Negroes.

Rachel Canary, maid in the home of the late Mayor James L. Key for 25 years and since Key's death a nurse in the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. Monroe Butler, died at her home, 193 Houston street.

Affectionately known as "Mammy," she was between 80 and 90 years old. She was known to scores of local political leaders, whom she served at various dinners given by the mayor. "Mammy" was the daughter of a slave and was born at Macon.

Robert Small, Beaufort Slave, Eulogized by Negro College Head of Georgia

Beaufort, April 8—(AP)—President Benjamin F. Hubert of Georgia State College for Negroes paid tribute here today to slave-born Robert Smalls, who won his freedom in the Confederate war and later aided members of his race in the coastal area to buy their own homes.

Speaking at anniversary exercises at the Robert Smalls high school, President Hubert asserted the Negro leader "left an inspiring record for the new Negro of today" and added the work of the old-time Negroes would always be remembered for their courage, initiative and will to work.

Smalls was born April 5, 1839, near Beaufort, Hubert said, and for bravery under fire in the war was made a brigadier general.

Chattanooga, Tenn. Daily Times June 13, 1940

Negro, 120, Won't Go To Griffin Centennial

Uncle Mark Thrash, 120-year-old Negro who lives in Chickamauga National park here as the ward of the government, will not take part in the Griffin (Ga.) centennial celebration, as planned.

Raleigh Crumbliss, associate director of the chamber of commerce here, who made arrangements for Uncle Mark to participate in the celebration at the request of Griffin officials, was informed last night that the celebration committee for the event "regretted that it would be unable" to come here to get Uncle Mark for the celebration. No explanation for the change of plans was offered.

Uncle Mark, who helped clear the ground for the site of Griffin over 100 years ago as a young slave, agreed to participate in the celebration when the matter was broached to him by Mr. Crumbliss. The aged Negro rarely leaves his home at the park now that he has become feeble.

Mrs. Kite Has Copy Of Textbook Used Over Century Ago

Mrs. Raymond A. Kite, the former Miss Mary Emma Petty of Newnan, has a copy of Dr. Brewster's translation of Legendre's Geometry, published in 1834, and used as a textbook, in Emory College, Oxford, Georgia, before 1840, by her grandfather, James Monroe Troupe Petty, of Covington. This book has been carefully preserved by Mrs. Kite's uncle, Jacobus Petty, and her father, John Callaway Petty.

Mrs. Kite's great grandfather, Littleton Petty, taught four of his negro slaves to be carpenters; and these four negroes constructed the first building on the old Emory campus. The Littleton Petty home, built more than a hundred years ago, still stands on the outskirts of Covington.

Abolitionist's Statue In Brooklyn Is Moved

Courier
BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 8—The imposing bronze statue of Henry Ward Beecher, famous abolitionist minister who carried the fight against slavery from his pulpit in Brooklyn, was removed from its granite pedestal in front of Borough Hall Wednesday for a new location.

Pittsburgh Pa.
Erected in June, 1891, the statue has been a monument visited regularly by Negro and white groups honoring the memory of the famous Civil War preacher. It will be placed on a spot about 50 yards away and will face towards Bridge Plaza instead of Borough Hall.

The removal was made necessary by plans to enlarge Borough Hall Park. A special service will be held at the new location when the removal proceedings are completed.



cemetery a short distance from his home.
"All dey have to do now is jest dig de hole," the old darkie observed.

UNCLE SIE WAITS DEATH—Believing that he is already living on borrowed time, "Uncle" Sie McCollum, 93-year-old Fayette County Negro, sleeps with his coffin under his bed and already has his tombstone erected in the community cemetery.

At left above, the old man is seen with his coffin, sitting on the porch of his little farm cottage. White-haired and a little blind, he is nevertheless still active in directing the cultivation of the 385 acres and interested in all that is going on about him.

The tombstone, carrying his name and the date of birth, is shown at the right.

between the States, was a party to and jerked me up in the air and I went whirling around and my tongue flopped out and I thought dat I was sho dead."

But it turned out that the soldiers decided that the young Negro was not lying, so they cut him down and "fo the breath leaked out."

The old Negro tells another story of how his "ol' masser" took him to Fayette and made him stand watch with a pistol while he burned down the courthouse, how he was hidden out in Mississippi and later returned to his old haunts and settled down. Freed by the war, Uncle Sie began to accumulate land until today he has something like 385 acres under cultivation. But about 15 years ago the old Negro decided that the time had come to die, so he went over to a carpenter shop, had himself measured off and a coffin built. He brought it home on a wagon and put it under his bed where it has rested ever since, despite the pleadings of his wife and family.

"Dey cotched me one day and said if I didn't tell 'em where the deserters were dat dey would string me up by de neck. I tried to 'splain dat I didn't know any deserters, but dey took me down under dat tree, put a rope around my neck and threwed it over a limb," the old darkie explained.

"Den de cap'in said he would give me one more chance. When I didn't say nothin', dey pulled the rope now stands in the little community

This Darky Has Been Prepared To Die 15 Years But Lives On

'All They Have To Do Is Dig The Hole,' He Says, With Coffin And His Tombstone Ready

BY GEORGE NAGEL

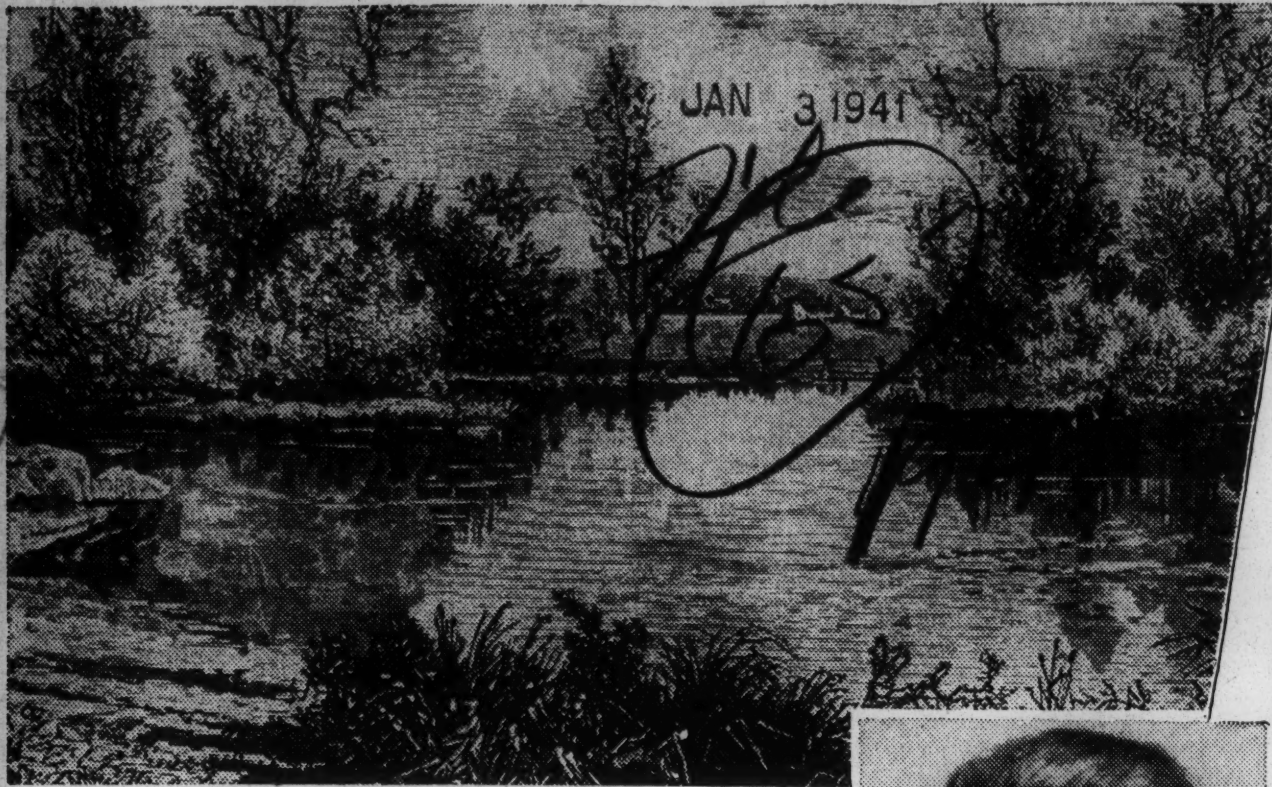
Birmingham News Staff Writer His coffin's all made and his tombstone's erected, "but I jest ain't got de Lord's call yet."

WHITE CHAPEL, Ala.—Old "Uncle Sie" has been ready to die for 15 years. But he just lives on and on.

OCT 7 1940

OCT 7 1940

"I Swear To Tell The Truth"



The 'Great Negro Plot' Was Sensation of 1741 In Embryo City Court

JAN 3 1941 By S. BURTON HEATH,
World-Telegram Staff Writer.

Two hundred years ago next month, on the site at 10 West St., where later the immigrant Robert Louis Stevenson found sanctuary in a friendly Irish hostel, there stood a low groggery for Negroes kept by a dissolute shoemaker named John Hughson, who seems to have deserved the hanging he suffered for a crime he probably did not commit.

"Give a dog an ill name and hang him," wrote the younger George Coleman in Polly Honeycomb. John Hughson earned his own bad name, and there seems little doubt that the name hanged him.

In the Hughson menage, besides his wife and their daughter, Sarah, was a woman known as Peggy Saltingburgh and a 16-year-old girl bound to service under the name of Mary Burton. The colony of some 12,500 souls seems to have contained few with less redeeming qualities than those resident in the Hughson groggery.

Out of that groggery, and out of the hysteria of the good citizens who were uncertain of the temper of their black slaves and servants, there arose one of the most famous cases ever tried in the ancient Court of General Sessions, and the greatest legal mass execution that this nation ever had witnessed.

Thirteen Negroes were burned at the stake, 22 whites and Negroes were hanged, and 70 persons were deported before New York recovered its sanity after the "Great Negro Plot" of 1741.

Among the grand jurors who indicted just about everybody who had ever been seen talking with anybody against whom a breath of suspicion had arisen were such eminent and ordinarily sane of our forebears as James Livingston, Jacobus Roosevelt, Peter Schuyler and Peter Jay.

Began with Theft.

The story is this.

Some jewelry and money had been stolen from the store kept by one Hogg at the northeast corner of Broad and Beaver Sts. After a considerable search for the loot a sailor on shore leave gave the tip that the jewelry was at Hughson's. Mary Burton, who wasted no affection on her master, confirmed the information. A search proved it. Hughson confessed to receiving stolen property and was indicted.

While this was going on a series of fires started. The first was in the fort at Bowling Green. In quick succession there were blazes in a house, a store, a barn, another house, a haystack, three more houses and, finally in Col. Phillipse's warehouses.

Simultaneously in Hackensack seven barns were burned. Two Negroes, upon whom suspicion had been cast by their reported actions, confessed after a substantial amount of persuasion and were burned at the stake.

Special Jury Met.

Putting seven and nine together, the four-fifths of New York's population which was white decided there was a Negro uprising in the making. The council, in emergency conclave, offered the large reward of \$500 for the conviction

of anybody responsible for any of the fires. Chief Justice Delancey convened a special grand jury to hear evidence produced by hysteria or covetousness.

The size of the reward, plus the growing hysteria, inevitably began bringing in persons whose prodded memories produced vivid accounts of the strange actions of various Negroes.

In cold blood it seems strange, but nobody then remarked upon the strange reticence of a Miss Earle, who lived on the west side of Broadway just below Trinity Church, in hesitating so long about reporting what she saw from her window the day of the fort fire.

Belated Story.

Mr. Waller's Quaco and two other Negroes, she said, had been together in the street, and Quaco had been wriggling and twisting in a frenzy of ecstasy as they watched the fire, crying:

"Fire. Fire. Scorch. A little more, maybe, by-and-by."

Quaco explained that he had been rejoicing over Admiral Vernon's recent capture of Porto Bello, but in the end he was burned at the stake just in front of the spot now occupied by Nathan Hale's statue in City Hall Park. Quaco's confession to Jacobus Roosevelt just before the fagots were lighted did not even delay the affair. The sheriff decided that the assembled multitude wouldn't stand for any finaling.

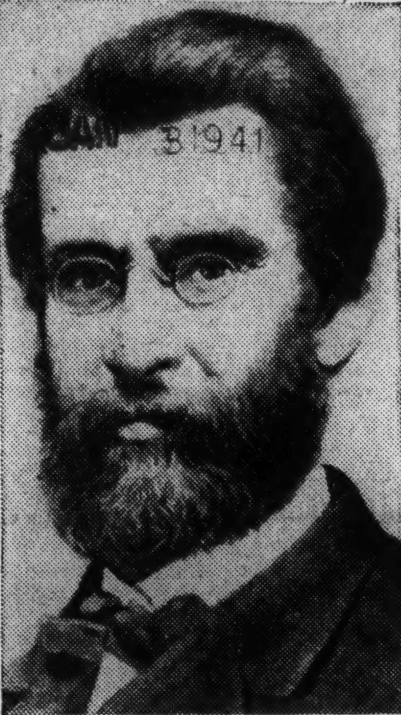
One after another, respectable citizens recalled suspicious actions on the part of Col. Phillipse's Cuffee, and five Spanish Negroes who were triply suspected because they could not even talk English.

The Plot Grew.

Then Mary Burton, bond-maiden to Hughson, recalled with more and more detail conversations about fires in which Cuffee and other Negroes, whom she named, had participated with her master and mistress in the groggery. Bit by bit her story grew, until there was a full-fledged plot to burn down New York and make Hughson king over the ruins and a Negro named Caesar, one of those who had robbed Hogg's store.

Thenceforward there was no stopping. A wave of arrests started. Mere acquaintance with somebody under suspicion was ample ground for arrest, and the fact of arrest was ample proof of guilt. Frightened Negroes, thinking to lighten their own certain punishment, began testifying one against the other. Eventually John Ury, a white teacher and apparently a former priest from Philadelphia, was accused.

One of the judges was Col.



A. Oakey Hall was New York's only mayor ever tried on criminal charges.

Phillipse, whose warehouses had been burned. Another was Chief Delancey. The third, Judge Hornmandsen, indicated the temper of his judicial approach when he rebuked those skeptics who scoffed at the idea of a firebug plot or Negro riot:

"There are some wanton, wrong-headed persons amongst us, who take the liberty to arraign the justice of the proceedings and set up their private opinions in superiority to the court and grand jury; though God knows—and all men of sense know—they could not be judges of such matters."

The star witness was Mary Burton, whose remarkable memory grew and grew under the stimulus of avarice. Ultimately she collected the \$500 reward.

Two Later Trials.

Hughson and his wife, Peggy Saltingburgh and John Ury were hanged at the Battery, along with 18 Negroes, over a period, in the presence of holiday crowds. Thirteen Negroes were burned at the stake.

This case was a cause celebre in

Fox Evidence Rare Memory By Leap Into Lap of Ex-Owner

JAN 3 1941
Special to the World-Telegram.

BEAR MOUNTAIN, N.Y., Jan. 3. — Unless Frankie, a nine-month-old gray fox has been secretly taking correspondence school lessons in memory training, it stands alone as that rarity among fauna—a wild animal with a memory.

Retention of memory is notoriously poor among wild animals, but Wednesday, Frankie surprised officials of the Trailside Museum in Bear Mountain Park by running up to greet its former mistress, Mrs. Francis T. Christy of

Leak Shuts Off Water

A leak in the pipe from the main to the York Hospital, a private institution at 119 E. 74th St., caused the Water Department to shut off service this morning on 74th St., between Lexington and Park Aves. Most of the buildings in the block, including the hospital, have auxiliary tanks.



The present Criminal Court Building, on the site of old Collect Pond (above, left), was not built at the time that Boss Tweed's misdeeds suggested Thomas Nast's famous cartoon, reproduced above.

the colony until the Revolution pushed it aside. Probably New York's courts have never staged a trial which, under similar conditions of press coverage and antiquity, would rival it. The two in General Sessions which perhaps come closest would be the recent conviction of James J. Hines, powerful Tammany district leader, for providing protection for the policy racket run by the late Dutch Schultz, and the trial 70 years ago of Mayor A. Oakey Hall for neglect of duty.

Not only was Mr. Hall the only New York Mayor who had stood trial on criminal charges while in office, but his trial was the opening judicial step in the notorious Tweed ring's destruction.

Under a new reform charter, proposed by civic leaders and bribed through the Legislature by Boss Tweed at considerable expense, four men controlled the city's finances hard and fast. They were Mayor Hall, Comptroller Richard B. Connolly, Parks President Peter B. Sweeny and Public Works Commissioner William Marcy Tweed.

The Debt Grew.

During the two years and eight months ended Sept. 4, 1871, this quadrumvirate managed to increase the city's debt from \$36,000,000 to \$97,000,000. Of this increase some \$14,000,000 was attributable to the new county courthouse on Chambers St., just behind City Hall, now occupied by the City Court.

Why this was called the "County Courthouse" is something of a mystery, since General Sessions—

Manhattan's version of the county court—seems never to have occupied it. At that time General Sessions sat in another building in City Hall Park, and later moved to the present quarters on the site of old Collect Pond, alongside the Tombs. JAN 3 1941

Mayor Hall was indicted specifically for his failure to audit a claim for \$41,563.42 presented by Andrew J. Garvey, the Tweed ring's favored plasterer. That claim, however, was only part of a \$397,000 bill that Garvey put in for plastering a building originally intended to cost a total of \$250,000.

Talked to Death.

The mayor escaped with a mistrial because, probably for the only time in judicial history, his counsel literally talked a man to death.

Garvey had turned state's evidence. He had told under oath how, after adding 25 per cent to the bills for his own profit, he then boosted them by another 185 per cent before he sent them to the city.

This second and largest increment was for the benefit of Tweed and his associates. From it, Garvey said, he had sent \$50,000 to Tweed in Albany, by his brother, perhaps to help finance the adoption of a reformers' charter.

He sent \$60,000 to Cos Cob to pay for private work done for Tweed. He sent a like amount to a friend of Tweed's. Another \$13,000 went to Norwalk for the benefit of a city official. He paid \$3000 for plastering two private houses in midtown, one belonging to Tweed. And he laid aside \$5000 for his fall contribution to the Tammany war chest.

A New Trial.

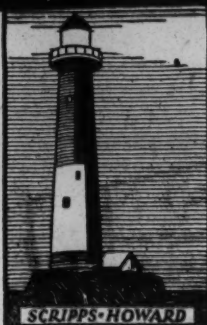
Just when things looked blackest for Mayor Hall his counsel learned that Foreman Matthias Clark of the jury was suffering from a recurrent attack of paralysis. Grasping his opportunity, he objected, argued and talked until Clark, worn out by the strain, collapsed and died.

Hall was tried again on a new indictment, which included also Tweed and Connolly. The new trial was in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, now the seldom used criminal side of the Supreme Court.

The case came up on a routine motion. It was not scheduled for trial for some time. The special prosecutor was busy checking up on members of the jury panel to determine who should be challenged. Suddenly he received a call to rush to the courtroom. By the time he could arrive, in half an hour, a jury had been selected in his absence and the case was on trial. The jury disagreed. Hall never was convicted.

Coming to Inauguration

MEXICO CITY, Jan. 3.—Governor General Maximo Avila Camacho, of Puebla, brother of Mexico's new President, will leave for the United States soon to attend inauguration ceremonies for President Roosevelt, dispatches from Puebla reported today.



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"Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way"

FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1941.

Editorials

The New Congress.

"I, _____, do solemnly swear (or affirm)
that I will support and defend the Constitution of the
United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic;
that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that
I take this obligation freely, without any mental reserva-
tion or purpose of evasion, and that I will well and faith-
fully discharge the duties of the office on which I am
about to enter. So help me God."

And the 77th Congress comes into being.

Ahead lie two years of heavy responsibility, and im-
mediate and difficult decisions on issues that might mean
war or peace for our country. On one thing all members
are united—the hope that the 77th will not become a war
Congress. But they differ on how to keep out—as do their
constituents.

Shall we sell, lend, lease, give every available ship,
plane and weapon to reinforce Britain's effort to halt ag-
gression over there?

Or shall we concentrate our resources and productiveness
primarily on making our own defenses impregnable?

Lines will shift as the debate proceeds and as each
day's cable news brings fresh arguments.

Threats of war will overhang and color domestic
policies. Industry-labor legislation can no longer be re-
solved by finespun, legalistic distinctions between em-
ployer and employee rights. To preserve the rights of
both it is imperative that first of all we attain maximum
production. To assure expanding and uninterrupted out-
put means will have to be found to conciliate and mediate
while the wheels keep turning. In America the ways of
mediation have always proved more effective than the
crackdown.

The fiscal problem has become largely one of financ-
ing armament expenditures. And here again America has
the experience to know that the wisest course is to seek
the maximum of tax revenues from a rising national in-
come rather than multiply the debts and burdens of the
future.

The 77th will be a serious Congress. In application
to its duties it can very well take to heart one example
set by the 76th, which was the first Congress in the na-
tion's history to fulfill to the letter the contract implied
by the phrase "hired by the year."

On Defending the Bill of Rights.

The American Civil Liberties Union, in a timely
warning against letting "public hysteria caused by the
fortunes of war" lead to restrictive legislation aimed at
"all sorts of unpopular groups," says:

"Only the pressure of a public opinion determined
to maintain civil liberties in a crisis will achieve salvation
of the Bill of Rights as the essential instrument for
democracy."

We agree.

But we can't help thinking the Civil Liberties Union
might strengthen its case and further justify its name
if it occasionally permitted itself at least one tiny word
of warning against groups that admittedly threaten
not the present enjoyment of civil liberties but the future
existence of these liberties.

After all, the Moscow- or Berlin-inspired propagandist
who claims the protection of the Bill of Rights to work
for its ultimate destruction should hardly be a sole or
chief object of solicitude for an organization devoted to
thoroughgoing defense of the Bill of Rights.

Yet the Civil Liberties Union rarely, if ever, has a
kind or encouraging word for simple, loyal Americans
who, in their humble way, would like to preserve their
civil liberties instead of supplying unlimited facilities for
undermining and eventually destroying them. These
Americans are not all "hysterical."

The Civil Liberties Union is a stout champion of
"victims of repression." But why not spare just a little
of the emphasis, now and then, for the other victims—
the victims of subversion?

Dancing in the Street.

As Big Ben counted twelve and the most fateful of
years stole in upon their blacked-out city, Londoners
danced in the street.

They did not seem to be impressed with Hitler's pro-
nouncement that "1941 will bring consummation of the
greatest victory in our history." The inevitability of
further blood and toil and tears failed to dismay them.
The defeats of the old year had been hard, but not so hard
as the backbone of this proud and stubborn people.

Long ago—long in terms of events if not of time—
Winston Churchill told them: "What is the sole method
open to us? It is to regain our old island independence
by acquiring that supremacy in the air which we were
promised, that security in our air defenses which we were
assured we had, and thus make ourselves an island
once again."

Churchill was on the outside then, a Gloomy Gus, a
prophet not without honor save in his own country, a
luxurious has been. It was a week after Munich when

By WILLIS THORNTON.

NEA Service Staff Correspondent.

The first connected and detailed accounts of
how 12,000 Spanish war refugees are making out
in their new homes in Mexico are now beginning
to trickle into the United States.

In a nation of 20,000,000 population 12,000 refu-
gees are no negligible factor. And Mexico has some
lessons for the United States, now about to open
the gate just a crack to 2000 European political
refugees.

The first large delegation of Spanish refugees,
1620 of them, arrived in Mexico in midsummer of
1939 on the ship Sinaia. They were supporters of
the Republican regime in Spain, blacklisted and in
danger from the triumphant Franco. They had
all been selected by Mexican consular officials in
France or Spain; their expenses were paid either
by Spanish Republican officials in exile who had
access to credits of the defunct republic or by
committees set up to aid refugees. They were en-
thusiastically greeted by the Mexican government
and people.

Their political complexion ranged through nine
or 10 shades from mild liberal to Communist,
though there has been criticism that the Mexican
officials abroad who did the choosing were ex-
treme left-wingers and slanted their choices that
way.

Officials hoped to bring farm laborers who
would stick to the soil and help build up Mexican
agriculture. But soon it was apparent that the
great majority were lawyers, writers, teachers,
journalists and intellectuals, since such were al-
ways in the most immediate danger of Franco
revenge.

Agricultural grants for refugee colonies had
already been provided by the Mexican govern-
ment, and many immediately left for such projects
to carve themselves homes in the desert.

Typical is Santa Clara, south of El Paso in the
state of Chihuahua, where 1500 have gone. Basque
woodsmen felled trees, built houses. A fleet of
trucks and tractors was bought; an office, hospital,
restaurant and general store were built. Plowing
and irrigation projects were soon under way on the
one-time hacienda. Some 7000 acres are under cul-
tivation on the vast 300,000-acre tract and 1000
head of cattle now flourish on the land bought for
the refugees.

The colony today is regarded as "moderately
successful" and as standing a chance to become
self-sustaining. But it has not all been smooth
sailing. Many of the antipathies of the Spanish
struggle came along with the colonists.

Sub-groups insisted on "making politics" within
the group and carrying on endless meetings, ex-
hausting and disgusting others who wanted only to
farm and get a living. Some actually left the col-
ony to get a little peace. The women and children
tended to drift back to Spain, and about two-thirds
of them have returned.

Also many of the men with urban backgrounds,
ill-fitted for the struggle against desert and In-
dian competition on the soil, went to the cities. Of
the 12,000 Spanish refugees in Mexico perhaps 9000
are in Mexico City. The capital is dotted with new
coffee houses and restaurants established by such
refugees.

The Mexican government continues highly
sympathetic with the refugees, aiding them when-
ever possible. There are headaches. Almost daily
some committee from among them is knocking at
the door of the Chamber of Deputies or some com-
mittee thereof with protests or complaints. Two
principal committees aid and guide the refugees,
one headed by Indalecio Prieto, one by Juan Ne-
grin, both former Spanish Republican officials who
have or have had considerable funds at their dis-
posal.

Best proof that, despite headaches, the refugees
have been fairly satisfactory is that the Mexican
government plans to bring more.

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Questions—Answers

Inclose a three-cent stamp for reply when ad-
dressing any question of fact or information to the
World-Telegram Service Bureau at Washing-
ton. Legal and medical advice cannot be given, nor
can extended research be undertaken. Be sure
all mail is addressed to World-Telegram Service
Bureau, 1013 13th St., Washington, D. C.

Q. How much does a gallon of water weigh? A.
The weight varies from 8 pounds at 212 degrees F.
to 8.34 pounds at 32 degrees F.

Q. How much money was spent on the Florida
Canal before work was abandoned? A. \$5,400,000.

News Outside The Door

By J. OTIS SWIFT.

Around the edge of Green Brook
Swamp on top of the Palisades
above Buttermilk Falls where the
brook drops through several geo-
logical ages as it shoots down a
ravine in the cliffs, the "emblem
of God," the Circle whose center
is everywhere and circumference
nowhere, is seen everywhere when
no snow is on the ground in
winter.

Tiny vitrified round holes in
the ledges where lightning is sup-
posed to have struck; round soft
rosettes of leaves of young com-
mon mullein, radiating from a
center as one's personality, aura,
radiates to all about one; year-old
dandelions, radial and with leaves
toothed "like the teeth of a lion in
the jaw," jeweled round puff-balls
clinging to the horn-white wood of
old stumps.

There are great circles of sere
brown sensitive ferns growing in
competition with reg-stemmed,
prickly crawling running black-
berry that is supposed to have
come down with the glaciers in
the Ice Age.

Letters from World-Telegraph

By John L. Carey, Secretary Amer-
ican Institute of Accountants.

In the editorial Saturday, Dec.
28, under the title Who'll Certify
the Certified? are questions to
which the profession of account-
ancy is under obligation to offer
an answer in the public interest.

The fact is that the profession,
through the American Institute
of Accountants, its national pro-
fessional society; the New York
State Society of Certified Public
Accountants, and other state ac-
countants' societies, more than a
year ago took definite steps to
strengthen audit procedure in the
light of the Coster-Musica case.

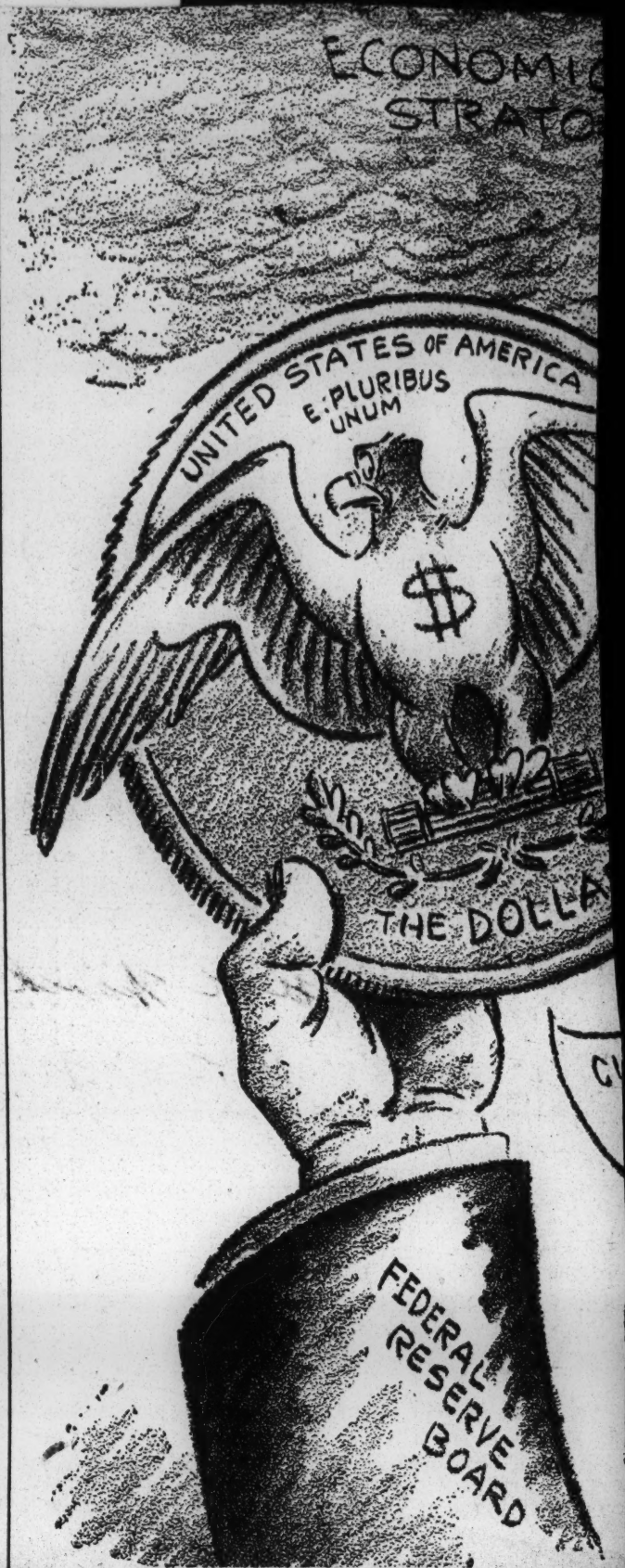
These steps are recognized in
the 500-page report on this case,
which was released recently by the
Securities and Exchange Com-
mission after months of extensive
investigation. I am quoting in
this letter passages from the re-
port. Though cited without sur-
rounding context, these quotations,
I believe, fairly indicate the posi-
tion of the SEC with respect
to independent audits in general.

In the last section of the re-
port the SEC states: "Action
has already been taken by the

sions of auditing procedure adopt-
ed by the council or governing
body of the American Institute of
Accountants in October, 1939, and
soon after adopted also by the
New York State Society of Cer-
tified Public Accountants and
similar state societies.

In making an independent audit
a certified public accountant re-
views the accounts and records of
a company for two purposes—to
see whether the accounting judg-
ment of the management is sound
and to satisfy himself reasonably
that the assets reflected in the fi-
nancial statements really exist,
that the liabilities are correctly
stated and that income and ex-
pense are properly reported.

For the purposes of this inde-
pendent audit the accountancy
profession has developed a tech-
nique of testing and sampling,
made necessary by the fact that
usually the accounting records are
so voluminous as to make it im-
possible to look at each entry in
the books, unless an auditor stood



Economic War Cau

One of the abused words of the
day is "isolationism." All persons



John T. Flynn.

War, after all, is not the normal
state even of this warlike world.
It is rather the condition into
which the world runs when a
number of its maladjustments
unite and push it into a jam. In
those interludes between war is
the time for international action.
And it is in those interludes that
the so-called internationalists
disappear.

One of the causes at the bottom

of modern war is
there are several
sons. But one of
fact that nations
leading, have gone
along the road of
nomic self-sufficie
tions like the Un
Russia can do this
cess. But small co
land and Germany
Belgium cannot c

This has driven
England and Holl
empires in order t
mand the materia
also to command
which to sell then
ing Germany to c
which has the
northern France,
vakia and Norway
coal and iron she
lead her yet to
which has the gra
fore us stretches
that nations stro
wage to get at the
fields, the forests

65-1941

Commerce, Ga., News
February 6, 1941

"CUFF"

True Story of a Negro Slave
(Contributed)

Cuff was a negro slave who lived in the South before the war. He was a joyful Christian and a faithful servant. His master sold him to an infidel. But in parting with him the master said, "You will find Cuff a good worker and you can trust him; he will suit you in every respect but one." "And what is that," said the infidel. "He will pray, and you can't break him of it; but that is his only fault." "I'll soon whip that out of him," remarked the infidel. "I fear not," replied the master "and would not advise you to try it; he would rather die than give it up."

Cuff proved faithful, and his new master soon got word that he had been praying and calling him said: "Cuff, you must not pray any more; never let me hear any more about this nonsense."

Cuff replied; "O massa, I loves to pray to Jesus, and when I pray I loves you and missus all the more, and can work all the harder for you."

But he was sternly forbidden ever to pray again under penalty of a severe flogging. That evening, as usual he talked to his God like Daniel of old. Next morning he was called before his master who demanded why he had disobeyed him. "O massa I has to pray. I can't live without it," said Cuff.

His master in a rage ordered Cuff to be tied to the whipping post with his shirt off. He applied the rawhide until his strength was exhausted. Then ordered the bleeding back washed in salt water; and the shirt on and the poor slave to be about his work.

Cuff went away singing in a groaning voice:

"My suffering time will soon be over, when I shall sigh and weep no more."

He worked faithfully all that day though in much pain, as the blood oozed out from his back. Meantime God was working on his master. He saw his wickedness and cruelty to that poor soul; and conviction seized upon him; by night he was in great distress of mind. He went to bed but could not sleep. Such was his agony at mid-night

that he awoke his wife and told her that he was dying.

"Shall I call in a doctor," she said.

"No, no, I don't want a doctor—is there anyone on the plantation that can can pray for me? I'm afraid that I'm going to hell."

"I don't know of any one," said his wife, "except the slave you punished this morning." "Do you think he would pray for me?" he anxiously inquired. "Yes, I think he would," she replied.

"Well send for him quickly." And going after Cuff they found him on his knees in prayer, when called he thought he was to be punished again. When taken to his master's room he found him writhing in agony. He groaning said; "O Cuff can you pray for me?"

"Yes, bless de Lord, massa, 'se been praying for you all night." And dropping on his knees, and like Jacob of old, wrestled in prayer and before the breaking of day witnessed the conversion of both master and mistress. Master and slave embraced, race differences and past cruelty were swept away by the love of God. Cuff was set free.

The master took Cuff and went out to preach the Gospel and witnessing to the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. This is what the love of God will do for a person.

Pittsburgh Courier
Pittsburgh, Pa.

**GEORGIA WOMAN,
AGED 115, DIES**
FEB 8 1941

ALBERTON, Ga., Feb. 6. (ANP)—America Clark died here Saturday and her death certificate, filed Tuesday, gave her age as 115 years. She was born in Lincoln county and persons who have known her many years said the age given was not far from right. She was born a slave and had several children, all of whom except her were born before the Civil War. Every one of them preceded her in death.

Chicago Defender
Chicago, Illinois
**Colorful Career
Of Texas Ex-Slave
Ended By Death**

MARLIN, Texas.—Thomas Soders,

Constitution
Atlanta, Georgia

**"Aunt Lizzie" Graham, 99,
Former Slave, Is Buried**

Special to THE CONSTITUTION.

MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga., Feb. 18.

One of the last surviving ex-slaves in Baldwin county is dead.

"Aunt Lizzie" Graham, 99, was buried Saturday.

Although she was blind in the early years of her life, she spent many years in the employ of her former owner, Dr. Jerrett, who brought her to Milledgeville from his Americus plantation shortly after the War Between the States.

During the past 30 years she had been employed by Mrs. C. E. Graham.

colorful political and business figure of Falls county died Sunday, June 1, at the age of 82. Soders, born in slavery, was twice deputy sheriff of the county and once foreman of the grand jury in Waco, McClellan county.

In 1865, when slaves were set free, the owner of the plantation where Soders was born, the man from whom the Soders' got their name, gave to Soders' mother and her four children a plot of ground. On this spot Soders lived, married and raised his family. In 1882 he married Estella Norwood and to the union four children were born.

A staunch Republican, Soders was highly esteemed by both political parties. His was the distinction of establishing the first colored bath house in Marlin. This business and a previous truck and express service created employment for men and women of the race.

For more than 50 years, Soders was a member and deacon of the Baptist church. He was a high degree Mason and was buried with Masonic honors.

He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Elsie Soders Johnson, teacher of English, Spanish and music in the Booker T. Washington high school in Marlin; one son, W. Thomas Soders, president of John Brown Organization, Inc., Chicago; and two grandsons.

Daily World
Atlanta, Georgia

**"Poor" Ex-Slave Dies;
Leaves \$10,355 Estate**
MAR 28 1941

New York Age

New York, N. Y.

Ex-Slave, Ill, Dies

NOV 29 1941
**In Jersey Hospital
Of Injuries In Fall**

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.—Mrs. Mary Anderson, born in slavery in Virginia 111 years ago died Sunday in the Englewood Hospital of complications from an injury suffered in a fall two weeks ago.

Mrs. Anderson was born August 8, 1830, on the Wilson plantation near Jetersville, Va. She was married on the plantation and had 18 children. She outlived all except two of her children, a son, Alexander, of Hackensack, the youngest, and a daughter, Mrs. Georgianna Walker of Jetersville, the second youngest. Her husband died in 1890 and she did not remarry.

She left the South in 1913 when she came to Hackensack with her son. Although 83 at the time she found employment as a midwife and worked for a Hackensack physician for more than ten years.

FORT COLLINS, Col. (SNS)—A \$10,355 estate left by 87-year-old Mrs. Georgianna Goff, who died March 5, may be shared by a scion of the family which once owned her as a slave and the county welfare department which supported her at its Old People's Home for 17 years.

John Lunn, white, of Cambridge, Mass., whose family once owned the woman and the Larimer County Welfare Department seem to be the two parties to share in the estate.

Investigators found \$1,900 and a will in a safety deposit, \$8,455 in a savings account and stocks.

Attorneys for Lunn declared they would seek to have the will, its contents as yet undisclosed, admitted to probate in County Court.

When Mr. Goff was a small child, she was given to Lunn's grandmother. Considering herself a part of the family, she stayed on after the emancipation proclamation freed the slaves.

MAR 28 1941
County Welfare Director Walter Dalby was instructed by county commissioners to seek reimbursement for the care of Mrs. Goff from May 27, 1924, until she died, March 5.

Pittsburgh Courier
Pittsburgh, Pa.

**Neighbors Aid Ex-Slave
To Move For Plant Site**

(ANP)—Hearing that 77-year-old Mrs. Anna Busseer had received notice from the government that she would have to move to make room for the Lake City arms plant, white neighbors got together and dismantled some of the farm buildings and moved them to a new site a mile south.

Hershel Strobe, a farmer, gave a two-acre plot to which the buildings were moved to Mrs. Busseer and her family who had owned their home since it was given them after the Civil war by Aquilla Lebb, who had owned them as slaves.

For 40 years Mrs. Busseer, her daughter, Mary and a son, have

operated a butter and egg route, and her hens, 96 of them, were moved along with a barn, two frame houses and several outbuildings.

Only the five acres on which the Busseer buildings are located were needed for additions to the ordnance plant site, the rest of their 75-acre holdings remain unmolested.

Mrs. Busseer was born in a slave cabin on the near-by farm of Lebb who when he set his slaves free gave the Busseers a 40-acre farm. They increased their property and became known throughout the region as models of perseverance and thrift. The treasury department deposited

\$650 with the clerk of the court to pay for the land.

Constitution
Atlanta, Georgia

WIZARDRY IN THE SOIL

MAR 30 1941

AN EX-SLAVE from Georgia has been learning a lot about crops from the energetic Yankees out "West."

The "West" happens to be what gray-haired Judson Stokes calls Chicago, Ill., where he has lived the past eight or nine years. In Chicago, several white men have taught the old Negro a few things to improve his farming and his resultant experiments have produced some fine samples of seeds.

Uncle Judson has lived at Clark University in South Atlanta for the past year, spending his time cultivating a three-acre farm and applying the useful knowledge his Yankee friends taught him. At the Negro college he is known as the campus "vegetable man."

He has been raising crops for most of his 70 odd years, and although he has had "ter scuffle quite a bit," he has enjoyed it. He used to help tend the crops as a boy when he "belonged" to Colonel Milton A. Candler, of Decatur, Ga. Later, he owned and worked his own land there. "Missus," he said, with a far-away look, "things sure have changed since then." He shook his head wearily. But then we asked him about his corn and his face lit up with interest.

It was the corn that brought Uncle Judson up to The Constitution in the first place. He wanted to bring the unusual stalk he grew to be photographed the next day so that the people would see what "us colored folks can do."

GROWING NINE EARS ON A SINGLE STALK

He described the corn he grew. It measured 15 feet high and had a stalk as big around as a man's arm. The feeder roots from the end of the stalk to the ground extended a foot's length. And the most unusual thing about it was that it bore nine ears instead of seven, "which" was the most ears grown on a stalk up to now."

Uncle Judson gave his special treatment to only one stalk of corn out of all he planted. The effect of his corn prodigy was so entrancing to passers-by that many of them were compelled to stop and wax inquisitive. They wanted to know how he did it. But Uncle Judson was wise to this—all he slyly said was that he "jest worked it." And he wouldn't tell 'em.

By CAROLYN MATTHEWS

Naturally, a farmer takes no heart in giving away all his agricultural secrets. They were not too easily learned. But Uncle Judson agreed to tell us about his special treatment of the corn. He even offered a few additional useful facts, although he had mischievously avoided all prying queries made before.

The seeds were brought from Illinois to be tested in Georgia soil. But, first, the dirt had to be rid of all insects.

First step was to break the ground thoroughly and remove all the old corn stalks. He destroyed all the bunches of green stuff, the grasses and mullin that grew through the winter. And because all the winter green stuff was destroyed, the insects perished. Logically enough, too, since "twarn't nuthin' they could eat."

The experimenter knew that the same destructive insect that liked to gnaw on corn roots was also the ruination of his beans, peas, tomatoes and turnip salad. So he rid himself of many pests when he starved them out.

He also carefully burned the wood dirt in which he was to plant his corn.

While the plant was growing, whenever he worked the soft earth around it, Uncle Judson's greatest care was not to break the feeder roots. This must be a very important principle, for in discussing his other plants, he admonished over and over, "Don't break the feeder roots."

WORKING OUT HIS OWN IRRIGATION SYSTEM

In order that his corn tryout might not be hindered by dry weather, Uncle Judson rigged up an effective water bucket system. He took four half-gallon buckets and punched holes in the bottoms. He scooped the soil from around his plant to make a shallow sink; and beside the low place he put a stone for the buckets to rest on. Then the dirt couldn't clog the holes.

Every evening he filled the four buckets full with water and placed them on the rock. The water seeped out slowly all night and supplied the plantable. Moisture made the sap rise in the stalk and the ears filled out. Thus the corn grew and prospered.

The old colored man has experimented with many things besides corn.

He has learned that by leaving a wide space around each cotton plant, the plant will produce exactly twice as much cotton.

He always burns soil to kill germs. Then he puts in his high-grade nitra soda and other chemicals. Uncle Jud knows his chemicals.

Uncle Judson expects to go back to Illinois. Then he wants to go to Mississippi and Texas to try his luck and see how the land responds. It is sort of a passion with him to farm in the different states. He'll always make his living out of the land.

Black Dispatch

Oklahoma City, Okla.

Ex-Slave Dies;

Only Whites

Attend Funeral

AUG 23 1941

SAN ANTONIO. (ANP).

Attended only by white persons, the funeral of Miss Ann Gilder, ex-slave, whose age was unknown but was believed to be near 90, was here this past week. Rev. J. L. Taylor of Union Baptist church officiating.

The deceased had no known relatives or friends. In the past few years, she refused to have much to do with colored people in the vicinity. She died following an illness of several months.

A native of Alabama, she had been with the family of Mr. and Mrs. John Suttle for the past 50 years or more. Coming to San Antonio from Meridian, Miss., 20 years ago, she was in the employ of Mrs. Suttle's parents for 15 years before going to work for her.

AUG 23 1941

Regarded as one of the family, according to Mrs. Suttle, Miss Gilder was called "Grandma" by residents of the neighborhood. "She was one of the most lovable, nicest and kindest hearted persons who ever lived, regardless of color or creed," Mrs. Suttle bemoaned of the deceased.

Amsterdam News

New York, N. Y.

Do We Need a Negro Commission?

Several years ago when Congressman Arthur W. Mitchell introduced a bill for the creation of a five-man commission on Negro Affairs a barrage of criticism from near and far was brought down upon his head. Undaunted, he has consistently re-induced the measure in each succeeding Congress, hopeful, indeed confident that the legislation is sound and practical, and will eventually be enacted.

The Illinois representative says his bill is perhaps somewhat advanced in principle, and that he had expected that it would meet stiff opposition both from Negroes as well as from members of Congress.

In recent years, the congressman said a few days ago, conditions have arisen which show definitely the need and usefulness of just such a commission. Primarily, this body, at least three of whose members must be Negroes, with the chairman a Negro, will consider any and all problems—political, social, economic and civic, that affect the rights and privileges of Negroes in this country. At the present time, he pointed out these functions are being performed by Negro advisors on Negro affairs assigned to the various department and bureau heads.

These advisors, the congressman added, are direct appointees of their immediate superiors, and must of necessity adhere to the established rulings of the departments. In many instances, he charged, the advisors were merely, or more like buffers and apologists for the policies and practices of the departments rather than as protectors of the right of Negroes against discrimination and other injustices.

Under the law creating the commission, the members will be appointed by the President for a definite length of time; their functions and duties will be outlined by law and they shall be required to report to congress through the President on the state of conditions as their investigations and surveys have revealed them.

There hasn't been sufficient public debate on the Mitchell proposal for us to judge whether or not Negroes generally favor the commission's idea. It must be said, however, that, at the present time and it will become increasingly important as time goes on especially after the war is over, that there should be some strong and un-gagged voice to speak out in the interest of the Negro's cause. Such a commission

might be just the thing and if it is, perhaps, the liberal and reasonably sympathetic White House occupant might be persuaded to lend his support toward helping put the measure over.

New York Times

New York, N. Y.

EX-SLAVE, 111, DIES AS RESULT OF FALL

NOV 24 1941

Mary Anderson, Born in Bondage on Virginia Plantation, Did Not Want Emancipation

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.
ENGLEWOOD, N. J., Nov. 23—

Mrs. Mary Anderson, born a slave in Virginia 111 years ago and one of those who did not want to be emancipated, died today in the Englewood Hospital of complications from an injury suffered in a fall two weeks ago.

Mrs. Anderson was born Aug. 8, 1830, on the Wilson plantation near Jetersville, Va. Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States, was serving the second year of his first term in the White House. She was married on the plantation and had seventeen children and eight great-grandchildren. She outlived all except two of her children, a son, Alexander, of Hackensack, the youngest, and a daughter, Mrs. Georgianna Walker of Jetersville, the second youngest. Her husband died in 1890 and she did not remarry.

A desk clerk at the Englewood Hospital said hospital authorities had seen papers attesting to the date of her birth.

The son said Mrs. Anderson had not wanted to see the North win the war because she was fond of her "Marse Wilson," had no complaint about her life of bondage and feared that her family would not be able to find a means of livelihood when the war was over.

"She didn't understand things then," the son commented.

Mrs. Anderson did not regard the Union soldiers as liberators. According to her son, she and other slaves of the Wilsons hid in a cellar as General Grant and his victorious legions went through Jetersville on the way to Appomattox Court House to receive the surrender of General Lee on April 9, 1865.

Mrs. Anderson did not leave the South until 1913, when she came to Hackensack with her son. Although 83 at the time, she found employ-

of steps in the home of Mrs. Christine Holmes at 190 Second Street, Englewood, with whom she had lived for several years as a ward of the State of New Jersey.

ment as a midwife and worked for a Hackensack physician for more than ten years. Except for failing eyesight, she was in perfect health until two weeks ago when she suffered a head injury in a fall down a flight

65-1941

New York Times
New York, N. Y.

Ex-Slave, Long Factotum in House, Relives Inaugurals of Other Times

Harry Parker, 'Fixin' to Watch From Capitol Window, Prays Day Will Be Good for Mr. Roosevelt, 'a Christian Gentleman'

JAN 20 1941 By MEYER BERGER

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19—Harry Parker, whose grandfather was body servant to George Washington, first President of the United States, will sit by a window in the Capitol tomorrow to watch the inauguration of the thirty-second President.

Winter sun made a study in lacquer of Harry Parker's broad, round face; touched off sharp highlights of his high cheek bones and spread thin gold in his snowy thatch as he rocked in his parlor in Riggs Street today telling how he was "fixin'" to go to the ceremony.

He looked through the parlor panes across back yards etched in deep shadow, up at the cold blue sky. He said "I'm just prayin'" the Lord to give Mr. Roosevelt a good day because he's a good man and a Christian gentleman, an' Mrs. Roosevelt she's a Christian lady, goin' about the father's business." Harry said he had never talked with the President. He seemed politely astonished that any one should entertain such an idea. He said, "I only done held his hat and coat, once, when he come to the House Office Building in Speaker Bankhead's time—that's all."

Gran'pappy in House Fresco

Harry Parker reminisced. He spoke in soft, blurry Southern accent. Sometimes memories seemed to come slowly. He was born, he recalled, in a Negro slave house on the George Washington estate on the Potomac. His grandpa was Edmund Parker. You can see his picture in the fresco on the wall of the House—the one that shows General Cornwallis and General Washington discussing the peace.

"My gran'pappy's the cullud boy standin' behin' Gin'ral Washin'ton," said Harry Parker. "Tha's my gran' pappy. He was my daddy's daddy, an' my daddy was Henry Parker."

Henry Parker, when Harry was born, had charge of the George Washington tomb at Mount Vernon. He guarded it, cleared the dust away from the sarcophagus. Harry worked in the tomb too. It

was probably the first thing he saw when he began to walk.

He remembered: "They was Gin'ral Washin'ton in a sealed casket. Ovuh the casket they was a marble casket. I done dust aroun', helpin' my daddy and cleanin' out, an' things like that."

Harry ran away from Mount Vernon when he was 12 years old—some time around 1874. He does not know his birth date, not even his exact age. He thinks he is 82. He left the plantation, as he tells it, because a "gen'men" struck him with a bull "whup."

All white men are "gen'men" to Harry Parker, and always have been. The one with the bull whip was an overseer. He said: "The overseers 'd tetch you up, now an' then. Seems it was jes' a pleasure for overseer to tetch you up."

Ran Away to the Capital

There was no malice in this remembrance. On the contrary, Harry Parker has always felt that the "whuppin'" started him on his career in government service. When he ran away he rode a milk wagon to Washington.

He found his way to the Capitol. Mr. Clark, who was superintendent there, let Harry shine his boots and allowed him to sleep on mail sacks in the basement. Pretty soon he was polishing boots for other "gen'men."

"Southern gen'men," Harry explained, "they always mighty proud of they boots. Southern gen'men, those days, wear Prince Albert coats an' double-breast vests an' they ve'y partial about they boots."

By and by, he recalled, he was polishing the boots of some of Washington's most distinguished men. He polished for Major McKinley when the Major was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. He polished for William Jennings Bryan, Old Senator Bob La Follette, Senator Cabot Lodge, Sereno Payne and for Governor Dingley of Maine. All "Christian gen'men."

When Harry Parker was 17 he was man servant to the Ways and Means Committee. He fetched speech, neatly framed, hangs on the members hot coffee and sand-wiches when they stayed nights

poring over papers. He did their boots, brushed their clothes. At inaugurations, when it was freezing, he brought drinks to keep them warm.

On inaugural nights, back in the

NEW YORK TIMES.

Seventies and Eighties, the "gen'men" would stand around and drink rich Southern egg nogg; plenty of whisky and not too much cream. Harry said, "Eggnogg makes gen'men happy. Gen'men feels mighty good, do they drink that eggnogg."

He stared through the window at the deepening dusk. He thought it wouldn't hurt any if "gen'men" today would revive the Southern eggnogg. Harry thinks it might lift up their spirits. He sighed—he even manages to do that with an air of apologetic politeness that is remarkable; something retained from slavery days.

When the Ways and Means Committee met in executive session, Harry was permitted to putter about the room, serving hot coffee, or whatever. He never disclosed a secret. He said, with honest righteousness, "I couldn't tell nothin' to no gen'men even if they ast me. I say to them, 'He that keep yo' mouth, keep yo' life.'"

There was no salary attached to Harry Parker's job, at first. Members pooled together and paid him anywhere from \$75 to \$150 a month. When Major McKinley became President he officially appointed him messenger to the Ways and Means Committee.

Harry Parker held the job unofficially and officially for sixty-three years. On July 13, 1887, Representative Lansing Warren of North Carolina introduced Resolution 275, calling for an annual pension of \$1,260 for the committee servant, the pension to last through his lifetime.

Washington's Example Cited

Harry Parker was in the gallery at the time. He ducked and nodded at the "gen'men" on the floor. Fears filled his eyes when Representative Robert L. Doughton of North Carolina said, "Mr. Speaker, Harry is tired. The old man is weary. And if you come from my part of the country you know what it means when an old colored man's feet begin to hurt him."

Harry Parker quietly wept. Some of the white "gen'men" brushed at their eyes.

Representative Doughton said "We are simply doing for Harry Parker what George Washington did for Harry Parker's grandfather, one hundred and forty years ago."

All this was spread on the Congressional Record, a copy of the speech, neatly framed, hangs on the members hot coffee and sand-wiches when they stayed nights

ed unanimously, 340 to 0, the most extraordinary tribute ever paid to a Negro in the House.

Now Harry sits by his parlor window, scrupulously clad in dark suit, collar and cuffs stiffly starched. On the walls about him are souvenirs of his long service. Every stick of furniture in the house, all the clothes in his ample wardrobe, were the gifts of distinguished men.

Lavish Gift by Sereno Payne

He pointed to the pale green carpets, gilded with declining sun; to rich red portières glowing in the fading light; to a bookcase filled with fat, important volumes—all the gift of the late Sereno Payne of New York. In the parlor is the high-back swivel chair in which Major McKinley sat when he signed the tariff bill. The wardrobe was the gift of the late Oscar Underwood.

Proudest of all, though, is Harry Parker's remembrance of the great "gen'men" who came to visit his church, the Metropolitan A. M. E. Church. Chief Justice Hughes came when they had services for old George Brown who had been Supreme Court messenger, and all the justices came with him.

President McKinley sat in the Metropolitan A. M. E., Mrs. Roosevelt has been there. (Adeline Hutcherson, who sings in the choir, said a smart thing once about President Roosevelt. She said, "Lincoln done freed us. Mr. Roosevelt, he feed us.")

Nicholas Longworth had promised to come, just before he died on his last trip. He was fixin', Harry Parker said, to sit in the congregation and hear Miss Mamie Smothers. Sister Smothers sings beautifully. Harry Parker washed one hand with the other, stared out into the yards deep in dusk.

The visitor stopped by the framed copy of Representative Doughton's speech on Resolution 275. One sentence in it seemed to stand out with startling clarity. The sentence says: "I can properly term Harry Parker a Christian gentleman."

Charlottesville, Va. Progress

March 5, 1941

Nelson County Negro Has 101st Birthday

Dallas Crawford, well-known Negro resident of Nellysford, Nelson County, celebrated his 101st birthday last Saturday. He is perhaps Nelson county's oldest resident, he having been born March 1, 1840, the son of Jordan and Sarah Crawford, who resided on the John J. Coleman estate.

His only labor out of the county was probably during the Civil War, and immediately after, when he was sent in the vicinity of Rich-

mond to aid in the building of breastworks for the Confederate army. His chief life's work has been farming. Until recently, he tilled his own garden, cared for his hogs, and did other odd and end duties about the home.

He has declined considerably in activity, since the celebration of his 98th birthday. However, he can walk about in his home, and out in the yard alone. He is quite feeble, but yet able to enjoy his meals. He has not been to church for three years. He is a charter member of the Mount Eagle Baptist Church, of Nellysford, and an honorary officer. His home is located on the Rockfish Road, between the Adial Baptist Church and Gullysville. A daughter, Maggie Crawford, and several grandsons reside with him.

Constitution Atlanta, Georgia

Ex-Slave Marks 101st Year Today

SPECIAL TO THE CONSTITUTION. CARROLLTON, Ga., March 19. "Uncle Abe" Bonner will come to town again tomorrow for the second time in nine years, under the weight of 101 years that began in bondage at a rude cabin on the site of what is now West Georgia College on March 20, 1840, his records show.

Last year, as the ex-slave came to town puffing in lordly fashion on birthday gift perfectos, he gave liberal use of tobacco credit for his longevity. He says he began smoking at the age of 12.

Uncle Abe says he stayed with his master, the late Tom Bonner, and helped him finish making his crop when Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation. Then "we went to west Alabama and made a lot more crops."

The ex-slave recalls well, he said, when "the bullets whizzed over my head and the earth shook under my feet as Yankee artillery opened up right here in this town."

Old Richmond Houses



ELIZABETH GALT HOUSE
1011 St. James Street

Picturesque Duval's Addition House Among Those Built by Free Negroes

Duval's Addition, added to the city in 1810, has innumerable picturesque old houses, many of them built by the large number of free Negroes who lived here from very early times.

None of these is more taking than 1011 St. James Street, built in 1815 and left by William Galt to one Elizabeth, a former slave who bore the surname of Galt, a custom usual in slavery days. This is probably that "Betsy, about 12 or 13 years of age . . . purchased from John Henningham of the County of Chesterfield," whom Galt had emancipated in 1805. He left her in his will "a Negro woman named Annie." It is a fact well-known to historians but not generally realized that free Negroes could and did hold slaves of their own.

Elizabeth Galt owned the house until 1949, since which time it has been the property of only four owners. The house itself is quite attractive, but the brick kitchen in the rear is a gem, especially its broad chimney, almost impossible to photograph, since it is so close to the next building. If it were in Williamsburg, the big fireplace, instead of being filled in, would no doubt be adorned with all the quaint implements that Elizabeth's "Annie" probably used there, and would be shown off by a soft voiced "Mammy" in a turban to the tune of 25 cents admission. Being in Richmond, it is a storehouse for old paper, and, we would be willing to wager, not know to half a dozen people outside the immediate neighborhood!

MARY WINGFIELD SCOTT.

Pittsburgh Courier
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Georgia Woman, 100, Celebrates Birthday

Former Slave Does Chores
Around Home on Natal
Day—Has Six Great Grand
Children. **MAR 1 1941**

HOMER, Ga., Feb. 27 —
Mrs. Caroline Bush observed
her 100th birthday Saturday,
Feb. 15, at her home, near
here.

There was no big celebration. Mrs. Bush did the same things she had been doing. She fed her chickens Saturday morning and then assisted in cleaning the house. She resides on an 85-acre farm with her only living son, Solomon Bush. Another child, Mrs. Minnie Wilmot, resides in Ashland, Ga. Four children are dead.

Mrs. Bush has eleven living grandchildren and six great-great-grandchildren. She was Miss Caroline Oliver before her marriage to Burgess Bush who died 14 years ago. Relatives said Mrs. Bush has never been out of the state of Georgia. She is a member of New Salem C.M.E. Church.

Her grandchildren are: Mrs. Viola Wilson, 757 Fair street, sw., Atlanta; Miss Zelma Bush of the same address; Mrs. Beatrice Jarrett, 700 Fair street, Apt. 349, Atlanta; Miss Ella Bush, Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. Decia Williams, Washington, Pa.; Mrs. Nettie Wilkins, Washington, Pa.; Mrs. Maggie Strickland, Ida May, West Virginia; V. S. Bush, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Portia Kennedy, Bogart, Ga.; Van Bush, Manifold, Ga. and Samuel Bush, Stahem, Ga.

Three-year-old Otistine Jarrett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otis Jarrett of Atlanta, is one of the six great-great-grandchildren.

Ground on which stands Bush River Baptist Church was a gift from the Bush family.

A former slave, Mrs. Bush recalls the Civil war. Although never in danger, Mrs. Bush said she heard the guns firing.

Ex-Slave Is Oldest Witness In Court History

100-Year-Old Negro Testifies in Murder Trial

MAY 28 1941
The oldest witness ever to appear before a Fulton county grand jury, a Negro ex-slave who will be 101 years old July 4 yesterday testified how he separated two women who were fighting in his house at 312 Hills street.

His name is Sandy Barnes, and it was the first time he had ever appeared before a jury. He described his experience as "a thousand white folks in a little room asking me questions."

Atlanta police related how Lucy Head and Addie Head, Negro women, were fighting in Sandy's home. Irritated at the "fussin'" he grabbed one of the women and, according to the officers, held her until help arrived.

The grand jury, after hearing the testimony, indicted Lucy Head for the murder of Addie Head. Barnes said he had been a slave owned by a Hendricks family, of Maysville. After liberation he came to Atlanta in 1866 and subsequently worked for the Southern Railroad, which bestowed on him a 25-year service badge.

Telegraph
Macon, Georgia

Former Slave Who Served In Two Armies Dies at 104

VIDALIA, June 1 — Charlie Hicks, 104-year-old former slave, is dead.

Charlie was unique in that he served in the Confederate army for a period as body servant to his young master, was later captured and finally served in the Union army as cook, for which he was allowed a pension. He is believed to be the only person in

Constitution Atlanta, Georgia Modern Slaves

No more shocking revelation of the sort of world the rise of totalitarianism has brought can be found than the story, uncensored, which has recently crossed the Atlantic about the forced labor gangs from French concentration camps now employed in building a trans-Sahara railway.

"Compared with us, the slaves who labored under the Pharaohs to build the pyramids lived like kings," said one of these unfortunate wretches to an American observer.

These gangs of labor are composed, largely, of men who are totally unaccustomed to physical work. They are former professional men, businessmen and teachers of France who have fallen under the displeasure of the Nazis. Today they are breaking rock for the roadbed of the projected railroad, laying the rails and doing other hard labor. **NOV 20 1941**

They are dying like flies under the heat of the desert, where daily temperatures range from 105 to 120 degrees Fahrenheit. They are poorly fed and their only shelter at night is a hole dug in the desert sand. Their only bed is a heap of sand and their only cover an old piece of sail canvas to stretch above the hole.

They are furnished no hats for protection from the burning sun, and but one scanty blanket for covering at night. And desert nights are cold as desert days are hot.

When the new railroad is finished, if it is, it will literally be laid upon the bones of thousands of wretched chattel slaves whose only offense has been to arouse the displeasure of their nation's despoilers.

Georgia accredited to both the UCV and the GAR organizations. For many years he attended reunions of both armies and lately, being too old for the reunions, he has observed both the Memorial day and Decoration day dates as holidays.

Charlie was a substantial landowner and operated his farm until after he was 100 years old.

"Poor" Ex-Slave Dies; Leaves \$10,355 Estate

APR 5 - 1941
SAVANNAH JOURNAL

FORT COLLINS, Col. (APNS)—A \$10,355 estate left by 87-year-old Mrs. Georgina Goff, who died March 5, may be shared by a scion of the family which once owned her as a slave and the county welfare department which supported her at its Old People's Home for 17 years.

SAVANNAH, GA. John Lunn, white, of Cambridge, Mass., whose family once owned the woman and the Larimer County Welfare Department seem to be the two parties to share in the estate.

Investigators found \$1,900 and a will in a safety deposit, \$8,455 in a savings account and stocks.

APR 5 - 1941
Attorneys for Lunn declared they would seek to have the will, its contents as yet undisclosed, admitted to probate in County Court. When Mr. Goff was a small child, she was given to Lunn's grandmother. Considering herself a part of the family, she stayed on after the emancipation proclamation freed slaves.

APR 5 - 1941
County Welfare Director Walter Dalby was instructed by county commissioners to seek reimbursement for the care of Mrs. Goff from May 27, 1924, until she died, March 5.

Times-Picayune
New Orleans, La.

Aged Ex-Slave
Still Mourns in
Lincoln's Behalf

APR 22 1941
(The Associated Press Special News Service)

Woodbury, Tenn., April 21.—The 20th century is hustling through this drowsy little village over U. S. Highway 70-S, but just across the hill from the courthouse is a cotton-haired woman mourning the death of Abraham Lincoln.

She is Eliza Jane Wiley, a venerable ex-slave who cherishes her freedom with a fierce pride as though the War Between the States was only yesterday.

"Aunt Puss," as the aged Negro is known to the community, is re-

puted to be 109 years old. There is a record of her sale on a slave market in 1860.

During the war, "Aunt Puss" and the other slaves were taken into Alabama for safekeeping and it was there she learned the Negroes had been freed.

"Mistah," she said, "my heart jumped right up to my neck. I was free!"

APR 22 1941
"I surely was sorry to hear of Mistuh Lincoln bein' killed," she said as though the news had come to her a few minutes before. "He was our friend. I've got his picture in my heart."

worked for Dr. Wren Murray and Mr. Billy Hope for a while, then I was butler for Mr. Erskine Ramsay, Mr. Culpepper Exum and Mr. P. G. Shook when they lived in the old Bradshaw home on Highland Avenue."

Fred Dearborn, with the W. B. Leedy Company, has had an interest in the aged Negro since the days when "Uncle" served him at the club and has made a point to see that the old fellow was being taken care of.

The ex-slave said his mother was three-fourths Cherokee and his father half Creek. Married three times and the father of 21 children, "Uncle" celebrated his 103rd anniversary with a "walk around town, plenty of sweet milk and some tangerines."

He attributed his longevity to a quiet life and plenty of exercise—says he can run faster than anyone his age in Birmingham and would like to challenge such a person to a race.

APR 17 1941
Another incident vivid in his memory was the day he found and returned a valuable stick pin to Mr. Smolian. "Bet Mr. Smolian will remember dat," he thoughtfully mused.

Before coming to Birmingham he worked for Mr. Sam Noble in Aniston, he said, staying with the boss seven years as butler.

Scott lives at 2407 Third Avenue, South.

Age-Herald

Birmingham, Ala.

Ex-Slave, 103, Wants White Folks To Know He Is Alive

APR 17 1941

BY MARGARET PUTNAM

William Lee Scott, who was born in slavery long before the War Between the States, celebrated the 103rd anniversary of his birth Tuesday, he said, and "wants all his white folks" to know he is alive!

Remarkably well preserved for his advanced years "Uncle" Will recalled the old days when he was a slave on the plantation of Mrs. Lucinda Roland in Green County, Georgia, where he was born. Mrs. Roland, he said, was a very wealthy woman who owned between 1,700 and 1,800 acres of land and around 700 slaves.

"When Gen. Sherman invaded Georgia," he reminisced, "he galloped up and said, 'Here, boy, hold these reins and be careful you don't scare my horse or he'll stamp you to bits.' Well, I held them reins, but I stayed a far piece from that animal."

Two days, he said, Sherman and his men stayed at the plantation before moving on. When the day of his freedom dawned he carried on as usual he related, working about "the place" where he remained two more years before coming to Alabama.

APR 17 1941
"Uncle" Will may be remembered by oldtimers of the Birmingham Athletic Club, where he was locker boy eight years.

"Mr. Herbert Cobb and Mr. Homer L. Thomas sent me up to Camp Wennipeg after I got over a spell of sickness at the Hillman Hospital and I worked in the boys' camp till that Fall. When I come back I

Acadia, La. Blenville Democrat.

March 27, 1941
E. R. Hester to Write

Article on Slavery
For History Journal

Responding to a request by Dr. Edwin A. Davis, head of the Department of Archives of the Louisiana State University, Principal E. R. Hester of the Acadia high school will write an article on slavery in old Blenville parish for The Journal of Southern History.

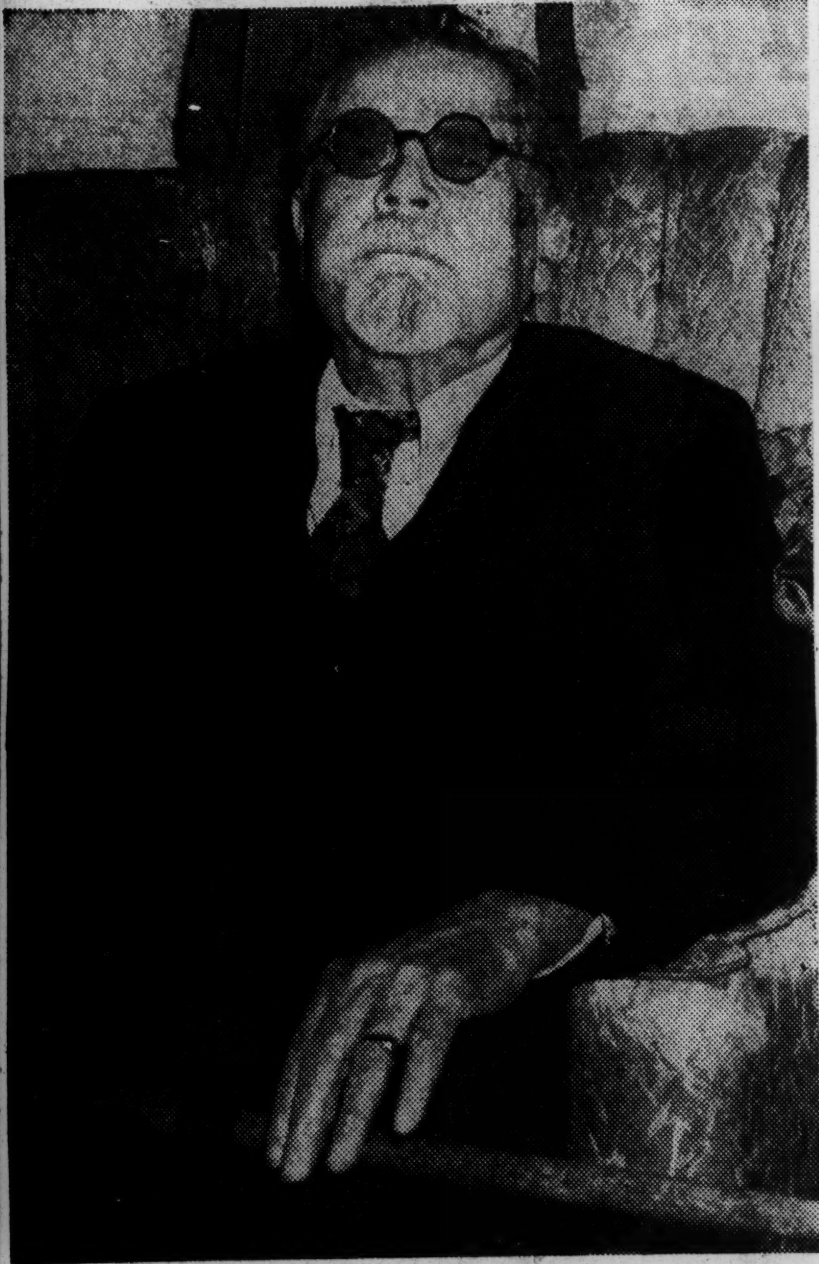
After reading a feature story in a Baton Rouge newspaper about a survey conducted by a group of Mr. Hester's eleventh grade history students, Dr. Davis, writing to the Acadia principal, complimented him

highly on his methods of teaching and asked him to submit the article. The piece will be a modification of the students' slavery survey.

Daily World
Atlanta, Georgia

ALAMEDA, Cal. — (ANP) — Mrs. Sylvia Hoover, 115, died at her home Wednesday at 11:30 a.m. Her two daughters, Miss Rose Ella Hoover and Mrs. Martha Kimbrough, were at her bedside when she passed. The deceased was an ex-slave, born in Tennessee, and the wife of the late Benjamin Hoover, native of Virginia. They had 12 children, nine of them yet live. There are 35 grandchildren, and more than 60 great grandchildren. Mrs. Hoover, though blind for the past few years, retained reasonable health until some weeks ago. Last January, Mrs. Hoover received Christmas greetings from a woman and her three daughters in Wales, England. The kindly greeting began by saying, "Dear Mrs. Hoover, I came to see of your great age, and it made me so happy to think that God can give strength to a soul so long." The message from so far away gave the aged mother much joy.

Born as a Slave in Raleigh



One of the few still living who still remember the days of slavery and reconstruction around Raleigh, Dr. Edward A. Johnson, above, now an attorney and writer in New York City, was in a reminiscent mood yesterday. He is visiting his native city for a week, and yesterday he talked freely about the city he always knew "every inch of." A former dean of the Shaw University Law School and in 1917-18 a member of the New York State Legislature, Dr. Johnson was designated as an honorary brigadier general to ride in the inauguration parade of Theodore Roosevelt.

Negroes Willing to Help Nation, Writer Says Here

Dr. E. A. Johnson, Born a Slave in Raleigh, Says Race Has Been Neglected

By EUGENE BRISSIE.

The Negro race in America is

ing writer and defender of the Negro race and a lawyer in New York City, recalled his youth in the Capital City, his days as dean of the Law School of Shaw University, and the day when General William T. Sherman marched down Fayetteville Street to the relatively new Capital Building.

He recalled the places the Negroes of his youth held in slavery and then in State politics, and he, "without mincing words," stated that the emergency program of this nation now has left the Negro behind—again.

"Negroes first fought for a free country when they helped George Washington turn back British forces," the historian-attorney said, "and they served with Teddy Roosevelt in Cuba. Each time they are promised gains and advances in work and education, and each time they've gained nothing."

Now in his 81st year, he slumped back into a deep, plush chair in the home of Dr. L. B. Capehart, Negro physician of 312 Smithfield Street, where he is staying a few days. He harkened back to the Raleigh streets and scenes he ran over as a barefooted boy in a slave and Reconstruction South. The old Negro smiled when asked what he thought of the education of the Negro in North Carolina now.

"Oh, there have been great, good changes," he replied. "You should have seen the State when I was here 40 years ago. Much—very much progress has been made in education of the Negro. I believe, too, that the tendency is toward an equalization of education in the South. They may never let the Negro and white students go to school together, but I believe that the funds for education will be more nearly equalized. And, of course, it has been proved that it is cheaper to have one school in the place of separate schools."

Dr. Johnson talked freely of the city he knew when he was "a kid" in Raleigh and of his early life, which was spent at the Sylvester Smith mansion at West and Cabarus Streets, where he was born a "slave child." Describing the early founding of Shaw University, where he won his law degree, he told about the first time he saw Henry M. Tupper, once a captain in General Sherman's army, who originally planned the University.

"Logs were hauled out from near Garner for the first building," Dr. Johnson continued, "and I remember that Henry Tupper hauled them himself. Some resentment was in the air, and the former captain had several pot-shots taken at him while he was trying to build the school for Negroes."

Americans and Communists or fifth columnists" if the defense agencies will give them an equal chance to the Negro Race in America," "The work and make a living, Dr. Ed. History of Negro Soldiers of Spanward A. Johnson, 80-year-old Negroish-American War," "Light Ahead born as a slave in Raleigh, said for the Negro," and "Adam Against the Ape Man," Dr. Johnson is now

Dr. Johnson, now an outstand-writing "Reconstruction Days

Around Raleigh," in which he will tell many of his early recollections. He remembers very vividly the old whipping post for slaves that once stood between where the courthouse and the excavation for the new Durham Life Insurance Building are now. Among his other reminiscences are details of the building of Washington High School, which he attended, and the founding of St. Augustine's School. Johnson's first profession was that of teaching, and he served as principal of Mitchell Street School in Atlanta, Georgia, and then he came back to Raleigh as dean of the Shaw University Law School.

Among other things the old Negro has been a member of the New York State Legislature, being elected to that post in 1917. In 1928 he ran for United States Congress from the 21st District in New York, and was defeated by several thousand votes.

"Tammany licked me," he said, smiling and moving his sightless eyes. "I got 46,350 votes, however, and there weren't over 20,000 colored votes in the district."

With confidence and determination he defended the place of the Negro in the American democracy, terming this nation as "much more of a democracy than England, who always hates us until they get into a war." He also intimated that America must turn to meet the social problems staring it in the face if the country is to continue as a beacon of democratic principles.

"We have seen," he continued, "that many Negroes have been denied jobs in a time like this—when labor is most needed. To make matters worse, we have seen in New York City Negroes discharged from their jobs so that refugees coming in from other countries could take their places."

Slaves Who Fought In Civil War At Confederate Reunion In Bama

MONTGOMERY, Ala. (AP)—

Among the Civil War veterans who met here Tuesday to celebrate the Confederate reunion were three former slaves who fought with their masters, Simon Phillips, Dr. R. A. Gwynn and Richard Watson.

Most talkative of the trio was Phillips, who though he couldn't hear very well, didn't let that deter him. "I belonged to Bride Watkins, from Hale county," he said. "We fought under Joe Wheeler, Joe Wheeler of the 5th Alabama cavalry. We were at Chatanooga and Sherman was ahead of us. We chased that scoundrel all the way to Gadsden and when we got there he had burned the bridge."

"Course the men had to stop. But Joe Wheeler come riding up from behind-blumpety, blumpety, blump. 'What you men doing? Why ain't you chasing Sherman? Bridge down? That don't make no difference. Go git 'em . . ."

"And we went after him and it was the worst fight ever I seen. Folks gettin' killed everywhere."

"Them Yankets didn't whip us, they overpowered us!"

Richard Watson, Montgomery's only slave and the only man in the city who saw service in the Confederate army, doesn't talk much. So far as is known he made only one remark during Tuesday:

"I'm the last man left in Montgomery who fought in the war. Looks like they'll make me a general soon."

The other member of the group, the best preserved of the three, Dr. R. A. Gwynn, who achieved title by virtue of being a Baptist evangelist, came down from Birmingham with Sam Phillips. He didn't have much to say.

65-1941

Chicago Defender
Chicago, Illinois

New York ~~Age~~
New York, N. Y.

Ask State Support For ~~Dispels~~ Usual Concept Of Slave

Slave-Story Monument

OTTERVILLE, Ill.—There is in Otterville, a monument which pays tribute to a slave master who, converted from slave-holding practices, founded the first free school in the state. The monument was erected by the slave master's ex-slave, George Washington, after, in years of freedom, he accumulated a small fortune.

Each year, Negroes in west central Illinois have made pilgrimage to the monument to honor Dr. Silas Hamilton, the slave master, and George Washington. This year, they petitioned the state to assume responsibility for the monument as an historical marker.

While Dr. Hamilton was a young man, he purchased a plantation in Mississippi and slaves with which to operate it. On his frequent trips to his home in Vermont, he came upon an 8-year old boy in Virginia who was crying because his mother had been sold to another plantation owner. Touched by the boy's predicament, Dr. Hamilton purchased him and allowed him to select a name. The boy chose George Washington.

When Dr. Hamilton sold his Mississippi holdings in 1832 he took his 28 slaves to Cincinnati and set them free. Young Washington followed him to Illinois where he worked as a hired man until Dr. Hamilton's death.

Dr. Hamilton left \$40,000 with which to establish a free school, the first in Illinois. The original school building was razed in 1874, but was rebuilt and the present Hamilton school of Otterville stands less than 100 feet from the memorial George Washington erected to the physician.

When George Washington died he had accumulated sufficient money to erect the shaft of his former master and to leave a fund of \$7,000 with which to educate poor Negroes. Each year, the executors of

his estate select four persons and send them to school. The fund, swelled by interest, now amounts to more than \$24,000.

The assistant superintendent of parks has just completed inspection of the shaft in anticipation of the state's charge of its maintenance.

Herbert Aptheker, well-known author on phases of Negro history in America, writing authoritatively and interestingly in the current issue of "Opportunity" dispels the usual concept that the Negro as a slave did not wage an incessant fight for his freedom. Like all freedom-loving people, the Negro hated the despotism of slavery, he says. Taking Negro slaves as a whole, he pictures them as discontented, struggling yearning and struggling against a system that attempted the psychological, intellectual and physical debasement of an entire people.

The idea of freedom is so pervaded the Negro mind that he seized every opportunity. Mr. Aptheker says:

"The Negro people persistently fought against enslavement. One of the most interesting features of the record of this fight is the fact that in several instances of organized attempts at rebellion an important precipitant appears to have been the first conviction that they had already been freed but were being illegally held by their masters, or that great movements to set them free were in motion and needed but their active support to accomplish the object. That is, the idea of freedom seems to have pervaded the Negro's mind to such an extent that events having no direct relation with his condition of servitude were often seized upon by him as excuses for attempting to realize the idea."

Chicago Tribune
Chicago, Illinois
QUOTING ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Oaths to Get Power.
SEP 22 1941

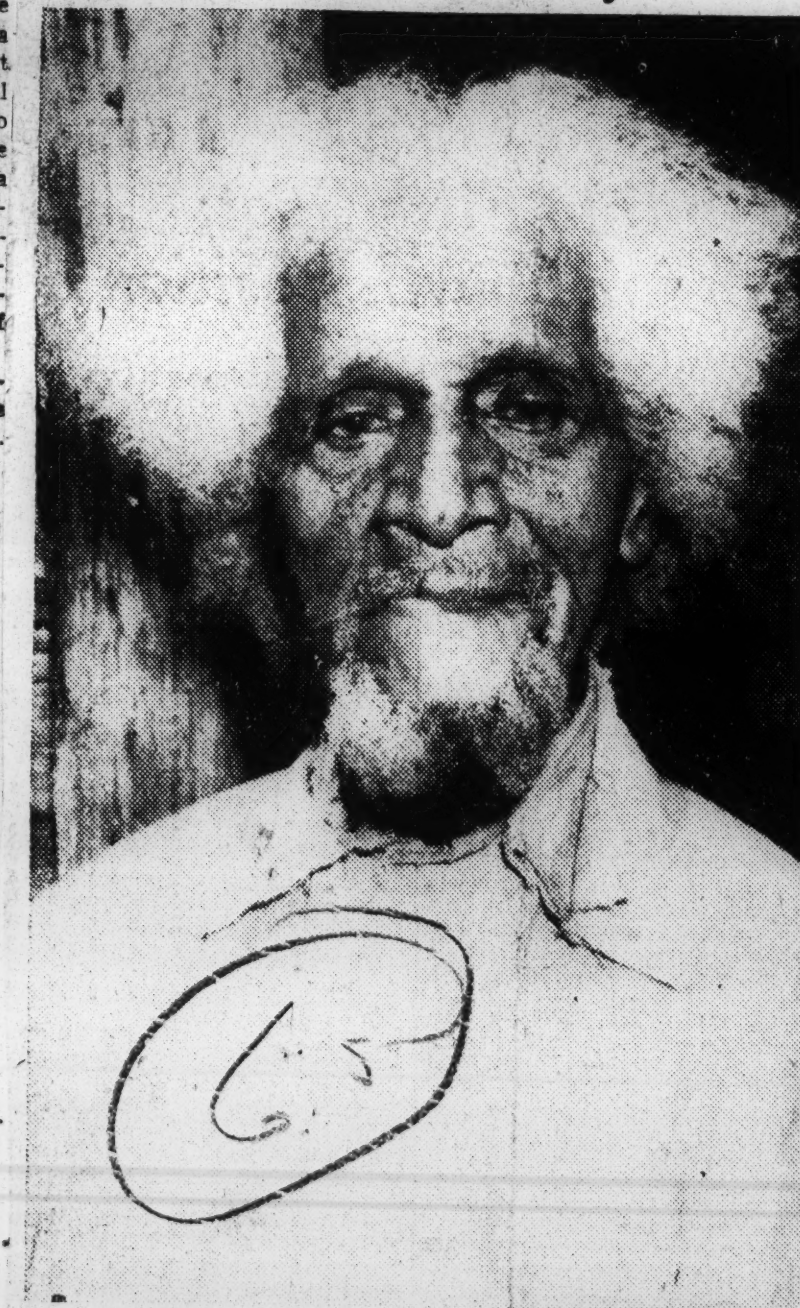
It was in the oath I took that I would, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it my view that I might take an oath to get power, and break the oath in using the power. I understood, too, that in ordinary civil administration this oath even forbade me to practically indulge my primary abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery.

Hodges Letter, April 4, 1864.

A. Lincoln

Augusta, Ga Herald
August 19, 1941

Venerable Minister Carries on Past His 100th Birthday



REV. EDWARD GLENN—PA TO THE TERRY

By WALTER HARRIS
"I was born at Gainsville, Ga., August 15, 1891," said the Rev. Edward Glenn, Augusta's venerable old colored minister, who has celebrated his one hundredth birthday. After Herald reporters had sought the whereabouts of the Rev. Glenn, perhaps Augusta's oldest citizen, for several hours Friday for an interview, the aged minister was found

at his home, 1242 Twiggs Street, where he lives with a daughter, at a late hour Saturday night. Upon arriving at his home, he was just about to retire, and was on his knees, "I was saying my prayers," said the Reverend Glenn, when he finally opened the door.
With his head full of bushy-white hair, Rev. Glenn is well preserved for his age, and still has much of the pride and dignity brought over from

bership of this denomination gave aural by his second wife, who is also When they began to come into the banquet at Zion Church Friday night, in celebration of his one-hundredth birthday. One thing about the Centennial, we came to the fact that he is too old to August 19, 1941. I stuck with my master I And here's where I

Asked how he makes a living, the proud to beg, and goes about making and his family. Whenever was set free.
Reverend Glenn said my Master a livelihood for himself. Whenever was set free.
I sell a few ducks, he is to preach or attend funerals, and I have a garden where I raise a time ministers, and wears his Prince
the few vegetables, which I plant through Albert.
Family Welfare gives me a little money during the month to help me along.
During his lifetime, Rev. Glenn has been married twice. He had four children by the first wife, all of whom have long since died, and several by the second wife, who is still living.
A regular ordained minister of the African Methodist Episcopal Church for more than fifty years, as a tribute to him, the entire mem-

BANQUET IS GIVEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT

ARGUS

St. Louis, Missouri

BLACK MAMMIES

In the St. Louis Post-Dispatch of Tuesday, September ninth, a story appeared telling about a memorial having been erected to the black mammies of the South.

The specific case was that of the McFaddin clan, descendants of a South Carolina slave owner, which recently came together and paid tribute to the black mammies of the McFaddin family at the monument erected in the family graveyard on the banks of Black River at Sardinia, South Carolina this year.

The monument bears the following inscription:

"To The Memory of the old Black Mammies of the McFaddin Family."

SEP 12 1941

'Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of our better days.
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.'

'On greener hills you sing today
Yore chillun hear the roundelay.'

'Our southland is brighter, better
Because you passed this way.'

Erected by the descendants of the
McFaddin Family
And the untiring efforts of
Dr. A. L. Blanding
And lovingly dedicated
To their memory.

Erected 1941."

One of the speakers, with much eloquence and fervor, told of the loyalty and devotion of the black mammies and how he learned his first "Now I lay me down to sleep" with his head on his black mammy's knees and how these slave mothers were loved by the entire family.

The spirit that prompted the members of the McFaddin family who are living today to erect such a monument is commendable indeed. The inscription on the monument as well as other spoken words with reference to the love, devotion and loyalty of the slaves fell short of their effectiveness because of the treatment that the children of the black mammies are receiving at the hands of the descendants of the slave owners in South Carolina. If the people of the South would honor the black mammies who watched over them and their fore-parents, let them honor the children of these faithful servants; not with the rope and faggot, not with injustice in the courts; not by exploitation, but with common decency and justice and fair play.

A monument of granite and cement will in the course of years fade and give way to the ravages of time and will be no more. But a monument of respect for the black mammies built in the hearts of her children through kind and human treatment will last as long as there will be time.

Tribune Philadelphia, Pa. Ex-Slave, 120, Has 2 Last Wishes Filled

MEMPHIS, (ANP)—The last two requests made by Mrs. Frances Mae Macklin, 120-year-old woman, who died here were studiously carried out by her relatives and friends.

It was her desire that an all night wake be held, and not too many flowers accompany her funeral services. The wake was held at her home, and there was but one flower—a lone paper rose above her head.

She was born on Jim Abingdon's plantation near Colliersville, and used to tell of her master's long hunts and killing of a moccasin snake that had bit her foot when she was 12 years old. She would also recount incidents which happened during the Civil War.

Telegraph

Macon, Georgia

Ex-Slave at Rhine Once Worked on River Boats

[Special to The Telegraph]

RHINE, Oct. 10.—Ol' Man River is terribly quiet and slow these days in the opinion of Uncle Richard McRae, who remembers when the Ocmulgee was a teeming artery of commerce in what then was virgin territory.

Uncle Richard's eyes are dim now, but back in the days when his back was strong and his arms were steady, he was a part of the busy picture down on the Ocmulgee. For he was a river man—and a darn good one, too. Richard's father, Caesar, died in a steamboat explosion on the Ocmulgee many years ago.

The old Negro will be 88 on Oct. 15. He spent the first years of his life as a slave and remembers when Sherman and his men came marching through Georgia and camped about four miles from Hawkinsville.

Uncle Richard sits and smokes his pipe these days. He reads some, too. His home is on the C. J. Harrold plantation 12 miles south of here.

Telegraph Macon, Georgia Negress, 110 Dies in Forsyth on Saturday

FORSYTH, Oct. 27 — Annie Lampkin, Forsyth Negress, 110 years old, died suddenly at her home Nov. 1, 1941.

The aged Negress could tell many stories of Slavery Days. She came of a long lived family, her father dying at the age of 111. Her daughter, who is still living, is seventy-four. "Aunt Annie," retained to a remarkable degree all her faculties.



UNCLE RICHARD McRAE

ties. Her church society for a number of years has paid her tribute each March on her birthday.

Ex-Slaves Pray That U. S. Citizens Shall Have Peace

JAN 1 1941

ATLANTA, Ga.—The Ex-Slave Association of Atlanta and Fulton County, Georgia, held its 23rd annual reunion at the Holmes Institute here on Christmas Eve and former slaves ranging in ages from 90 to 107 years greeted each other again and reminisced about the days long ago when they followed their parents to the "big house" on the plantation to get Christmas gifts from the "white folks."

Twenty seven of these aged and ailing old people were present for the reunion this year and they spent the evening singing old songs and remembering the days when man held man in physical bondage.

With the bitter memories in their minds, these slaves of a bygone era took time out from their rejoicing at the local school to offer up to heaven a prayer for peace, a prayer that all men and women of this nation, white, black, yellow, and red might be spared the agonies of physical servitude which they knew so well in the days, not so distant, when they felt the lash of other men upon their backs and might have everlasting peace.

The reunion sermon was preached by the Rev. G. T. Wilkerson, himself born in bondage. Prayer was led by the Rev. B. R. Holmes, president of Holmes Institute. The ex-slaves prayed that this country should continue to know peace and that never again will its men march off to fight.

Speakers on the program included Mrs. Matilda Moore and Alexander Camp. They recalled interesting events of the days they spent in slavery.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Sacks of food and clothing were spread around a Christmas tree. These were prepared by the white people who still, in many cases, care for these old men and women and were given to the aged ex-slaves before they departed.

Several Negro spirituals, born out of the souls of these black men and women, when they suffered the frustrations and indignities of human slavery in the years gone by, again were sung by the voices of men and women who gave birth to them. Despite creaky voices, these songs seemed to have special significance in this day when the world seems more than ever to need "That Good Old Time Religion."

Daily World
Atlanta, Georgia

Ex-Slave Dies At Age Of 110

RALEIGH, N. C.—(ANP)—Burial rites were held Wednesday for "Aunt" Adeline McAllister, a former slave who often declared she was a "grown woman when the Yankees came", and calculated her age to be more than 110. The aged woman was provided for in her last days by Mrs. E. Stinson, white, a relative of her former owners.

She was always taken to the family reunion of the Green and McLean families, descendants of her owners, because she could recall incidents connected with family history better than anyone else. Asked why she took the name of McAllister when she obtained her freedom instead of Green or McLean, she answered that McAllister "sounds bigger".

Charleston, S. C. News & Courier
November 14, 1941
Advertisement.

Live Oak Timber.—The subscriber having removed his Negroes to the South, offers for sale his Plantation, on the east side of Ashley River, 15 miles from Charleston, adapted to the cultivation of cotton and provisions, with some inland Rice Swamp, where excellent Rice has been made. On this tract, immediately near the river, are a great many of the finest Live Oak Trees in this State; a good wharf and deep water and the landing, 200 yards from the house. The dwelling is of black cypress, eight rooms, besides basement rooms for servants, two large barns, corn house, cotton house, gin house, and accommodation for 50 negroes—all in repair...

Daniel C. Webb.

Black Dispatch

Oklahoma City, Okla.

EX-SLAVES PRAY WE STAY AT PEACE

JAN 4 1941

ATLANTA.—(ANP)—Reminiscing about the old days when at Christmas time they went with their parents to the big house to receive their gifts from "massa" and "missus," 27 former slaves met as they have for 23 years on Christmas eve for their annual reunion.

Men whom the Civil war freed from bondage, prayed that this country shall remain at peace. With quavering voices they sang melodies they had heard in the cotton fields when they were youngsters. Most of them were from 90 to 107 years old.

The group represented the Ex-Slave Association of Atlanta and Fulton county. Most of them are still being supported by the descendants of their masters of three quarters of a century ago.

Aunt Matilda Moore told how "aurora borealis" blazed in the sky and the slaves saw it and were afraid, though some among them read it as a sign that their freedom was at hand. Alex Camp told how frightened he was when he heard the first far-off boom of cannon shelling Atlanta, and how he crept into a fence corner and hid when the first foraging party in dust-stained blue came jingling up to the big house seeking food.

After they had talked a while, peering with dim eyes at the sacks of food and clothing around a twinkling Christmas tree, they fell silent as the Rev. G. T. Wilkerson, himself born in bondage, preached the reunion sermon.

After they had sung their old-time songs the group, led by the Rev. L. B. Holmes, president, of Holmes institute, prayed that now and forever this country will know peace, and that never again will its men march off to fight.

Singing one more song, "That Old Time Religion," the group shouldered their gifts of sacks of corn meal and flour, with side meat and fruits, and went home.

Pittsburgh Courier
Pittsburgh, Pa.

DEATH CLAIMS EX-SLAVE, 112

DEC 6 1941

CAMDEN, S. C., Dec. 4.—(ANP)—Mrs. Cora Ellerbe, 112-year-old former slave, died recently at the C. S. James farm near Rembert, S. C.

According to records of the county dating from 1839, Mrs. Ellerbe was born in slavery and when she reached trading age, was sold to the Rembert family of the Rembert community. She was listed as a cotton picker on the Desaussure farm, now the State farm at Boykins, S. C., being paid according to records, this indicated she was at least 10 years of age at that time, as the records on file at the State farm date back 101 years. She had resided at C. S. James farm for a goodly number of years.

Afro-American
Baltimore, Maryland

EARLY WASHINGTON

Store and Offices Stand
on Site of Slave Depot



Slave depot yesterday—shopping district today. This, in a nutshell, interprets the scenes above. At left is corner of 13th and F Streets, N.W., one of Washington's

By MABLE ALSTON

Towering department stores and pretentious government buildings now stand on the sites which once served as slave depots back in the days when the nation's capital was young, a tour of Washington reveals today.

The city was well known for its extensive slave trading and was referred to as "the very seat and center of the domestic slave traffic." Georgetown especially was very notorious for its "slave pens."

A thriving business here during slavery was the "stealing" of freedmen and selling them further south as slaves.

Slaves in Washington could be out after 10 p.m. if they were going on an errand for their owner but free colored people were not permitted on the streets after 10 p.m., under penalty of fine and imprisonment.

If they were caught playing

cards or dice a fine was imposed. A permit had to be obtained showing the number of guests, hour of breaking up, etc. before a house party could be held.

Migrations Cited

It has been a long time now, since colored people first set foot on District soil. Some accounts say that they have lived on or near these grounds since about 1700, just eighty years after the pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock.

At certain periods their migration to Washington has been very dramatic. In its proportions between 1800 and 1810 the colored population doubled.

During the decade in which the slaves were freed the population increased 203 per cent. About 25,000 colored persons came here during that period.

Less than half of those living in Washington were born in their present place of residence. Almost half of them were born in the nearby States of Virginia, Mary-

land, North Carolina and South Carolina.

Outstanding among the earlier personalities here was Benjamin Banneker, a mathematician and astronomer. A junior high school, located near Banneker Recreational Center on Florida Avenue, between Barry Place and Euclid Street, Northwest was recently named after him.

land, North Carolina and South Carolina.

Outstanding among the earlier personalities here was Benjamin Banneker, a mathematician and astronomer. A junior high school, located near Banneker Recreational Center on Florida Avenue, between Barry Place and Euclid Street, Northwest was recently named after him.

laying out the city of Detroit.

The shadow of defeat of all his cherished plans in regard to the Federal City lifted when it was revealed that Benjamin Banneker, an assistant to Andrew Ellicott who had been L'Enfant's assistant, had copied nearly all of L'Enfant's field notes.

Banneker's Notes Used

He had transcribed the notes for "the purpose of calculation and practice." Ellicott took over L'Enfant's job and with the aid of Banneker's notes, the city was laid out very nearly on the original lines.

There are varied opinions concerning Banneker's ancestors. Some say he was a pure African and other accounts say he was of mixed blood. One account states that he was the grandson of an English woman whose name was Molly Welsh.

As the story goes, Molly was out in the field one day milking a cow. The cow kicked over the bucket spilling all of the milk. Molly was accused of stealing the milk and deported to America instead of being sent to jail.

Arriving here, she was sold to a tobacco planter as an indentured servant to work for seven years to pay for the cost of her passage.

The disagreement between the two resulted in L'Enfant's getting all his papers and plans together and leaving the city to shift for itself. He sold the plans he had intended for Washington to Governor Woodward of Michigan who used them for

Married Former Slave
At the end of the seven years, she had managed to save a little money and bought a farm and two African slaves. One of the slaves was very energetic and a hard working man. The other was lazy, slothful, and generally useless as far as work was concerned.

She freed them both and married the lazy one. His name was Banneker and, according to the account, was of royal blood. Benjamin was a grandson of this union.

Telegraph
Macon, Georgia
Georgia's Modern Methuselah

U. S. Census Records Place Former Slave's Age at 116

VIDALIA, [AP]—Musty old U. S. census records revealed this week that James Walter Wilson, Toombs county relief client who has long ago forgotten his age, is in the neighborhood of 116 years old.

The aged former slave, who is now helping his son operate a farm near here, never learned to read or write and was a little undecided as to his age, opining that he was at least a hundred.

The Toombs county welfare department, seeking the information for their records, checked back through U. S. census records. They found that in 1880 Wilson's age was recorded as 55. This would make his probable birth date near 1825 and his present age 116, giving him possible distinction as the state's oldest living person.

While he was working for the family of S. H. Morris, Toombs county farmer, he nursed a child of the family through a spell of typhoid fever. He was 108 years old at the time.

Age-Herald

Birmingham, Ala.
102-YEAR-OLD EX-SLAVE DIES
BOISE, Idaho, Dec. 2—(AP)—Mrs. Nellie Allen, 102-year-old Negress who was brought to this country as a slave, died Monday night of injuries suffered in an automobile accident. She had been cared for in recent days by descendants of a couple to whom she was given as a wedding present.

Commercial Appeal
Memphis, Tennessee

It Took A Hanging To Break Up A Slave Running Business Along One Part Of The River

Pilot Dave Holmes Pens A New Page In The
Family History Of One Of His Passengers—The
Randalls Would Like To Forget It

By JOE CURTIS

"All right, Dave, let me have another snort of that liquor in your flask. It's about time we was pullin' away from here and I'm sleepy as a dog. Maybe a drink will put some life in me," said Bill Noble, first mate of the steamer Charles Morgan, who was standing the after-midnight watch as master of the boat while Captain Stein was having his rest.

The Morgan had been at Cairo several hours. She brought down quite a cargo to be transferred to St. Louis packets at Cairo and there was considerable freight to be taken on board. Mr. Noble figured he'd get away about 3 o'clock

in the morning, and he was not missing it much. Anyhow, when he walked out on the hurricane deck, the second mate saw him.

"Almost ready to get away, sir," he shouted from the wharfboat where the Morgan was landed. "Only a few more boxes and we're on our way."

Mr. Noble picked up a rope attached to the clapper of the big bell. Slowly he tolled the seconds off and its musical tone echoed back from Cairo's waterfront. Then, there was the familiar call to some rouster.

"Let go that headline. Here, Tiger, he yelled at another, 'get back and haul in the stern line. After a minute or two he lifted his face to tell Mr. Noble, 'all ready, sir.'"

It was now about half past 3 o'clock. Another June day was breaking in the east and it was light enough for Pilot Holmes to see Mr. Noble's signal to get under way. Slowly the boat's big water wheels started turning. She was easing out from the wharf like a turtle slipping off a log, when a man and woman came into the pilot house.



Joe Curtis

They said nothing. Just quietly sat on the high bench in the rear and watched Mr. Holmes and his cub turn the Morgan around in the Ohio River with her nose down-stream. When she was running just right, the old pilot turned away from the wheel to greet his early morning visitors.

"Good morning," he said cheerfully. "Isn't it a little early to be up? But it's quite all right. Fact is, I'm glad you come. Been lonely some since I went on watch at midnight. You see we've been at Cairo since early last night, and it's lonesome as bein' at a party when you can't dance to be landed at one place so long, especially after dark. Beautiful mornin' ain't it?"

"Very," the man replied. Then turning with his face toward the mouth of the Ohio River, he resumed his conversation.

"It is rather early. But we arrived at Cairo only two hours ago on an Illinois Central Railroad train and decided we didn't want to sleep when daylight is creeping up the eastern sky. We live in Chicago and have planned a trip like this for several years. When will we get into the Mississippi River?"

"In a short time. See that point of land to our right jutting out into the water? That's the last foot of the State of Illinois you'll see until you get back. There is the mouth of the Ohio. To our left is Kentucky, and across the Mississippi, which you can now see, is Missouri. Of course, you probably are not interested in what I'm goin' to tell you, but we now are in the channel of the Ohio as it passes into the Mississippi. If you were on a boat comin' down in that bend to the north of Cairo, you'd

see another channel in the Mississippi. It's down the shape of the Missouri shore between those two islands off the Missouri point. Pilots can run that channel or follow another skirting along the Illinois shore. Funny thing about the Mississippi River. It seems to always to hanker after its own. Never wants to play second fiddle to anything. Reckon that's why it keeps two channels along there. Queer river, the Mississippi. Don't care much to mix with other rivers or affairs of other streams. "Now, if you and your lady will step over to this window, I'll show you more proof of what I've said. See how clear the water is on the left side of the river?"

"Why, yes, it is. What causes it?" the man asked. "You see, sir, water in the Ohio is clear—that is, it's generally clear. Mississippi River water is mostly muddy. The two won't mix. It's because the Mississippi hasn't got down about 40 miles, then you will find the Mississippi has gobbled up the clear water, just to control it from there to New Orleans. By the way, sir. My name is Randall. Since we were married, more than 40 years ago, we have talked about a river trip to New Orleans, but it seemed one thing after another happened to prevent it. Our children came—had to be schooled, cared for, and I launched into my profession, with expenses piling up, so we never figured we could get away until now. All our children are married—that is, those who lived to a marriageable age. Well, to make things a little short, we just locked up the house, bought tickets to Cairo and made this steamboat connection. I want to see as much of the Mississippi as I can, and the Madam, here, is in the same mood. Are you a regular pilot on the boat?"

"Yes, sir, one of 'em. My partner will come on and relieve me this mornin' at 6 o'clock. Then I return at noon, off again at 6 in the evenin', and back again at midnight. That's how I'm here now. I come on at midnight. Well, we now are in the Mississippi. There she is! Big, mysterious, un-governed river."

"How long have you been pilot-ing steamboats?"

"Since 1835, sir. That's a long time."

"Yes, a long, long time," the visitor repeated. The Morgan was well under way at that point in the conversation. She hadn't gone far when Mr. Holmes called his visitors' attention to the shore line on the left. "That's the state of Kentucky, sir. That

land you see is Island No. 1. Not much of it is left. When I started runnin' this river it was a big island and all of it was under cultivation. The chute separatin' it from the main Kentucky shore was wide and deep. Steamboats sometimes went through it. It's now shoal, narrow and almost stopped up with a sandbar at its head. There's no navigation through it now. To our right is Missouri, as I've told you. Yonder is Norfolk Landin', an old place. Used to ship corn from there, but of late years it's like many other old points along the Mississippi. It's gone out.

"The soil about there looks rich. Wonder why they don't farm it?" the man asked, stepping over to the window for a better view.

"Oh, it's farmed all right. But it's all been gobbled up by one man. He owns a big plantation, but ships mostly by railroad. That's how it is now all along the Lower Mississippi. The railroads have stepped in and eventually they'll end the days of packets. Then my job will be gone," and the old gentleman laughed.

"By the way, if you'd be interested in a little story about that locality about here and Island No. 1, I'd be glad to tell you about it—er—Mister—what did you say your name was?"

"Randall, and I am a lawyer."

"That's right, Mr. Randall. Pardon me for bein' so stupid—never was much of a fellow to remember names. Randall! That's strange, because Randall was the name of the man I'm goin' to talk about. But he flourished back in the late 40s and middle 50s, so I reckon he wasn't any kin to you?"

"Well, not that I know of. Anyhow, that will make no difference. Go right on with your story," he answered, resuming his seat on the bench.

"Back in about 1846, when I was a pilot on the old steamer Marmaduke, I got acquainted with Dr. Bill Randall. He wasn't very old—hadn't passed 35 when he settled over there back of Norfolk and began practice of his profession. It was a wild country—mostly in woodland, with an occasional big farm. People lived in log houses, some of 'em bein' two-story, others cabins. But they were a fine set of folks as ever breathed the breath of life.

into the community. Somehow old man Warrenton didn't like Dr. Randall. Maybe it was on account of his objections to slavery. I never was told from what part of the country Dr. Randall hove from but it must have been the New England States. Anyhow, he was what used to be known as an abolitionist—wanted to free the slaves.

"I reckon it was three or four years after Dr. Randall settled there that he became generally known as 'Old Saddle Bags,' on account of the big saddle bags he carried across the back of his saddle, containin' medicines. Finally slaves started disappearin'. Land owners attempted to ferret it out but failed. Then Dr. Randall eloped with Sara Warrenton daughter of old Jim Warrenton. The father approached the doctor about it, and wasn't very gentle in what he said. Anyhow, Randall shot and wounded him seriously and escaped punishment. Then he built him a home out of whip-sawed lumber. It was the first dwellin' of its kind seen in that section of Missouri. He became very wealthy, it was told of him. People couldn't figure it all out.

"Slaves continued to disappear, not only from that part of the country, but from Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas and even in Louisiana. One trip up from New Orleans on the Marmaduke, we brought a white man and a lot of negroes, put 'em off on Island No. 1. The man told our captain, Eliot Duval, he owned thousands of acres in West Kentucky and had bought the slaves at New Orleans. This kept up from time to time until Captain Duval became suspicious and reported the matter to the landowners along the Mississippi. They set about to watch this sort of transportation on all the boats, and in a few months discovered that Dr. Randall was a link on that chain, known as the 'underground tunnel' system of freein' slaves. Of course, they were paid—some of their money and some from the negroes themselves. Without makin' known how much they knew about Dr. Randall, groups of men started watchin' Island No. 1. It was hard for 'em to figure out how the slaves were transported from the island to Illinois. So, a trusted slave owned by old Jim Warrenton went to Dr. Randall, pretendin' he wanted to run away. He paid him \$50 in gold, and one night met the doctor at a point above Norfolk Landin', where another man ferried him to Island No. 1. He took up his abode there among others. One

couldn't see either side of the river. A steamboat slipped down Island 1 and his wife to Island 1, took him and his wife to a shack he was in and hung her everything she loved him. When the old pilot finished his story about a slave runner, he who told him a very interesting story stated that Dr. Randall was a half-brother of his father, and early in life ran away. The family never heard of him, and believed him dead. But when the Morgan was back at Cincinnati, Captain

Dr. Randall's home to get him, but

Chicago Defender
Chicago, Illinois

Find Old Well Was Haven For Slaves Fleeing Dixie

DEC 20 1941

OLIVET, Mich.—Doremus S. Davis, who is collecting early historical data in this area, has verified the location of an abandoned well which is all that remains of a cabin shelter and underground station that was frequently used by escaping slaves on their way to Canada and freedom.

The well is located on the borderline of property that was owned by John MacWilliams, father-in-law of Davis, who learned the story from the late William Hickok, Olivet pioneer descendant from the first settler in Eaton county.

It was Hickok who maintained the station here as part of the underground system, as Olivet was a stronghold, along with Battle Creek, for abolitionist sentiment in the North. DEC 20 1941

During the middle forties of the last century Olivet college was refused a state charter because of the movement in this area to free the southern slaves. Reuben Hatch, then president of what was known as Olivet Institute, made a special trip to Detroit, then capital of the state, to ask for a charter from the legislature. When this was denied President Hatch and the Olivet students carried on the anti-slavery agitation stronger than ever.

Slavery 1942

Wendell Phillips: He Urged 'Thorough' War

By JAMES J. GREEN

WENDELL PHILLIPS was born in Boston on November 29, 1811. Most Americans rightly associate his name with militant abolitionism and great oratory. Too few know how advanced, how searching was the quality of his thought. In the unrelenting struggle against slavery, Phillips learned and taught lessons from which we, in today's battle against fascist enslavement, can profit much. *Nov. 29, 1942*

For almost half a century, oft-times "mobbed out of big cities and pelted out of small ones," Wendell Phillips pressed home with superb eloquence and telling logic the arguments for abolition of slavery, for an all-out prosecution of the Civil War through Emancipation, for Reconstruction of the South based upon full rights for the Negro people. In the last years of his life, Phillips allied himself with the developing trade union movement, making important contributions.

THERE is something very instructive for us in the grimly practical way Phillips estimated the enemy (the Slaveocrats), and drew the necessary conclusions. "You cannot make a nation," he said, "with one half steamboats, sewing machines and Bibles, and the other half slaves." This early estimate he restated as follows, immediately after the Civil War had begun:

"The North is the 19th century, hardly any struggle left in it but that between the working-class and the money-kings . . . the South is the 13th and 14th century, baron and serf, noble and squire . . . our struggle is between barbarism and civilization. Such can only be settled by arms."

For the settlement "by arms," Phillips called for a united, offensive policy by the North, all along the line. "Thorough" was the maxim he urged upon the government; and nine days after the slaveholders had greeted Lin-

The famed Abolitionist pressed home the arguments for victory in 1865 from which we, in today's battle against fascist enslavement can profit much. *Nov. 29, 1942*

coln's inauguration with a cannonade against Fort Sumter, Phillips was urging the President to seize the "thunderbolt of Emancipation." The conquest of the South and the rebuilding of the Union both demanded this step, he pointed out. "The only way," warned Phillips, "the only sure way, to break this Union, is to try to save it by protecting slavery."

IT WAS the hard, day to day work of men like Phillips, Thaddeus Stevens, Frederick Douglass, Charles Sumner and others, which prepared among the people of the North a united and welcome response to Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, and the appointment of an offensive-minded army command, headed by General Grant.

In that period, as today, there was a crew of Copperhead canaille constantly yapping at the heels of the war President, harrying him, trying to delay, obstruct, destroy. Then, as now, these traitors wrapped themselves in an ill-fitting cloak of "freedom of criticism." Yet when men like Phillips offered strong proposals or made just criticism, these same traitors raised a great hue and cry, particularly in the newspapers they controlled. Phillips answered them scornfully:

"My criticism is not, like that of the traitor presses, meant to paralyze the administration, but to goad it into more activity and vigor, or to change the Cabinet."

PHILLIPS had very definite ideas as to the strategy of fighting a war of liberation, based on advancing to the heart of the enemy's country and crushing him in conjunction with a rising of the oppressed peoples. Thus, he proposed that General Fremont

(a northern Abolitionist) be landed in the Carolinas with 18,000 men, proclaim "Freedom for All: Freedom Forever!" and cut through the South to make a juncture with another Union Army in Tennessee.

"The bulwark on each side of them would have been one hundred thousand grateful blacks; they would have cut this rebellion in halves, and while our fleets fired salutes across New Orleans, Beauregard (Confederate General) would have been ground to powder between the upper millstone of McClellan and the lower of a quarter million of blacks rising to greet the Stars and Stripes." *Nov. 29, 1942*

NO idea could have angered Phillips more than the one we have heard so much of in our time, that on the major political and strategic questions of the war of liberation, the people should remain silent. "The accumulated intellect of the masses," Phillips once said, "is greater than the heaviest brain God ever gave to a single man." Both in the guiding of and in the fighting of the Civil War, he rested his whole confidence in the workers and farmers of the North "who had got their hands on the neck of a rebellious aristocracy and mean to strangle it."

Close upon the Northern final victory, Lincoln fell at the hand of an assassin. This hideous act symbolized the hatred and the continuing struggle by the slaveholders. In one of the great speeches of his career, at Tremont Temple, Boston, April 23, 1865, Phillips drew the bitter lessons. His words today have the same burning meaning:

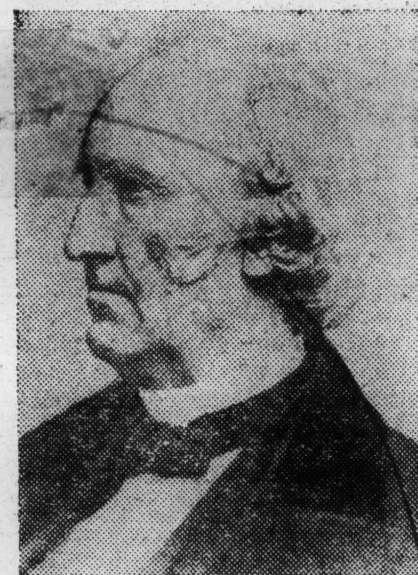
"Give him (the Negro in the South) the bullet and the ballot; he needs them, and while he holds them the Union is safe. . . . This

is the lesson God teaches us in the blood of Lincoln. Like Egypt, we are made to read our lesson in the blood of our first born and the seats of our princes left empty. We bury all false magnanimity in this fresh grave, writing over it the maxim of the coming four years, 'Treason is the greatest of crimes, and not a mere difference of opinion.' That is . . . the warning this atrocious crime sounds throughout the land. Let us heed it, and need no more such costly teaching."

PHILLIPS was one of those Abolitionists who, after victory over slavery had been won, remained in full armor and with lance couched, spurring on to new battles. "Momentous issues are before this and the next generation. The race question, temperance, woman's position, capital and labor furnish toil for years." This battle-scarred veteran soon found his place by the side of Ira Steward in the fight for the 8-hour day. Phillips championed independent political activity by the labor movement, and for the first time in his life, ran for public office, gubernatorial candidate on the Labor Party ticket. His platform began: "We affirm, as a fundamental principle, that labor, the creator of wealth, is entitled to all it creates."

Like Lincoln, Phillips viewed with alarm the unfettered growth of monopolies and the extension of their political domination. "The Labor Movement," exclaimed Phillips, "is my only hope for democracy."

AS might be expected in the case of a man who founded his hope for the continuance of republican institutions on a strong labor movement, there were those who "red-baited" Phillips. His



WENDELL PHILLIPS

answer was characteristic, and American in the finest sense of the word: *Nov. 29, 1942*

"Men sometimes say to me: 'Are you an Internationalist?' I say, 'I do not know what an Internationalist is'; but they tell me it is a system by which the workingmen from London to Gibraltar, from Moscow to Paris, can clasp hands. Then I say, God speed, God speed to that or any similar movement."

Such an American tradition, such wisdom, stemming from the experiences of America's great war of liberation in the 19th century may not be pleasing to Martin Dies in the 20th century. But the people of our country, the workers and farmers, the trade unionists, those modern Abolitionists—the Communists, will want to keep green this tradition and this wisdom. In our present great war of liberation, the anti-Axis governments and peoples are strengthening their ties of friendship and fighting solidarity. The firm clasp of hands of the working-class of the United Nations, especially of the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union, will be the best guarantee of unity to win the war and win the peace.



JOHN WESLEY WASHINGTON Former Slave Celebrates His 100th Anniversary

BY WILL BROWER

John Wesley Washington, who reached his one hundredth birthday Thursday, is one of the most remarkable persons this reporter has ever seen. Hale, hearty and healthy for a man of his longevity, Mr. Washington's every action belies his age.

We visited this gusty gent at his home 1117 Fairmont St. N. W., where he lives with his daughter, Miss Josie B. Washington, on the eve of his hundredth anniversary and spent a very entertaining hour-and-a-half.

Naturally, a man who has lived 100 years has seen, heard, and knows a lot. Mr. Washington

was born in Madison County, Miss., July 23, 1842. By the time General Grant took Richmond, and with it, all the hopes of the Confederacy, he was a 20-year old slave. But since that time, Mr. Washington has enjoyed a varied and vivid life.

Was A Policeman

Even though all slaves became freedmen in 1863, Mr. Washington remained with his master until the fall of 1865. However, when the former asked the latter for a few dollars after helping harvest the cotton crop that fall, the master replied, "I'm not paying you. Your damn status has not been determined by the Yan-

kees yet."

That was the last Mr. Washington saw of his master. In 1865 he began a successful six-year career as a farmer in Madison County. From agriculture he moved to construction work as a mechanic with of the Hull Construction Company of Jackson, Miss. With the exception of an intervening four-and-a-half years as a Jackson policeman, he remained with that organization for 23 years.

Associated With Perry Howard

In 1888 he resigned from that work. Immediately he became associated with Perry Howard, Sr., then a young lawyer in Jackson, in the real estate business.

For 17 years Mr. Washington remained a realtor, always realizing a tidy sum from his investments. During that same period

he was a member of the board of directors of the first Negro bank in Mississippi.

Mr. Washington came to Washington nearly five years ago. But before that time, he had been inside the boundaries of 14 states. In his wide travels and long life, this happy human has had only three visitations from the doctors. He boasts of a great collection of friends.

At Battle of Vicksburg

One of the most vivid things Mr. Washington remembers—and he has a very astute memory—was the siege of Vicksburg during the Civil War. He likes to relate how General Grant's ingenuity tricked the Rebels.

Instead of trying to take Vicksburg by a frontal assault, which would meant that he would have had to twist around a bend in the Mississippi, Grant cut a canal through Fort Hill and encircled the town.

It was during that memorable battle that the words took shape:

"Old massa run away and the darkies stayed home. And must be now Kingdom coming,

the year of jubilee."

Grant made good his boast to eat dinner in the courthouse at Vicksburg.

Mr. Washington, who never had a day of formal education in his life, is frequently called upon to make speeches. When his listeners inquire about his schooling, he tells them his alma mater is "Swamp University."

What institution is that?

Mr. Washington says that it's the school of experience.

Married twice, Mr. Washington has outlived both mates.

His second wife, the former Miss Irene Ellis, of Jackson, died February 26, 1926.

Now beginning his second century in this world, Mr. Washington isn't sure how many more he will live. But there's one thing that he is sure of. And that is, he has definitely lived 100 good and full years.

Asheville N. C. Citizen

August 13, 1942

"S. S. HINTON R. HELPER"

Out in California the other day a movie star was photographed christening the forty-ninth Liberty Ship to be launched at the Terminal Island yards. According to the newspaper caption, the vessel bore the name "Hinton R. Helper." Terminal Island is a continent's distance from Wilmington, where North Carolina names customarily are bestowed on Liberty Ships, but "Hinton R. Helper" could be none other than Hinton Rowan Helper, deceased, sometime native of Davie County.

In a people's war this is a curious circumstance. The Citizen for one is mildly inquisitive of the process whereby a Liberty Ship receives the name of one such as Hinton Rowan Helper. Though a Southerner born, he was no friend of the South; nor, one would think, of the Union. Political agitator, preacher of race hatred and wild-eyed visionary, Helper was hardly the stuff of which heroes are made—or remembered at ship dedications.

"The Impending Crisis," which Helper published in 1857, was an anti-slavery treatise on behalf of non-slaveholding whites in the South. Threatening a slave

uprising, it caused more of a stir than did "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Yet it had no compassion for the slaves. Helper was a violent, life-long hater of the negro race, and he did not disguise his views. John Sherman's indorsement of the book caused his defeat for speaker of the House by resentful slave-holding Southerners in 1859. The Republican party at one time collected funds to distribute 100,000 copies of "The Impending Crisis" for the 1860 presidential campaign.

Helper left the country during the Civil War, serving as consul in Buenos Aires between 1861 and 1866 on Lincoln's appointment. Afterward he opposed congressional reconstruction purely out of hatred for the negro, expressing his theories about the race—"to write the negro out of America . . . and out of existence"—in a series of three fanatical volumes beginning with "Nojoque" in 1867. Helper spent the last years of his life in Washington, agitating for the construction of a fabulously fantastic railroad from Hudson Bay to the Strait of Magellan. He died, more than half-mad, by his own hand in 1909 and was buried by strangers.

In some ways Helper was a penetrating scholar of social forces and of the pre-Civil War organization of the South. Yet he was in no wise a great man, and certainly not an admirable one. His name is hardly remembered either in the North or South. In his ramblings Helper once wrote a book in praise of California called "The Land of Gold." This, however, is hardly enough to ennoble his name on a Liberty Ship. Perhaps the Maritime Commission can offer the explanation which most historians might be at loss to provide.

Slave Descendants Give To Help Freedom Fight

SEP 5 - 1942

Alabama Negroes Live in Log Cabins

But They Find Funds for Red Cross

Few contributions to the war effort have sprung from so sincere a desire to help win the war as did the contribution of \$22.50 recently sent Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt for the American Red Cross by a small group of Negroes living at Harold's Cove and Blount Springs, Ala.

The contribution, with instructions for its use and a list of donors, was contained in a letter sent to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

There was one donation of \$5, two of \$1, while the others ranged downward from 50 cents to one cent. Eleven gave a penny.

The letter, signed by Laura Tip-ton, chairman of the committee of the St. James M. E. Church, follows in part:

"Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

"We are a small group of devoted Negro Americans living in a quiet, safe valley in North Alabama. Our ancestors were free men in Africa who were captured and forced into slavery, as so many free men all over the world are being forced into slavery today. Through the grace of God and the generous laws of our beloved America we live in joyful freedom.

"We can proudly point to the homes we own. We can gather in our churches and raise our voices in praise and prayer without fear. Many of our young men have marched away to war to fight to protect our blessed American freedom, and we want to help, too. Our little cabins are built of logs and planks, and there isn't much in them, and sometimes there isn't enough food, but although our pockets are empty, our hearts are full. So we are sending the amount we have raised, and we ask if you will please give it to the Red Cross for us."

Chicago Tribune

Chicago, Illinois

102 YEARS FIND

MRS. PATTERSON

ACTIVE AT PARTY

Recalls Release from Slavery as Girl.

It's been a long, long time since Mrs. Kate Patterson was sold as a slave. But the memory was still sharp in her mind as she celebrated her 102nd birthday.

Mrs. Patterson, whose hair now is snow white, vividly recalls the auction block in Hallsville, Ky., and her sale as a field hand, away from her parents and brothers and sisters.

"My new master was nice to us the first day and gave us sticks of red candy," she said, "but we had to work awful hard in the fields. We sure didn't get much for the work either; maybe a pair of shoes every year or so. I guess I've seen plenty of trouble in my day, but I'm happy."

Freedom and Marriage.

The day she got her freedom was the happiest in her life, Mrs. Patterson says. Then she married and moved to a farm in Indiana where she spent the next 25 years. She now resides with her daughter, Mrs. Rose Adkins, in the Ida B. Wells homes at 504 East 38th street.

With a light in her eyes and an enthusiasm in her voice that belies her age, Mrs. Patterson still does her own cooking and household tasks. She distains the use of a cane and on her birthday spent the whole day at a party given for her by the members of Olivet Baptist church, 3101 South Park way.

Visits Son of 65.

She spent several weeks last summer visiting her youngest child—a mere youngster of 65—on his farm in Sunset Hills, Mich. She has one other daughter and son living, eight grandchildren, and so many great-grandchildren she says she has quit counting them.

Ex-Slave Group Will Observe 25th Anniversary With Songs

"Lawdy, you shoulda seen us agettin' outta theah when Mistuh Shuhman come thew heah. It was sompin, Ah'm tellin' you."

"Aw, you don't know nothing. Old Man. We was buryin' money fasteh than a man coulda made it when dat Yankee headed south."

"Hush yo' mouf, and des do some singin'."

Then the songs will bust loose—right from the heart. The songs will carry you back to Ole Virginny, they'll carry you back to the days of Mastuh and de Ole Missus.

They will be sung only as the

slaves who took such good care of their white folks could sing them. For former slaves—about 20 of them—will be leading the singing.

The rest of the singers will be aged Negroes, who have been admitted to membership in the ex-Slave Association. The occasion will be the 25th annual celebration of the association's founding.

The celebration will be held today at the Holmes Institute, and President B. R. Holmes will deliver the opening address. At 1 o'clock Rev. W. B. Lawrence will give the annual sermon. Christmas presents will be distributed by the association.

But between 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. the 20 ex-slaves ranging in age up to 105 will find time to sing only as the Negro can sing. And they'll swap experiences, too.

No, there won't be any eggnog at the party, "cause if theah was, theah jus' ain't no tellin' when de meetin' would break up."

65-1942

Washington Post Washington, D. C. Ex-Slave Dies; Served Family For 80 Years

Betsy Jane Fairfax, 86-year-old Negro who was born in slavery and lived to receive from the District Federation of Women's Clubs long and faithful service to three generations of the Swingle family, will be buried today in Congressional Cemetery. She died Saturday at the home of Col. and Mrs. Charles S. Reed, 5437 Nebraska Avenue Northwest. MAR 16 1942

Betsy, who was born near Martinsburg, W. Va., and whose memory reached back to the Battle of Antietam, spent several years with the Reeds in Honolulu, caring for their children. Co. Reed is now on duty with the Ordnance Department in Washington. MAR 16 1942

The Swingle families, served by Betsy for more than 80 years, included Mr. and Mrs. Willard B. Swingle, 3917 Military Road Northwest; Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Swingle, 6151 Thirtieth Street Northwest; Dr. and Mrs. Charles C. Clark, 21 West Irving Street, Chevy Chase, Md.; Mrs. Suzanne S. Cannon and Dr. and Mrs. D. B. Street, Jersey City, N. J., and Mrs. Reed.

Funeral services will be held at 8 p. m. today from the Reed home, to be followed by burial in Congressional Cemetery in the Reed family plot.

Knoxville, Tenn. Journal
March 15, 1942

Head Of Negro School Spins Old-Time Tales

Stories of nineteenth century Knoxville and the days of slavery can be spun by W. D. S. Bradley, principal of Heiskell Negro School. The stories are those he heard from his father, who died here in 1910, at the age of 90.

The senior Bradley was born a slave near Lynchburg, Va., in 1820, and later was sold, with his father, mother, brothers and sisters to Dr. Harvey Baker who lived on a plantation near the Ten Mile Creek in Knox County on the present-day Kingston Pike.

William, then a young boy, was apprenticed to a blacksmith, whose shop occupied the present site of the courthouse. Later, he operated a blacksmith shop off the site of the Railway YMCA at the corner of Broadway and Depot Street. As old age approached, Bradley moved his shop to Asylum Avenue, now Western Avenue.

First Wife Dies

In 1881 Bradley's first wife died, but he remarried three years later when he met Mrs. Gabrielle Hallack, while on a trip to Louisville, Ky. A rival of Mrs. Hallack's journeyed to Louisville to prevent the marriage, but Bradley's friends side-tracked her, and she left in disgust.

To this second marriage was born the younger Bradley, in 1884.

In 1893, the blacksmith visited the Chicago World's Fair—the Columbia Exposition. For many years, the elder Bradley served as a trustee of the Logan Avenue M. E. Zion Church. He served on the reception committee which entertained Frederick Douglass, Prof. Thomas Prece and Dr. William J. Simmons, all of famous memory of the Reconstruction Period.

A Story

But the stories the elder Bradley used to tell around his blacksmith shop were rich in the folklore of the days of slavery.

There was one about old Uncle Peter Russell, who said he always sowed 50 bushels of wheat to the acre and could count each grain and report the total to his master at night.

Another story of Uncle Ned, who was on a hunting trip with his dogs. He sat down on a stump to wait the result of a chase. The dogs had caught the scent of the fox, and were in hot pursuit. Suddenly,

a fox appeared, and was running so hard, it split lengthwise while running. With great presence of mind, Uncle Ned quickly put the two parts of the fox together, and the fox continued its flight ahead of the hounds.

One time, a carpet-bagger came to the plantation, selling Golden-seal, for three dollars the box. He claimed that if the slaves sprinkled the contents under the door, they would be emancipated in two weeks. William Bradley told the carpet-bagger, "After the rest of the slaves are freed, you may see me for a box of Golden-seal."

Old William Bradley died at the home at 1317 Clinton Street after a lingering illness. The home is now owned by Dr. S. M. Clark.

But the memories of those slave days still live in the stories that Principal Bradley can tell out at Heiskell School.

Telegraph

Macon, Georgia

Hot Biscuit Worth More Than Gold to Georgia Negro, 104

ELBERTON, [AP]—After you get to be 104 years old you hardly ever worry about anything. At least, that is the opinion of Uncle Lucius Darby, who says he was born a slave in Augusta, Ga., about the year 1838. They kept no birth records in those days but Uncle Lucius has pretty good proof of his age.

"Young folks are living in heaven today and don't know it," he declared when asked how the present times compared with his early days. "They have everything anybody could want. Why, I remember when I thought a hot biscuit was better than a gold dollar. If I was lucky enough to get a hot biscuit I would keep it until it got cold thinking about how good it was going to taste."

For a man over a century old, Uncle Lucius is remarkably active. He is not fretting about the late spring and wet weather but he will be glad when he can start his garden. He does all the work with a hoe and likes to get an early start. He plants all sorts of vegetables but his watermelons are his pets. When a man has a big, cool watermelon on a hot day he has something.

Daily World
Atlanta, Georgia

111-Year-Old Former Slave To Cast First Vote

BURLINGTON, N. C. —(ANP) — A 111-year-old former slave will cast her first vote here May 30. Announcing her intention to vote for Pete Davis, white, who is a candidate for sheriff, "Aunt" Lou Thompson began reminiscing of the sights she had seen during the Civil War:

"Just as if it were yesterday, I remember when Wheeler's cavalry rode through our place." She said she was a big girl when Wheeler's horsemen galloped down the road in the Haw creek section where she lived as a slave to Dr. Tommy Thompson, a dentist. By day the Thompson hid their horses in the woods and locked them in the smokehouse at night, so Wheeler failed to get any of them.

A neighbor, Dr. Frank Mebane, was not so lucky, she declared, for a cavalry man rode up to his house, selected the best horse he had, changed his bridle and saddle and left a stack of bones hitched to a post.

"That was some horse trade," the aged woman stated, "But Dr. Frank fed and fed that horse and pretty soon his sides began to fill out and he was a pretty good horse after all."

Richmond, Va., Times-Dispatch
May 11, 1942

LOUISE FLEMING MERRITT, a 93-year-old Negro woman who was a slave before the Civil War, walked into the First National Bank at Barnesville, Ga., the other day and placed her life savings, amounting to \$1,000, in War Savings Bonds.

She probably has little time left in which to enjoy freedom, but she has a keen realization of what freedom means. Her action is being duplicated by many others of her race, who are supporting their nation in this war with the same vigor they have displayed in other wars.

Pittsburgh Courier
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ex-Slave, 102, Attends Party In Her Honor

CHICAGO, Nov. 19 —(ANP) — Scorning the use of a cane, Mrs. Kate Patterson recently celebrated her 102nd birthday by attending a full day's party given for her by members of Olivet Baptist church, of which she is a member.

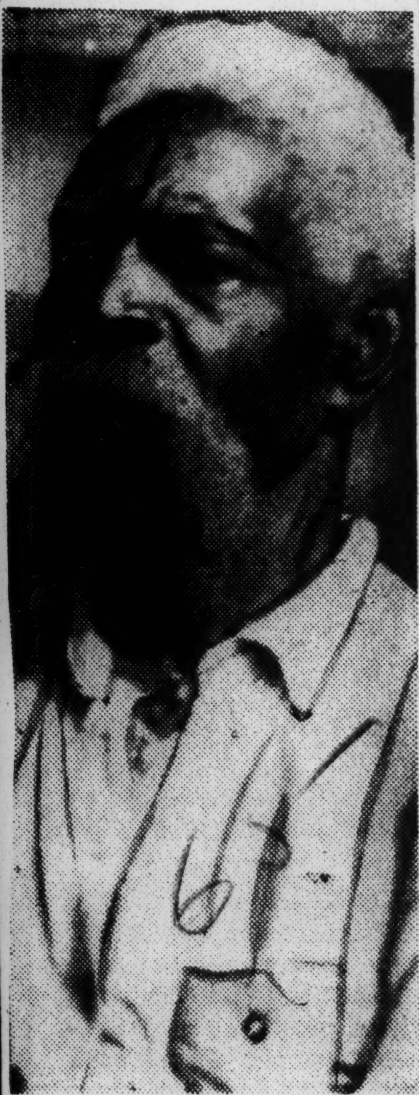
Her hair is snow white, but she gets about unassisted and does her own cooking and household tasks. On her birthday she recalled her early days as a slave in Kentucky and her sale as a field hand in Hallsville, Ky., away from her parents and her brothers and sisters. "My new master was nice to us the first day and gave us sticks of red candy," she recalled, "but we had to work awfully hard in the fields. We didn't get much for the work, maybe a pair of shoes every year or so. I guess I've seen plenty of trouble in my day, but I'm happy."

The day of her freedom she characterized as the "happiest day in my life." Shortly afterward she married and moved to Indiana, where she lived 25 years. She now resides with her daughter, Mrs. Rose Adkins, in the Ida B. Wells Homes.

Not too old to travel, last summer she spent several weeks visiting her "youngest child," a son, 65, on his farm in Sunset Hills, Mich. She has one other daughter and son living, eight grandchildren, and "so many great-grandchildren that I've quit counting them."

Father of 54

Rites Today For Ex-Slave Born in 1834



GEORGE ROBINSON

George Robert Robinson, former slave who claimed to have been born 108 years ago in Hanover County, Va., died Tuesday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Ruth Giles, in Springfield, Va.

Mr. Robinson, who received an old-age pension in Fairfax County since 1939, said that he was married five times and was the father of 54 children, most of whom he outlived.

Born a slave, Mr. Robinson had said that he moved to Louisa County with his master, Hamilton Johnson, when a boy. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was working on a farm owned by John Timlick and was with Timlick and his brother, Edward Timlick, during the first battle of Manassas.

In 1863 he helped to build the breastworks to defend Richmond,

he asserted. After the war, he moved to Culpeper with a Dr. Briggs.

JUN 5 1942

The aged man claimed to have hauled stone for the construction of the west wing of the Capitol here, and also to have assisted in reinforcement work on the Washington Monument.

The funeral will take place at 2 p. m. today from Clark's Chapel in Springfield, and burial will be in the Baptist Church Cemetery here.

Constitution Atlanta, Georgia Pioneer Negro Dies at LaGrange

Special to THE CONSTITUTION.
LAGRANGE, Ga., July 14.—Tribute was paid here Sunday to Ridley R. Green, 84-year-old Negro drayman of this city, who had served the pioneer families of LaGrange for 65 years on occasions of arrival and departure as he hauled their baggage to and from the station, and who was highly respected by all citizens of the town.

Scorning the advent of the truck for hauling, Ridley drove his one-horse wagon, pulled by the last of a faithful line of drayhorses, through the traffic lanes of this city until the time of his last illness, a rebuke to the hurry and bustle of modern life as he and his horse refused to hurry to take their loads to the railroad station.

Ridley was born into slavery in December, 1858. He died Wednesday at his home here and funeral services were conducted from the Warren Temple Methodist Church for Colored on Sunday afternoon.

Age-Herald Birmingham, Ala.

Recollections

BY EMMET R. CALHOUN

One of the loveliest rural settings in Alabama is located 12 or 14 miles southwest of Carrollton, in Pickens County. The community is known and has been known over a hundred years as "The Garden," and it was well named, for a more beautiful scene cannot be imagined. It is a few miles east of the beautiful Tombigbee River, with many hundreds of acres of level red land—land so loamy that it does not have the sticky consistency of the black prairie land and can be cultivated and worked (plowed) much sooner after rain than can the black prairie land. Therefore The Garden land is much more valuable from an agricultural standpoint than the justly famed black prairie land.

In the first two decades of the nineteenth century there was a considerable migration into West Alabama, principally from North and South Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia by persons seeking rich lands for farming. That area lying between the Warrior and Tombigbee Rivers seemed to be favored above other sections. Settlers came in as did the early pioneers—some with barest equipment in ox-drawn homemade wagons. Others of substance came, with slaves and cattle and mules and horses. These latter were able to purchase the choicest lands. Among this class was William Jemison, who, with far-seeing eye, was able to obtain several hundred acres. He was a shrewd and energetic man, and within a few years had added hundreds of other acres to his holdings. He cultivated his land so well that it came to be known as The Garden, and he named his plantation The Garden. He was a developer and became the chief inspiration to his neighbors for building up a fine community. As a leader he encouraged the building of water mills for community service and willingly headed and helped finance blacksmith shops, plow stock works, lumber mills and wagon-making plants. Of course, these were on a small scale to serve the community. Year by year The Garden community was growing more populous and more important until in the 1820-30's it was known as the most desirable farming territory in that section of the state. In 1820 Pickens County was formed and it was thought for a time The Garden would be the county seat, but the county seat was located at Carrollton as being nearer the center of the county.

William Jemison, of The Garden, was grandfather of the late Robert Jemison, of Birmingham, who for many years was president of the Birmingham Railway, Light & Power Company, and great-grandfather of Robert Jemison, Jr., at present one of Birmingham's prominent citizens and developers. The whole tribe of Alabama Jemisons have been builders and developers, but none more so than William Jemison, considering the resources at his command. He was noted for his designing and building of water mills to enable farmers to get their grain ground. On a trip I made in 1889 from Columbus, Miss., to the Yalobusha country across Mississippi, I recall passing perhaps half a dozen Jemison mills that he had built. His services were constantly in demand. Delegations would visit him to ask that he go to their sections and work out plans for mills. His

mills would be powered by huge overshot or undershot wooden wheels as the nature of the land and the volume of the water available would require. Nearly all that I saw in Mississippi were 75 or 80 years old and were still giving good service and satisfying the communities they served.

Notwithstanding his far-flung activities, William Jemison found time to devote to The Garden. He was considerate and humane to his slaves. A few years ago there was found among some old papers, letters and account books of Senator Robert Jemison (Confederate States Congress) in the VandeGraaff home in Tuscaloosa a "Proclamation by William Jemison read to his black people, Jan. 1, 1827," as to his provisions for them, and his demands of them; which belies the opinion generally held in the North that Southern slave owners treated their slaves with cruelty. This "proclamation" is now on file in the department of archives of the library of the University of Alabama. It follows:

"JANUARY THE FIRST, 1827—A PROCLAMATION BY WILLIAM JEMISON TO HIS BLACK PEOPLE AS FOLLOWS:

"I have this day placed you under Richard Coal as your overseer for the present year, 1827.

"Now, provided you will faithfully obey him, be honest, careful, industrious, you shall have two-thirds of the corn and cotton made on the plantation and as much of the wheat as will reward you for the sowing it. I also furnish you with provisions for this year. When your crop is gathered, one-third is to be set aside for me. You are then to pay your overseer his part and pay me what I furnish, clothe yourselves, pay your own taxes and doctor's fees with all expenses of the farm. You are to be no expense to me, but render to me one-third of the produce and what I have loaned you. You have the use of the stock and plantation tools. You are to return them as good as they are and the plantation to be kept in good repair, and what clear money you make shall be divided equally amongst you in a fair proportion agreeable to the services rendered by each hand. There will be an account of all lost time kept, and those that earn most shall have most. What comes off the lazy shall be added to the industrious and all employed in spinning, weaving or making will be rewarded in a fair proportion for their labor. You are to clear all you can and in all respects to carry on as heretofore. It is enjoined on you all that you keep yourselves clean and appear as decent as possible. If any of you should be guilty of stealing, for the first offense you forfeit half your wages and for the second offense, the balance half to go to the informer and the other half to be divided with the honest, and you are to suffer the lash both times and as many times as you are guilty. There is to be no gadding abroad without a pass, nor no entertaining bad company."

The Senator Robert Jemison mentioned previously was a son of the William Jemison who founded The Garden plantation and at his father's death became part owner of The Garden. Robert Jemison was educated for the law but its practice never appealed to him. He was a natural industrialist and builder and established lumber plants, saw mills, grist mills, foundries and machine shops, etc., to all of which he gave his personal attention. He served in both the House and Senate of the Alabama Legislature and for a term was president of the Senate. Though opposed to seces-

sion he gave loyal support to the new government and was a member of the constitutional convention of 1861. He succeeded the first brand but gifted William L. Yancey in the Confederate States Senate and made a fine record there as a clear thinker and a practical statesman. Being greatly interested in railroads, he was chosen president of the railroad between Chattanooga, Tenn., and Meridian, Miss., now the Alabama Great Southern division of the Southern Railway System, and served the company six years. He gave liberally of his ample means to the cause of the South and to alleviate the condition of the poor among the noncombatants. The Yankees seemed to take delight in confiscating his properties and destroying them. He was a great-uncle of our

Your History

Dates Back Beyond the Cotton
Fields of the South . . . Back
Thousands of Years Before Christ!

By J. A. Rogers

Illustrated by SAMUEL MILAI

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Next
WEEK...

MRS. GRACE M.
BAHOVEC

William HAMILTON

A BRILLIANT MULATTO, FOUNDED A **LIBERTY HALL** IN NEW YORK, DEDICATED TO FREEDOM, A CENTURY BEFORE **MARCUS GARVEY** DID HIS... ON JULY 4, 1827, WHEN SLAVERY WAS ABOLISHED IN NEW YORK, HE MADE A STIRRING ADDRESS THERE... HE WAS SAID TO BE A SON OF **ALEXANDER HAMILTON**...



ERGAMES



3RD CENTURY B.C., KING OF NUBIA (LATER ETHIOPIA) TURNED THE TABLES ON THE GREEKS UNDER PTOLEMY II... WISHING TO SEIZE HIS COUNTRY AS THEY HAD DONE EGYPT, THEY TOOK HIM TO GREECE, TRAINED HIM IN THEIR WAYS, AND SENT HIM HOME... REACHING ~~HOME~~ ^{TIME}, HE INTRODUCED GREEK CULTURE AND OVERTHREW THE NATIVE RELIGION, BUT WHEN THE GREEKS TRIED TO RULE HIM TOO, HE DROVE THEM OUT...

Courier
Pittsburgh, Pa.

George French ECTON

AN EX-SLAVE, ROSE TO BE THE FIRST NEGRO MEMBER OF THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.. BORN 1846 IN KENTUCKY, HE WAS FREED BY THE 13TH AMENDMENT... GOING TO CINCINNATI, HE WORKED AT ODD JOBS AND PICKED UP AN EDUCATION IN HIS SPARE TIME.... ARRIVING IN CHICAGO IN 1864-1865 HE SERVED AS HEAD WAITER AND WAS LATER ELECTED STATE SENATOR IN THE 35TH LEGISLATURE

ECTON
FOR
SENATOR



65-1943 GEORGIA'S OLDEST WOMAN DIES AT 110

Corley Cook Shepard, 110, here Wednesday at the age of 110. Born in Morgan county in 1833, she became the wife of another slave, Samuel Shepard, at the age of 20. Eleven children were born to the couple.

Mrs. Shepard's husband was sold away from her, but she never married again. While she was alive, five generations were represented in the family.

Her oldest child is 87 years old while her youngest is the oldest child of her daughter is now 67 years old.

21 Former Slaves Are Expected at 'Freedom Jubilee'

Nashville, Tenn., Banner—Twenty-one former slaves are expected to attend the annual "Freedom Jubilee" which will be held tomorrow evening at 6:30 o'clock at Gordon Memorial Methodist Church, 2332 Herman Street.

The program, opening with a chicken dinner, will be featured by a sermon by "Boss" Williams, 91-year-old former slave, who came to Nashville more than 60 years ago as a plasterer and blacksmith.

Fifty singers of the Women's Board of Christian Service and 25 singers of the Buva College Rescue Home will furnish music under the direction of Jerome Wright, of the Fisk Jubilee Singers. Other speakers include Dr. Jesse Jai McNeil, Mrs. Clemmie White and the Rev. T. H. Easley.

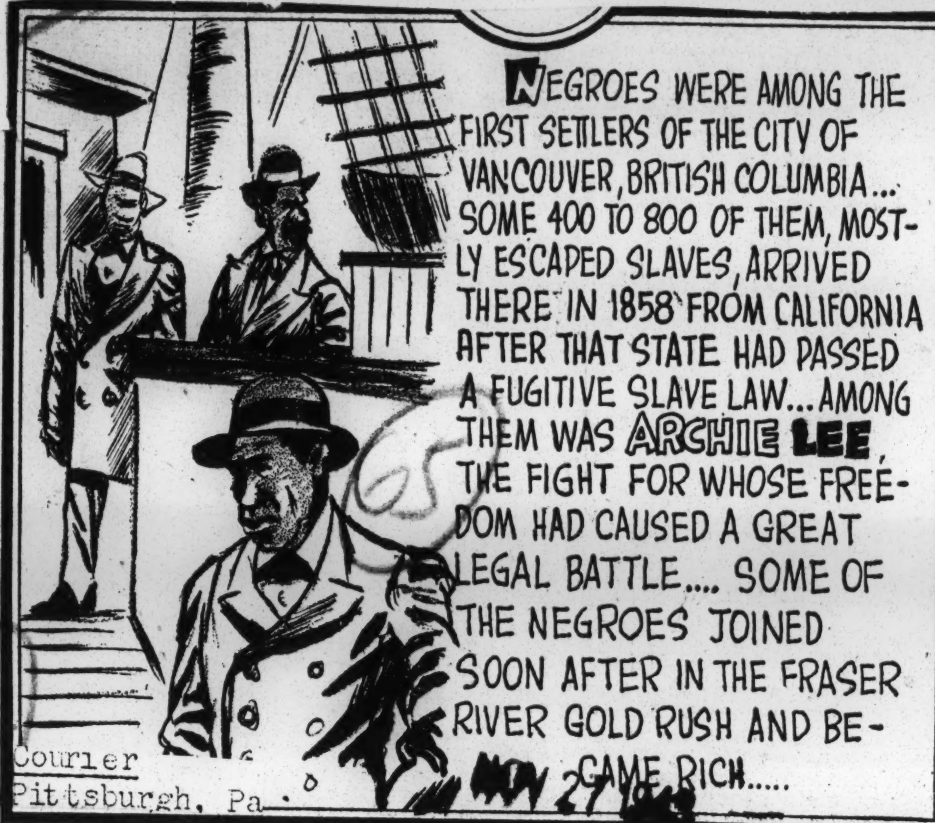
The Freedom Jubilee Committee, headed by the Rev. H. P. Gordon, chairman, and M. R. Eppse, secretary, has received many contributions of money, food and gifts for the occasion. Ministers and their wives will be guests at the dinner as well as the ex-slaves.

The Elks Lodge, under the direction of Jasper Patton, will furnish transportation for the former slaves.



Chain Lake SETTLEMENT

IN MICHIGAN... SAID TO BE THE **LARGEST NEGRO COLONY** IN THE NORTH... FOUNDED IN 1847 BY **SAUNDERS**, A VIRGINIA SLAVEHOLDER, WHO BROUGHT HIS SLAVES THERE, SET THEM FREE AND LIVED WITH THEM ORIGINALLY ONE SQUARE MILE, IT IS NOW 38 SQUARE MILES.. THE DESCENDANTS STILL LIVE THERE WITH FINE LARGE FARMS AND HOMES AMID THE BEAUTIFUL LAKES FROM WHICH CAME ITS NAME... 27 1943



NEGROES WERE AMONG THE FIRST SETTLERS OF THE CITY OF VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA... SOME 400 TO 800 OF THEM, MOSTLY ESCAPED SLAVES, ARRIVED THERE IN 1858 FROM CALIFORNIA AFTER THAT STATE HAD PASSED A FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW... AMONG THEM WAS **ARCHIE LEE**, THE FIGHT FOR WHOSE FREEDOM HAD CAUSED A GREAT LEGAL BATTLE.... SOME OF THE NEGROES JOINED SOON AFTER IN THE FRASER RIVER GOLD RUSH AND BECAME RICH....



"SLAVERY WAS A BLESSING"

Defender Chicago, Ill.—Norway had its Quislings, the Negro people have their Rev. J. A. Brodies.

Using a clerical frock as a cloak of treason is not particularly new but no less infuriating in the case of Rev. Brodie of the First Church in Montgomery, Ala. It was this pastor who recently wrote a letter to the Christian Science Monitor telling the world: "The only friends we have are Southern white men. Colored People must learn to be better servants . . . slavery was a blessing."

The letter has been widely quoted in the Southern white press.

Trying to explain a letter like that is a tough one. One story is that Rev. Brodie needed \$1000 for his church and figured a letter like that would get him the money from pleased white men. Evidently the strategy worked for he is reported to have raised the \$1000.

Judas got his 30-pieces of silver. Rev. Brodie got his \$1000.

Mrs. Catherine HARRIS

BORN 1809 OF A NEGRO
FATHER AND A WHITE
MOTHER, WAS FOR 25
YEARS ONE OF THE
MOST HEROIC MEMBERS
OF THE **UNDERGROUND
RAILROAD** THAT AIDED
SLAVES TO ESCAPE TO
CANADA.... LIVING IN
JAMESTOWN, N.Y., SHE
USED HER HOME TO
HIDE THEM.... TABLET
ERECTED TO HER MEM-
ORY BY THE CITY.....

(INFORMATION BY A.W. ANDERSON,
CITY HISTORIAN.... PHOTO, FROM
WHICH SKETCH WAS DRAWN,
BY R.N. WICKFIELD, YOUNGSTOWN, N.Y.)



Courier
Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEXT WEEK.....GEORGE H. WHITE



DEC 25 1943

JOSEPH JACKSON FULLER, BORN A SLAVE
IN JAMAICA, W.I., IN 1825, WAS ONE OF WEST AFRICA'S
GREAT CHRISTIAN PIONEERS...REACHING THE CAMEROONS
IN THE 1840'S, HE DEVOTED HIMSELF TO THE UPLIFT OF HIS
PEOPLE, TRANSLATING THE BIBLE AND PILGRIM'S PROGRESS
INTO THE DUALA LANGUAGE.....DRIVEN OUT BY
THE GERMANS WHEN THEY SEIZED THE TERRITORY
IN 1887, HE LEFT AMID THE TEARS OF THE
NATIVES FOR ENGLAND WHERE HE PREACH-
ED IN VARIOUS CHURCHES FOR 20 YEARS...

MILAI



CERTAIN NEGRO GROUPS OF THE
PRESENT BATTLE AREA OF THE PACIFIC,
ESPECIALLY THE SOLOMONS ARE CALLED
BLACK JEWS...NOT JEWISH IN FAITH,
THEY HAVE WHAT IS CALLED A "JEWISH
NOSE"....IN COLOR, THEY'RE ALL COAL-
BLACK AND WOOLY-HAIRED..IT IS EVEN
SAID THAT THEY WERE PART OF THE
TEN LOST TRIBES OF ISRAEL.....

65-1943

World-Telegram

New York, N. Y.

The Homebody Who Dipped Her Pen in TNT

MAR 6 - 1943
By BURTON RASCOE.

Harriet Beecher Stowe Is Brought to Life

Harriet, which Gilbert Miller brought to Broadway on Wednesday night as a starring vehicle for Helen Hayes, has all the qualities of one of those phenomenal successes like *Life with Father*. Unlike *Victoria Regina*, the interest of this play does not depend upon the fame or importance of the heroine; for, as in *Life with Father*, the Ryerson-Clements play about Harriet Beecher Stowe is interesting not because Harriet wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin* but because her life is depicted as a domestic comedy entirely composed of those tremendous trifles which everybody in the audience recognizes as being part of his or her own experience.

Harriet, indeed, has qualities of permanence and universal appeal which have no relation whatever to what seems to be the highly factitious efforts of the authors (and perhaps of Miss Hayes) to give the play particular relevance to these times by making Mrs. Stowe's final speech from her window to a crowd of admirers a windy rhetorical debauch about the need of wars to rid the world of "tyrants." . . . Historically minded persons in the audience immediately ask themselves: "What tyrants? Robert E. Lee? Jefferson Davis? The good men of the South who fought for the Confederacy although they owned no slaves? Negroes themselves who fought for the South?"

MAR 6 - 1943
First Speech Better.

That speech is the one false and unsatisfactory note in the play—an uninspired and silly anticlimax to a character portrayal that is otherwise immensely appealing. And the curious thing about that is that the speech is precisely the sort of speech Harriet Beecher Stowe, in her feted and famed days, would make, when she was perhaps fatuously proud of being credited with bringing about the war between the states—an achievement her conscience would not permit her to be proud of unless she could think of the South as entirely dominated by Simon Legrees. The speech is unfortunate, not real-

istically but dramatically speaking, because it makes her, who has been carefully built up as a humble and humane and very endearing woman, seem something of a featherbrained humbug.

There is a speech by Mrs. Stowe which precedes this one, that has poignancy, truth and beauty. It is the one in which Mrs. Stowe reflects upon the death and destruction the war has wrought without having moved the cause of liberty more than a fraction ahead, and that has, indeed, introduced a new slavery—the wage slavery of women and children in the mills and sweatshops; and she sadly and humbly hopes that another war may not be necessary to eradicate this and other evils of man's inhumanity to man. That speech, I think, might be substituted for the present final one to the immense advantage of the play.

MAR 6 - 1943
Influence Analyzed.

I say this because it is entirely within the realm of possibility that there may some day be another civil war in the United States and it is devoutly to be hoped that there shall not arise another Harriet Beecher Stowe to egg it on. Many reputable historians are now of the opinion that the sectional differences, which were of a political and economic rather than of a moral nature, might have been amicably settled without bloodshed if prejudices had not been fanned into flame by fanatics, of whom Mrs. Stowe was not by nature one, but merely a contriver of sentimental and melodramatic stories who happened to write a yarn that galvanized all the forces of fanaticism current in her time.

Says Prof. Avery Craven of the department of history at the University of Chicago in his recent book, *The Coming of the Civil War*: "Late in 1852 Harriet Beecher Stowe of Cincinnati published her melodramatic *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which supplied something heretofore lacking in the antislavery crusade. Vague generalities of past decades took on intimate reality. The Harriet of the Ryerson-Clements play is not a ghoulish fanatic, happily; she is simply an endearing little woman in a wholly delightful domestic comedy, whose facility in writing sentimental literary trash innocently helped to bring to a head a festering boil of artificially pumped up sectional prejudices. Its value is not as a message or as a lesson, but as a play like *Life with Father*."

But, says Professor Craven, "stripped of false assumptions, the tragedy of the nation in bloody strife from 1861 to 1865 must, in large part, be charged to a generation of well-meaning Americans, who, busy with the task of getting ahead, permitted their shortsighted politicians, their overzealous editors and their pious reformers to emotionalize real and potential differences and to conjure up distorted impressions of those who dwelt in other parts of the nation. For more than two decades these molders of public opinion steadily created the fiction of two distinct peoples contending for the right to preserve and expand their sacred cultures."

MAR 6 - 1943
Led Men to Hate.

"They turned the normal American conflicts between agriculture and industry, farmers and planters, section and section into a struggle of civilizations. . . . They awakened new fears and led men to hate. In time people came to believe that social security, constitutional government and the freedom of all men were at stake in their sectional differences; that the issues were between right and wrong; good and evil. Opponents became devils in human form. Good men had no choice but to kill and be killed. . . . The cost was more than five billion dollars and more than half a million lives. When the struggle was over few problems had been solved and a whole series of new ones had been created far more vexing than those that led to war."

The Harriet of the Ryerson-Clements play is not a ghoulish fanatic, happily; she is simply an endearing little woman in a wholly delightful domestic comedy, whose facility in writing sentimental literary trash innocently helped to bring to a head a festering boil of artificially pumped up sectional prejudices. Its value is not as a message or as a lesson, but as a play like *Life with Father*.

Chicago Tribune
Chicago, Illinois
NEGRO WOMAN,

103, RECALLS
MAJOR U.S. WARS

Mrs. Kate Patterson, 103 years old and the eldest of the Ida B. Wells projects 7,000 residents, has seen her family fight in three of the United States' major wars.

Despite her age Mrs. Patterson is alert and requires only part time use of a cane and a pair of glasses. Except for occasional rheumatism she is in good health. She resides at the home of one of her three daughters, Mrs. Samuel A. Atkins, 504 East 38th street.

Mrs. Patterson has 5 living children, 9 grandchildren, and 13 great-grandchildren. George Parker, 12 year old pupil at St. Elizabeth parochial school, is one of her most devoted great-grandsons. He visits her almost every day.

She was born in slavery Oct. 29, 1839, on a Kentucky plantation. She remembers working in the cornfields at the time of the Civil war. She and her parents were owned by a planter, David Beecham.

All events are dated either before or "after freedom taken place," according to Mrs. Patterson's memory. Louis Tibbles, her grandfather, fought with the Union forces during the war.

Mrs. Patterson moved across the Ohio river to Tell City, Ind., following the Civil war, with her husband, Richard Patterson. He died at the age of 62 and she came to Chicago with her children about 20 years ago.

Two of her sons, Jake and Fritz Patterson, and a grandson, Russell Walker, served in the United States army in World War I. Two other grandsons, Leslie and Luther Johnson of Evansville, Ind., are now in the army.

Orangeburg, S. C., Times & Democrat
February 13, 1943

OPINIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Yesterday was the birthday of Abraham Lincoln whose assassination assured his immortality in the minds of many Americans. Had he lived he would have clashed with the Thad Stevens gang and there is no telling what might have happened.

We have a high opinion of Lincoln, as a generous and kindly man, who, as President, was anxious to get the Southern States back into the Union upon fairly liberal terms. He have no opinion of him as the "Great Emancipator," and consequently we call attention to some of his views that are not generally proclaimed.

Referring to the Negroes he declared in a speech at Peoria, Ill., on October 16, 1854: "Free them, and make them politically and socially our equals? My own feelings will not admit of this, and if mine would, we well know that those of the great mass of whites will not."

Earlier, in a letter to Williamson Durley, in 1845, Lincoln had written: "I hold it to be a paramount duty of us in the free states, due to the union of the states, and perhaps to liberty itself (paradoxical though it may seem) to let slavery of the other states alone."

In his debates with Douglas, "Father Abraham" was an adroit politician, usually speaking divergent views in southern and northern Illinois, with his declarations following the trend of prevailing sentiment in the area where he happened to be talking.

In his first debate with Douglas, Lincoln declared: "I have no purpose, either directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the states where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so."

Moreover, in the same debate, Lincoln asserted: "I have no purpose to introduce political and social equality between the white and Negro races. There is a physical difference between the two, which, in my judgment, will probably forever forbid their living together upon the footing of perfect equality, and inasmuch as it becomes a necessity that there must be a difference, I am in favor of the race to which I belong having the superior position."

I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do that.

Later, during the War Between the States, Lincoln wrote Horace Greeley, in 1862, "My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery."

Open Slave Trade Practiced In Nazi Markets Against Russians

Daily World

MAY 20 1943

Atlanta, Georgia MAY 20 1943

Captured Soviets Shipped Like Cattle In Boxcars To Germany

By CHATWOOD HALL

MOSCOW, USSR.—(ANP)—Open and unashamed slave trading in the middle 20th century is being widely practiced in German slave markets against Soviet people forcibly captured in occupied Soviet territory and shipped like cattle in box cars to Germany.

Further convincing proof of this contemporary slavery is contained in a recent note to the Soviet foreign minister, Molotov, and distributed to the diplomatic representatives of foreign governments who have diplomatic relations with the USSR.

A wealth of factual documentary material is contained in the note which reveals that this fascist slave trading is not a sporadic individual matter but an approved and organized system of the present German rule.

Only healthy and strong persons are demanded in official German orders, relatives to the rounding up of slaves. One such order addressed to the gurg-master near Leningrad demands no less than 15 slaves from each small administrative group of villages, "the healthiest persons from 15-50 years old."

What happens on arrival at the destination? An escaped woman, Varbara Bakhtin, relates "In Lgow we were compelled, stripped naked, to undergo physical inspection."

From Stuggart writes another person, "Leoniesze: "When we arrived in Germany we were sorted and distributed to camps."

Slaves come cheap for German slave buyers, costing even as low as 10-15 marks. A 16 year old Russian girl, Nadwva, writes that when her group arrived in Schwartz, Germany, they lined up at a slave block surrounded by Germans, measurements were taken of their bodies and their muscles felt. Those having the strongest muscles and stoutest legs and arms find ready buyers.

Labor is unpaid for and dogs are put on the trail of those who escape. Molotov warns that fascist officials and private individuals guilty of these crimes will be brought to justice.

Slavery Not Involved In Southern Cause

SAYS JUDGE L. R. DARR IN MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS

Federal Judge Points to "Right of Sovereign State to Control Property Title and Regulate Domestic Affairs of the People."

Speaking before a large crowd at Chattanooga Memorial Park on Memorial Day, Judge Leslie R. Darr began with a plea for righteousness living inspired by the example of the honored dead who wore the gray during the 60's. He spoke of the many theories advanced as to the cause of the South's entry into the war between the states which he said were untrue. He spoke of a great truth when he said "many of these unfounded reasons linger in the minds of many people to this day."

He exploded the theory that "the South entered the war to keep the Negro in bondage, or conversely, that the North fought to free the slaves." Judge Darr reached the height of his speech when he defined the underlying principle for which the South stood, that of the right of the sovereign state to control. His speech follows:

"Let us be inspired to righteous living by the example of those who honor who fought and died for a great principle and those who lived as

during that period who suffered so much. A thought of our forebears of that day and time should give us determination to make every possible sacrifice required and necessary to winning of this global war.

"Many untrue theories have been advanced as to the cause of the South's entering the War Between the States and strange to say many of those unfounded reasons still linger in the minds of many people to this day.

"The most prevalent erroneously founded reason for the South entering the war was to keep the Negro race in bondage, or conversely, that the North fought to free slaves.

"The underlying principle for which the South stood and in defense of which finally culminated in the war was the right of the sovereign state to control property title and regulate domestic affairs of the people. This governmental principle did not involve the slavery question.

"We of the South yield to no section of the country fidelity to the Federal Constitution or loyalty to the United States of America. It should be sufficient to point out the valor and sacrifices of the members of the armed forces from the South in World War I and in the present global war.

"We are indeed a great union of states and I firmly believe that every Southerner stands ready to fight for the preservation of our beloved country as long as there is a drop of blood in his veins and breath in his body. Those we come to honor today loved the South and we love it too.

"We of the South concede to the people of all sections a love for the place of their nativity, but we believe that there is no place on earth so rich in the heritage of leadership, chivalry, music and romance as the land of Dixie.

"Let each and every one of us be as true and as brave and as constant in standing for our country and for the principle as those were whose memory we honor today.

"I give you a toast: Here's to our glorious Southland; may it ever be a beacon light of a great way of living and of unfailing loyalty to our country. Here's to our great country, the United States of America; may we ever continue to be the land of the free and the home of the brave and a shining star to guide all nations."

FORMER SLAVE, 110, DIES IN N. CAROLINA

Chicago Defender As A Grown Woman She Saw Sherman On His March To The Sea

Chicago, Illinois GOLDSBORO, N. C. — (ANP) — Mrs. Cherry Shadden, 110, former slave, reputed to be the oldest person in Wayne county, died last week at the home of her great nephew, Amaziah Lane, in Saulston township.

Her brother, Butler Thompson, 88, the "baby" of the family, is still living in the same community.

While a slave, Mrs. Shadden belonged to the late George Thompson, white, of Saulston township. Two years ago prior to Christmas a granddaughter of Thompson, Mrs. J. C. Edwards, drove to Saulston and brought Mrs. Shadden to Goldsboro so she could see the Christmas sights and have a visit in town.

The lights were turned on ahead of schedule so she could see them and get home by her accustomed bedtime. A motorcycle patrolman accorded her a police escort.

She said she once rode a train, liked automobiles, but had no intention of flying.

When Sherman's army came to Wayne county she was a grown woman and was working in the cornfield. Some of the slaves went off with the Yankees, she said, but she remained because "my white folks was good enough for me."

Chicago Defender Cites Slave Trade In New England

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo.—(ANP)—Out of the history workshop of this famous college town has come a literary treatise that shatters all illusions New England writers have built up about that section of the country and the slavery period.

New England has been depicted by these writers as a district where human servitude was never tolerated, and people generally were the uncompromising champions of the chattel, the serf. The recently published book, "The Negro In Colonial New England, 1620-1776," by Dr. Lorenzo J. Greene, professor of history at Lincoln university, blasts this idea to bits, strips bare of all basis in fact.

Instead of despising slavery, Dr. Greene writes that the New Englanders were the very first colonists to engage in slave trading, and points out that the traffic was as heavy as that of rum and fish. Buying and selling Negroes was the big business of the time, says Dr. Greene.

Christian Recorder Philadelphia, Pa. WHAT IS A SLAVE?

By JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

"What is a slave?" asked William Cobbett in a famous book of "Advice to Young Men," published in 1829. At that time it was a burning question, on both sides of the sea; until recently it was academic.

Slavery, we thought, had gone forever, along with intolerance, persecution, and judicial murder. But today we have "slave nations," and, as someone has said, the only way to be up-to-date is to go back a hundred years.

It looks like a new Dark Ages; the clock of time has been turned back—the burning of the books gave us warning, which we did not heed. The foulest, cruellest slavery man has known is before our eyes.

A slave, Cobbett tells us, is, first of all, a man who has no property; and property means something that he has and that nobody can take from him without his leave or consent. By this test we have much slavery.

Secondly, and worse, a slave is a man who has no property in his own labor;

Only a few years ago this old book What a strange tragedy it is that would have been read, if at all with the arbitrary will of that other, directly or indirectly. Thirdly, a slave is a man who has no bondage. The right to have a voice fit so exactly into our own day. The to argue such issues with so much share in making the laws to which he is in making the laws of which we live Four Freedoms, of which we talk so passion. But today a worse tyranny is forced to submit. With all free men, is "derived immediately from the law of much, if seen against such a back-blasting the world."

1944

Mammy Scene In New Movie Irks Lou Layne

Lou Layne, former New York newspaperman and photographer now in the armed forces and stationed at Fort Benning, Ga., this week wrote a stinging letter of rebuke to Republic Studio, motion picture producers. The letter, forwarded to the Amsterdam News, is printed to show what one Negro dough boy is thinking:

"Gentlemen: 6-10-44

"I have just returned from a showing of the crummiest picture of your unenlightened and undistinguished career, 'Stars On Parade.' I'm referring particularly to your portrayal of the Negro in stereotyped roles that were outdated even before Lee de Forrest first combined sight and sound pictures.

"If such undignified and no longer true interpretations are the best you can offer, you'd do better to delegate your efforts to the nearest sewage disposal plant. Look about you, at the studios you try to imitate on your limited budgets. Even if you prefer not to invest as much as they do you can at least follow the examples of Paramount, 20th Century-Fox, and other studios, in giving Negroes the dignity of art.

"Doing so even in a small way would be much more preferable than bald-faced exploitation of his unenviable position in this democracy whereby, in order to appear at all on your hallowed screen, he must take part in such insulting scenes as 'Mammy' Ginny's Jubilee' and the like. If you can't see wherein lie the insults, try consulting your Negro consumers. You might even consult some of the Negroes now in pictures, just as long as you are careful not to select those who might 'yes' you to death because of a possible day's work in the future, or a bit player's pay when you need the too disgustingly familiar 'type' characterized by rolling eyes, flashing white teeth, and 'yassuh, Boss.'

"While I'm on the subject, has it ever occurred to you that you might even try to employ a few Negroes as technicians and in other responsible positions? You may not believe this (just another indication of how far behind you are in this age of advancement), but the potentialities of the Negroes in fields artistic, technical and creative are proportionally just as great as they are among other Americans.

"Ask John Golden, who only recently displayed his theatrical progressiveness by permitting a Negro cast to take over an evening's performance of one of his Broadway hit plays.

"And just to make certain you'll see this expression of more Negroes than any studio should care to offend (if some misguided underling should feel one of your waste-paper baskets is the proper place for it), I'm sending copies of this letter to a few of our newspapers—like the People's Voice, Amsterdam News, Pittsburgh-Courier, Afro-American, Chicago Defender, and Los Angeles Own California Eagle.

"Here's hoping you'll wake up—but fast!

"(1st Sgt.) Lou Layne."

Mammy Black Paint Label Draws Protest

NEW YORK.—The NAACP has lodged a protest with the Brooklyn Varnish Manufacturing company over a "Mammy Black" label on an enamel product.

"Not only the name but the illustration used on this label is insulting and offensive to 13 million Americans who happen not to be white," the NAACP wrote. "In these days when the whole world is at war to destroy racial hatred and bigotry, and when 700,000 Negro Americans are in uniform fighting for, among other things, freedom from insult and racial humiliation, it would seem that your company would not issue a product, the name of which holds up to ridicule any race or religion."

"This association, wishes to register vigorous protest against this label and to ask that your company withdraw it from the market and substitute some other name."

115-Year-Old Woman Dies

RAEFORD, N. C. — When Mrs. Grace McAyden a former slave who claimed to be 115 years old, was buried last week, interred in her coffin with her was a piece of dressed pine board in which 58 notches had been cut.

Each notch, her neighbors said, represented a year. Being unable to read and write the aged woman carved a notch on the board on every fourth of July, and in this way kept a record of the years since the death of her husband.

She was born in 1839 and could remember the plantation days of the antebellum South. She was Hoke County's oldest resident.

"Aunt Mariah," 26, Ex-Slave, Ga. Dies At Dalzell

DALZELL, S. C. — Mrs. Mariah Knox, affectionately called "Aunt Mariah," daughter of the late Stepheny and Bettie Knox, both slaves, drifted silently away from those she loved October 28 after having lived to the ripe age of hundred and twenty-six years.

"Aunt Mariah" was born in 1818, remained until her passing on the Witherpoon plantation in the Salem Brick Church section of Sumter county. Freeing severe and unjust punishment, she ran away from her task of nursing her master's children and joined her parents on the Knox plantation, in the Ebenezer section of Sumter county, a twenty-six mile distance, and became the property of J. J. Knox.

But "Aunt Mariah" discovered she had simply traded six for half a dozen. As soon as she was considered old enough she was assigned to ploy and work the same stumps, cut cord wood, cleared new ground, milked twelve cows a day and discharged a special assignment of "breaking" young mules, but doing the job well.

RETOLD A SLAVE'S LIFE

"Aunt Mariah" touched your heart deeply when she related the life the slave lived during her earlier years. She was the connecting link here with the dim past, shedding from her memory details of the life so many have heard of but have never actually lived.

Slaves were placed on a block in a central location an "examined just like you'd examine a horse," she'd say and, sold to the highest bidder. "This was always a sad occasion for the slaves," she said. "A mother was sold from her baby, in spite of her bitter tears and her clinging arms; a husband from his wife; a sister from her brother, maybe never to meet again."

Slaves wore shoes with wooden soles, she said and persimmon seeds for buttons. The open well served as a mirror and for salt, slaves took the dirt from smoke houses' floors, boiled it and caught the drippings. When a slave died, he was buried at night that no time might be lost from a full day's work. Grape vines were used for now lines.

Slave children ate from long wooden troughs, with as many as a dozen eating from a common trough. The food was scooped up with their hands.

"Aunt Mariah" never learned to read, it being a crime in those days to be caught with a book. She married the late Isaac Knox who preceded her in death thirty years ago. To the union were born five daughters and three sons. After the Civil War, they were given the opportunity of buying land from their master on the Knox plantation. With the help of her husband and three of the children who were ten full grown, "Aunt Mariah" worked day and night to purchase thirty acres, on which she

NEVER RODE TRAIN In 1940, through kindness of a friend the "We The People" radio program offered "Aunt Mariah" the opportunity of visiting the New York World Fair, with all expenses paid with an additional \$5.00 per day in spending money. "Aunt Mariah" was thrilled by the offer and despite the persuasion of friends, she finally decided against it because she had never ridden a bus or train and New York being so far away, she feared to run the risk.

Surviving her are two sons, two daughters, forty-two grand children, two hundred great grand children and sixty-five great, great grandchildren.

Relatives came to her funeral from many places in South Carolina, New York City, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Richmond, Wilmington. She was funeralized Nov. 1 from Ebenezer Presbyterian church.

Ex-Slave Dies At Age of 93

Mrs. Bennett Was
Wife of One of
Lincoln Founders

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo.—Mrs. Josephine Jones Bennett, 93, one of the last ex-slaves in Missouri, died at 9:15 o'clock Wednesday night, Dec. 12. Mrs. Bennett was the widow of the late Logan Bennett, one of the founders of Lincoln university. Bennett hall, a girls dormitory being named for him.

Mrs. Bennett was born in Calaway county, Oct. 14, 1851, and came to Jefferson City at the age of six years. Her mother died when she was 15. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett was married 63 years and at no time were they ever separated. He was a member of the 65th Infantry.

She ran errands for her master, Sonnie Griffin, because she was too young to work.

Mrs. Bennett outlived 11 of her 12 children. Surviving are, one daughter, Mrs. Rosetta Graves, four cousins and other relatives.

Funeral services were held from the Second Baptist church Friday, Dec. 15, with the Rev. E. B. Johnson, pastor, paying a high tribute to the long and useful life of the deceased. His text was "Thou Hast Been Faithful Until Death And I Will Give You A Crown of Life."

AP Reporter Wrong On Negro "Mammy", She's Gone Forever

(Editor's Note: This story tells of a little girl in Georgia who wrote a letter asking for 'fat old Negro mammy.' She was told she would have to wait, that all 'fat Negro mammys' had gone to war and wouldn't be back for the duration. We hasten to say, 'correction please.' It is our opinion that the 'fat old Negro mammy' the little girl wants has gone forever. Now, you can go on with the story.)

ATLANTA, (AP) — Down here, mummies still rate front page stories, despite an admitted shortage of the beloved hand-me-downs from slave days. And on Sunday, the Atlanta Constitution, the paper which gives us Ralph McGill, whom Westbrock Pegler describes as a "jim-crow" liberal, and the Atlanta Journal both used an Associated Press story with a by-line to Henry Lesesne on dear old moth-eaten mammy.

The background goes to Covina, Cal., where pretty, pouting 13-year-old Janet Colleen Hood (white) wrote a letter to the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce asking for a "fat old Negro mammy." And the chamber, aware of publicity angles, turned it over to the Associated Press, which immediately wire-photoed the picture of the pretty miss to its members — many of whom used it. A story also followed, which is reprinted herewith.

"Sorry Janet, Mammies Have
Gone To War, Too."
By HENRY LESENE
Associated Press Staff Writer

Dear Janet: The Atlanta Chamber of Commerce is writing you today, in effect that Santa's bag is not quite big enough this year to hold the gift you want for your family this Christmas. Remember? You sent a letter to the chamber of commerce, in your own handwriting, some days ago, asking for an old Negro mammy, fat and like a real mammy.

You wrote the right place, Janet, if there are Negro mammies to be found anywhere in this broad land of ours today, it's Georgia.

There are an awful lot of Negro mammies left, and some of them look just like the ones you see in the movies.

But as you know, there's a war on and the old south of "Gone With the Wind" has done exactly that. Southern people — for the duration or for good — have dropped their easy ways.

The Negro mammies — they raised a lot of us southerners — have discarded their kerchiefs and calico dresses for slacks and abandoned their cook stoves (which make such nice cakes and pies) for rivet guns and the like.

They get much more money in their new jobs, more money than folks can pay for domestic servants. Not only are the mammies making big money doing simple mechanical operations in war plants, but the war and related industries employ them as maids and cooks and cleaners, too.

They work short hours now, too — much shorter than they used to.

The chamber of commerce has looked far and wide. There, just aren't any Negro mammies available now, even to go to California, where they have such nice climate. Southern housewives are doing their own cooking and washing and cleaning now and they themselves would give just anything for someone even faintly resembling an old Negro mammy.

Maybe next Christmas you can surprise your family with a big fat Negro mammy, or maybe even on your 14th birthday. If it's a good long ways off, you'll get your letter, all right. The chamber of commerce is writing today and sending it in your name, Janet Colleen Hood, to your address, Janet E. Badde Street, Covina, Calif. Wish you the merriest Christmas.

Jackson Christmas Celebration In Slavery Days

Norfolk - Nov.

IN THE celebration of Christmas the religious significance with many people is entirely forgotten. As it is now, so it has always been in Christian America. The Catholic, Episcopal, and Lutheran churches have duly observed this festival in honor of the birth of Christ by holding services on Christmas Day, but the majority of Protestant churches hold no services on this particular day.



DR. JACKSON

While the spirit of joy and happiness associated with the birth of Christ has been ever present with millions in America, great numbers have expressed their joy and happiness in ways which can hardly be called becoming. With many persons, Christmas time has been the time above all others to dance, to drink and to carouse.

Christmas has been celebrated in ways so gay and so merry that governments at times have passed laws to suppress it. In England, Parliament, under the Puritan regime passed a prohibitive act in 1644. Christmas remained under the ban in this country until 1660; but Scotland, though partially subjected to the rule of England, continued the ban for some time longer.

Holding to the belief that certain features of the Christmas celebration had their origin in every such offense five

was to release their slaves for the last week or Christmas week. Saving some of the little cash earned during the year, the Negroes usually went in for a "high old time" during the Christmas season. Craving recreation and some form of diversion, it is doubtful that

shill-day is granted by law, but many sup-hilarious souls have extended it for a whole week. Such has been the case with the laboring masses and so it was with the laboring Negroes during slavery days. After toiling for fifty-one weeks of the year the custom among many owners

observed in the manner of Christmas has been universally observed in America as a holiday. The one

any great number of them identified Christmas with the Nativity.

Slaves professed religion and thousands belonged to the churches, especially the Baptist and Methodist. But in these evangelical churches "dancing and religion," says one writer, "were held to be incompatible." Swayed by this belief we are told that the entire force of slaves on one plantation in Mississippi "got religion" in a revival on one occasion and immediately renounced the double shuffle. Said the musician of the group: "I done buss' my fiddle an' my banjo, and (I) done fling 'em (bof) away."

Such hasty action, however, was apparently not in keeping with the religious views of all slave masters. To the contrary, one of them, on one occasion, gave this order in his memorandum: "Church members are privileged to dance on all holiday occasions; and the class leader or deacon who reports them shall be punished at the discretion of the master." It was perhaps this tendency to wink at dancing during the Christmas season which provoked the following poem by Irwin Russell. Styling his poem "Christmas in the Quarters," he refers to the character "Brudder Brown" who advanced upon the crowded dance floor to "beg a blessin' in his dance." Said he:

"O Mashr! let dis gath'rin' fin' a blessin' in yo' sight!
Don't jedge us hard fur what we does—you know it's Christmas night;
An' all de balunce ob de yeah we does as right's we kin.
Ef dancin's wrong. O Mashral let de time excuse the sin!

"We labors in de vineyard, wukin' hard and wukin' true;
Now, shorely you won't notus, if we eats a grape or two,
An' takes a leetle holiday—a leetle restin' spell.
Bekase, nex' week we'll start in fresh, an' labor twice as well.
"It seems to me—indeed it do—I meebe mout be wrong,
That people raly ought to dance, when Christmas comes along;
Des dance bekase dey's happy—like de birds hops in de trees,
De pine-top fiddle soundin' to de blowin' ob de breeze.
"You bless us, please, sah, eben if we's doin' wrong tonight:
Kase den we'll need de blessin' more'n ef we's doin' right:
An' let de blessin' stay wid us, untel we comes to die,
An, goes to keep our Chrismus wid dem sheriffs in de sky."

CUSTOMS PREVAILED

AFTER EMANCIPATION

The customs of slavery prevailed for many years following emancipation. Negroes became free in 1865, but for a long time afterwards they worked for white people under conditions similar to those of the period of slavery. Christmas therefore, was celebrated in much the same style. But in late years with the coming of labor saving machinery and with the coming of leisure, the time for a "good time" is spread all over the year. Christmas now, then, lacks much of the noisy demonstration and excessive merriment of the old days.

—LUTHER P. JACKSON

France Abolished Slavery

150 Years Ago This Week

2-5-44

By RAYFORD W. LOGAN

Department of History,
Howard University

One hundred fifty years ago this fourth of February, a revolutionary France decreed the abolition of slavery in its colonies. A France today virtually enslaved cannot fittingly mark this anniversary. But free men, dedicated to a new struggle in the eternal battle for human freedom, cannot leave the day unnoticed.

The decree of the French Convention marked the opening of the third front in the long fight to set black slaves free. The other two fronts were emancipation on national soil and the abolition of the African slave trade.

African slavery had already virtually ceased to exist in Continental Europe. In 1772 the English Chief Justice, Lord Mansfield, declared in the famous *Somerset Case* that slavery could not exist on the soil of England since Parliament had not passed a law specifically sanctioning this "odious institution."

By the end of the Eighteenth Century Vermont, Massachusetts and New Hampshire had abolished slavery and the Ordinance of 1787 had prohibited it in the Northwest Territory. The other states down to the Delaware-Maryland line had taken the initial steps that were to result in abolition soon after the close of the century. Not until 1865, however, was slavery completely abolished in the United States.

Slave Trade Denounced

The slave trade, the second front, provoked denunciations that were in some instances more eloquent than those of slavery itself. Lord Palmerston, for example, declared in a memorable passage: "I will venture to say, that if all of the other crimes which the human race has committed, from the creation down to the present day, were added together in one vast aggregate, they would scarcely equal, I am sure they could not exceed, the amount of guilt incurred by mankind, in connexion with this diabolical slave trade."

Denmark was the first nation actually to enact a law—in 1792 it prohibited, beginning with 1804, the importation of slaves into her colonies.

In 1787 William Pitt had introduced into Parliament the first bill to outlaw the traffic in human flesh but not until 1807 was a law passed prohibiting Englishmen from engaging in the trade.

The Congress of the United States likewise in 1807 passed a law prohibiting Americans from transporting "black ivory" across the high seas. Largely through the

efforts of England other nations were induced to sign treaties that considerably curtailed the slave trade in the nineteenth century.

Smuggling Thrives

Advocates of the abolition of slavery had believed that the abolition of the trade would result eventually in the disappearance of slavery. If no new slaves were brought in, obviously the institution would die a natural death. These advocates soon discovered, however, that so long as slavery existed, the profits from the trade were so high that smuggling in large numbers could not be prevented. They therefore had to reverse their tactics and seek to put an end to slavery in order to stop the slave trade.

Nowhere did slavery appear to be more firmly entrenched, on the eve of the French Revolution in 1789, than in the French colonies in the Caribbean, especially in Saint Domingue. There some five hundred thousand slaves, worth about half a billion francs, toiled on 3,000 coffee plantations, an equal number of indigo, 800 sugar and 800 cotton plantations. The total value of land, slaves and livestock was estimated at a billion and a half francs.

Many of the planters were fabulously rich—the Marquis de Paroy possessed estates worth 3,145,000 francs; Jean Baptiste de Maigret, 4,500,000; the two sons-in-law of the Marquis de Caradeaux Sr., had estates valued at 6,700,000 francs. The licentiousness and luxury of some of the planters aroused the astonishment of courtiers familiar with the gay life of Versailles. The city of Cap Francois was compared with the flourishing French city of Lyon.

More than twelve hundred ships were engaged in the trade between the island and the mother country. Guadeloupe and Martinique were small replicas of Saint Domingue. France cherished these islands all the more since by the Treaty of 1763 France had lost Louisiana and Canada.

Revolutionary Deals

The French decree of February 4, 1794, is therefore doubly significant. It was the first blow aimed at the destruction of colonial slavery itself and therefore a powerful indirect blow at the slave trade. And it was struck not against a dying institution but against powerful vested interests and against the welfare of millions of Frenchmen who depended upon Saint Domingue and the other French colonies for sugar and other colonial products.

The decree ordered: "The National Convention declares slavery abolished in all the colonies. In consequence, it decrees that all men, without distinction of color, domiciled in the said colonies, are

French citizens and enjoy all the rights assured under the Constitution."

This decree was the logical application to black men of the French Revolutionary ideals of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. The Declaration of the Rights of Man and Citizen had asserted in 1789 that "Men are born and remain free and equal in rights." At the same time the Revolution had decreed the abolition of serfdom in France.

Aid To All Peoples

In 1793 the Revolution promised "aid to all peoples of Europe. But aid to all peoples that wish to recover their liberty." "All peoples" meant at first the peoples of Europe. But the great virtue in revolutionary principles is that a few individuals will interpret them literally. Robespierre did not utter the precise words: "Perissent nos colonies plutôt que nos principes—Let us give up our colonies rather than renounce our principles." But the fact that his unspoken epigram has become one of the great myths of history demonstrates its iron logic. A colonial system resting upon slavery was incompatible with the ideals of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

Humanitarianism did not of course alone dictate the decree. A cynic would say that France merely recognized a *fait accompli*. In Saint Domingue, now the Republic of Haiti, the half million slaves had already freed themselves or been freed by the unauthorized acts of French agents. The decree of February 4 might, however, be considered more rather than less significant precisely because of the slave insurrection.

Frenchmen in substance recognized that black men in the colonies had the same right of rebellion against oppression that Europeans in Europe had. Moreover, the slaves in the other French colonies had not freed themselves or been freed. Finally, the convention did not have to bestow full citizenship rights upon the freedmen.

War Measure

Military and diplomatic considerations also prompted the long-delayed decree. France had proclaimed war on Britain and Spain in 1793, and British troops had landed in the French colonies in the Caribbean. Black soldiers were needed to defend the islands. What better way was there to gain their support than to recognize their freedom and make them citizens?

The decree was therefore in part a war measure just as was our Emancipation Proclamation (which did not, however, bestow citizenship upon the freedmen). Danton triumphantly shouted: "Citizens, today the Englishman is dead." He exaggerated, of course. But the decree undoubtedly inspired the

freedmen to fight with greater determination against Britain (and Spain) in whose colonies slavery still existed. By 1798 the freedmen and their French comrades had driven the Spaniards and the English out of the island.

The importance of the French emancipation decree is also lessened by the fact Napoleon Bonaparte attempted to restore slavery in the French colonies. He succeeded in doing so in Guadeloupe and Martinique. But the fear that slavery would be restored in Saint Domingue led to a renewed struggle that resulted not only in the maintenance of freedom but the establishment of independence. On January 1, 1804, these freedmen proclaimed to a mocking and incredulous world the birth of Haiti, the second independent nation in the Western Hemisphere, the first independent nation in Latin America.

Others Follow Lead

In the rest of the Americas slavery long continued. Not until 1833 did another nation, England, abolish slavery in its colonies. Sweden followed in 1846 and Denmark in 1848. In this latter year the Second French Republic joined the other nations to which the First French Republic had given the example.

The Netherlands waited until 1863, the same year that the Emancipation Proclamation went into effect in the United States.

Meanwhile, the Spanish colonies except Cuba and Puerto Rico had gained their independence and abolished slavery. Spain did not end slavery in Puerto Rico until 1873 and in Cuba until 1886. Although the Portuguese colony of Brazil won its independence in 1822, it did not abolish slavery until 1888.

Thus, almost one hundred years had elapsed between the French decree and the final abolition of slavery in what had been colonial territory in the Western Hemisphere. This fact alone attests the significance of the French decree and makes its sesquicentennial deserving of at least a footnote to the history of human liberty.

Pegler

Post-Birmingham
A/la.

Fascism Controversy
Recalls Slavery
Debate

9-1-44

By Westbrook Pegler



NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—You know how it is when you go to the library to look up one subject and get lost in another.

I never did get what I went for and almost forgot what it was I wanted, digging into old debates on Negro slavery.

These wrangles were only a hundred years old, which is only twice your age when you are 50, and not such a formidable stretch of time as it seems when you are younger, and yet, in England, there was great agitation for the abolition of the slave trade from Africa and of slavery in the United States by men who were, in a practical manner of speaking, slave-holders, themselves, in their own country.

This point was brought out in one document by a man who was interested in the preservation of slavery and though I tried to chase it down I never found the reply, much less refutation.

Strictly Our Own Business

He said a certain noble lord who was agitating himself with humane tremors over a problem which many Americans held to be strictly our own affair, was actually holding white English workers in bondage in his coal mines, while living on the fat of the land himself. The mines then, at least, were not equipped for ventilation or fire prevention and the occupational risk of the miners was great, what with asphyxiation, explosions and fires.

Moreover, the men worked a 12-hour day, which meant that for about eight months of the year they never did see daylight, except on Sunday, and were becoming purblind like the ponies they worked with, or a deep-water fish.

Their wages were peanuts although there might be some margin in the fact that, even down to 1914, a shot of Scotch in an ordinary London bar cost only four cents, and other necessities of life were proportionately cheap, and it seems that they couldn't lay up a cent for depression periods which came unexpectedly.

Held Negroes Fed Enough

This Englishman in the slavery debate insisted that the slaves in Jamaica, where his interests were, were better off than the white men in this noble lord's mines because they were fed enough to keep them in fair shape as property, whereas the miner had to feed himself and, when he went on relief in slack times, got only four cents a day. I gather that this four cents was for the whole family, not per head, and moreover, this mine owner didn't pay it, nor the government, but the parish or church.

Then, he said, this lord had the gall to propose that during depressions the husbands should be sent elsewhere, away from their wives, so that they wouldn't beget more children to grow up and complicate the problems of unemployment and overpopulation; and even to try to impose a rule forbidding men to marry before the age of

35, for the same reason. If a man did marry prematurely, he was blackballed from the mines.

White Englishmen Worse Off

Of course, this was strictly counter-punching, which is not the way to win a fight, and England continued to agitate against slavery in our country, a precedent for some of our later intrusion in certain affairs of Asian nations, while white Englishmen in their own country actually were much worse off than many of the Negro slaves.

Here we are again, for example, running a terrible force over ghettos in Europe as though we had no ghettos of our own. And, for another thing, like the noble English lord, here we are hollering down Fascism, with our professional unionneers leading the chorus, while many of the loudest and angriest crusaders against the foul philosophy, notably Mr. Roosevelt and Sidney Hillman, are imposing on our country regulations and restrictions straight out of the book of Benito Il Bum.

Frederick T. Mann